

The Decision

The rain pounded across the rooftops of Privet Drive. The black clouds drifted somberly across the sky. The thunder and lightning implored the residents to retreat even further into their homes. It had been like this all summer. The day would start out beautifully, a promise of a warm breeze and cloudless sky. Then, as if magic, the sky would fill with clouds and it would be impossible to determine if it was daytime or nighttime.

Unlike last summer, the lawns were a muddy black and the roads were slightly flooded. The weatherman predicted the end of the downpours everyday, and was quickly refuted as the clouds reformed. It was quite perplexing to the muggles who lived in Surrey. Tonight wasn't any different as a skinny, bespeckled boy sat staring out of his bedroom window. Harry Potter, didn't mind the constant rain in fact it fit his mood quite well. The depression of his Godfather's death had overtaken Harry that summer. Harry wouldn't allow himself to cry, no he had to be strong, he couldn't show a weakness. After all Harry was the number one person on the darkest wizard in a century hit list. The rain served another purpose as well, it allowed him to monitor all activity of the comings and goings of his guard.

Harry Potter stared moodily at the alleyway across the street from his window. A parchment sat in front of him as well as a clock. His room was pitch-black so not to alert anyone to his watchful eye. He looked down at the parchment as he tapped the quill impatiently against the small, worn desk.

Mundungus: Monday July 3rd: 7:15 a.m.- 11:00 a.m.

Tuesday July 4th: 7:00 a.m.- 10:50 a.m.

Wednesday July 5th: not on duty

Thursday July 6th: 7:25 a.m- 10:56 a.m.

Friday July 7th: 7:07 a.m-10:49 a.m.

Saturday July 8th: not on duty

Sunday July 9th: 7:00 a.m- 10:43 a.m.

Monday July 10th: not on duty

Tuesday July 11th: 7:05 a.m.- 10:52 a.m

Wednesday July 12th: not on duty

Thursday July 13th: 7:23 a.m.-

Harry looked up from the parchment and looked back across the street. A blurred figure was slightly moving, only if you knew they were there would you have been able to catch the movement. The clock ticked loudly in the silence of the room. The figure outside suddenly disappeared. Harry looked at the clock 10:54, the second hand ticking slowly around, he quickly wrote down the time. Harry pulled out another parchment and looked it over.

Tonks: Monday July 3rd: 11:00 a.m.-2:00 p.m

Tuesday July 4th: not on duty

Wednesday July 5th: not on duty

Thursday July 6th: 11:00 a.m- 2:01 p.m.

Friday July 7th: not on duty

Saturday July 8th: 11:00 a.m- 2:00 p.m

Sunday July 9th: not on duty

Monday July 10th: 11:00 a.m- 2:00 p.m

Tuesday July 11th: not on duty

Wednesday July 12th: not on duty

Thursday July 13th? -?

Harry looked at the clock and back out at the street. There it was, a sudden movement as someone apparated into the alleyway, as they walked a rock flew suddenly under their weight and the person tripped and landed on the ground. "Hello Tonks," whispered Harry as he wrote down the time, it was 11:00 a.m. on the dot. She never was late. But neither were the other order members. He had a parchment on each of his guard. Harry had been planning this since the day he got back from Sirius's will reading. And tomorrow, tomorrow was the day.

Harry had gone to Diagon Alley two weeks after he had come back to Privet Drive for the reading. Sirius had left Harry everything he owned, except for Grimmauld Place (Dumbledore and the Order of Phoenix got that) 10,000 galleons that was given to Remus Lupin; 5,000 galleons to Tonks; and 1,000 galleons to each of the Weasleys-except Percy. It was quite enough in itself. Harry was rich, no beyond rich. He would never have to work in his life, heck generations would never have to work- that is if Harry ever believed he'd live long enough to have a family. And of course Sirius was never one to make life easy, he had emancipated Harry. While Harry still had to live with the Dursleys he was now considered a legal adult and therefore could use magic. He didn't tell the Dursleys this because they would chuck him out so fast his head would spin. But it was a major controversy the day of the will reading. Dumbledore was angry, until Harry agreed to continue to live with the Dursleys- under protest that Sirius didn't want that but he would want Harry protected. And the Ministry was trying to contest the will in order to stop the

emancipation, However Sirius had made it incontestable. But the main shock of the day wasn't the fact that he could use magic, but the letter he received.

Harry had gotten a letter from Sirius that he wrote before he died, it was funny and sad at the same time. Harry read it over and over, but the one thing that stuck with him, the advice that made him come to this decision was the ending.

Harry, you're a serious kid. You have the weight of the world on your shoulders and you carry it without complaint. But you have to remember that you are a teenager, this is the time you should be finding your place in the world. You may believe you know it- you're the boy-who-lived. But that's what they made you. You have to find yourself and define who you are on your own.

That was when he got the idea. He had dismissed it at once of course, it was stupid, reckless, immature, and dangerous, something Sirius would do. But that's when Dumbledore approached him and told him that he would be going to Grimmauld Place on the 15th, and Harry just couldn't do that. Harry had nodded dumbly and the carpet never making eye contact with anyone. He couldn't risk his thoughts being intercepted by Dumbledore or Snape. Voldemort wouldn't be able to, Dumbledore had explained that since Harry was so depressed and emotional right now that Voldemort wasn't about to enter his mind again, not after last year in the ministry. So Harry hatched the plan. He would do as Sirius advised, he would find himself by himself.

Harry got up out of the chair and went to take a shower. He ate and read a little and before he knew it, the small alarm clock rang. It was 1:56 p.m. Harry went to the window and counted down the minutes. 2:00 came and Tonks left, and as soon as she disappeared Moody was there to take her place. Harry had chosen to leave Friday because it was the only day where Mundungus worked but Mad-eye didn't. It also helped that the person who took over after Mundungus

just happened to be Severus Snape. He was only there for an hour though and he only worked on Friday's, but it was a major incentive to disappear during his shift.

Harry needed a day's head start that's why he couldn't do it on a day Moody watched him. In fact when Moody watched him, every Tuesday and Thursday, Harry would go for a run in the freezing rain, Harry was fast and Moody didn't follow him physically but watched him with his magical eye. It was the only time he left the house. He marked down the time Moody arrived and turned to his trunk. There was an old hoodie of Dudley's lying on top of it. Harry threw it on and went downstairs as he did every Tuesday and Thursday. He walked into the kitchen and found his aunt washing the dishes.

"I'm going on a run," said Harry as he put the hood up and pulled the strings gently to tighten it's hold on his head.

His Aunt Petunia looked outside, it was raining even harder than the previous day and the lightning split the sky in two. "I really don't think you should, what if you fall, those people might think we did it."

Harry rolled his eyes, "I'm going for a run, can I get you anything at the corner store?"

His Aunt looked at him again and pressed her lips together in a fashion that made it look like she had just eaten a lemon, "I need milk," she said as she found her purse and handed him some money. He nodded as he walked toward the front door, as he was about to leave Dudley stopped him.

"Where you going?" Dudley asked boredom evident in his voice.

"On a run, and the corner store," said Harry as he pulled open the door. "Why you wanna come?"

"You're joking right, I wouldn't go out there even if you paid me." said

Dudley eyeing the muddy pavement.

"Oh well," said Harry smirking, "Guess I'm on my own then. See ya Big D." And with that Harry started to jog down the street. He could feel Mad-eye Moody's magical eye following him as he crossed the streets and alleyways leading to the store. By the time he got there he was soaked from head to toe. But with a quick wave of his wand he dried himself off as best he could he walked into the store a little damp but not dripping wet. Harry pulled off the hood and shook his hair trying to shake off the excess water. Running a hand threw his hair as he walked toward the back of the store to where the milk was kept. His hair had gotten longer, it was a mix between Sirius's and James's hair. He really didn't know how his hair had gotten so long in such a short period of time, but then again he had made it grow magically overnight before. Harry opened the refrigerator that held the milk and took a carton out. He then walked up to the register to pay for it.

After Harry, who was constantly watched by the cashier a plump little man who was balding, paid for the milk he pulled his hood back up on his head and walked out of the store at a gentle pace. When he was sure the only one watching him was Moody he shrank the milk and shoved it inside his pocket and set off again at a run. He took the long way around and passed by Mrs. Figg's house and the small park before heading back down Privet Drive. Harry went around the backside of the house and un-shrank the milk. He walked into the backdoor and found the kitchen empty. He quickly performed the drying spell again and walked into the house put the milk away and made his way upstairs.

Harry entered his room to find Hedwig asleep in her cage. Harry sat down with a book and began to read. At 5:00 Moody left and was replaced by Kingsley Shacklebolt. At 6:00 dinner was served and at 8:00 Shacklebolt left and Lupin replaced him. At 8:30 the rain stopped and at 9:00 Harry fell asleep. He had a big day tomorrow and needed all the rest he could get, after all he was making a break

for it and he would only have a few minutes, if that, to pull it off. Not to mention something could go wrong.

Chapter Two:

The Escape

To those it may concern:

I am no longer at my jail. Only in my self-imposed Hell. In order for me to truly cope with Sirius's death I can not willingly enter his home, I would always expect to see him round the corner at any second. I am sure that you would have allowed me to stay somewhere else if I had approached you about it, but this wouldn't do either. I need to do this on my own, and being followed and constantly watched and pitied would not allow me to do that. Sirius told me that I needed to find my place in the world, and not be told it. So that is what I'm doing. I understand that your angry, and you're probably already sending people out to look for me, good luck. But I'm not running away, I'll be back before the start of the school year, or sooner if you catch me. You're probably thinking I've gone insane, that this is dangerous, ludicrous, and something I wouldn't do. You're wondering how I could do something so stupid. Well here's my answer: I'm 15.

Harry Potter

Harry had worked on this letter since the day he made his decision. Now it was time to seal it. Harry took out his wand and tapped the letter twice. It was done, the letter laid quietly on the desk as Harry checked his room to make sure everything was packed. As Harry shrunk his trunk, Hedwig gave a loud, mournful hoot.

"Hedwig, it's only for 6 weeks, I'll be fine. I swear," said Harry as he shoved his trunk into his pocket. "And besides, you'll have fun with Hermione."

Hedwig gave a small hoot as she flew onto Harry's shoulder and nipped his ear affectionately. "You know I would like to take you with me, but I can't risk it." Harry petted her gently as he scribbled down a

quick note...Hermione, can you take care of Hedwig for me?

Harry tied it to Hedwig as his alarm clock rang. It was 10:50, Harry looked around his room to make sure everything was in place. The parchments with the guard's arrival times and leaving times were hung vicariously throughout the room, and the letter laid on the empty desk. Harry opened the window and let Hedwig out, "Remember, take your time getting to Hermione's," whispered Harry as she was about to take off.

Harry threw on the hoodie again as he walked downstairs. The Dursley's were out today. He made sure of that. He had told them that the Order was picking him up today, so they decided to go to London for the day. It was raining just as heavily as ever as Harry peered out the front door window.

Mundungus was still there, Harry checked his watch it was 10:55. Why hasn't he left yet? Thought Harry. 10:56, Oh please don't be the day that he decides to stay till his shift is over 10:57, there Mundungus had just apparated away, Harry had three minutes to get to the end of the street and round the corner before Snape appeared. Harry set off at a fast run, the corner was a few feet away from him as he thought, please don't be the day Snape decides to be early.

Harry rounded the corner and stopped, he was hidden behind a large house and could just see the alleyway. Harry watched silently as Snape apparated into the alleyway. He stood there for a few minutes making sure that Snape didn't suspect anything was wrong. After Harry was sure that he was clear, Harry continued to run down the street. He ran for about 5 blocks before he stopped, he took a deep breath and looked behind him, there wasn't anyone there. He looked around to make sure that no one was around before he pulled out his wand and held it into the air.

BANG.

The Knight Bus came into view and pulled to a screeching halt right in front of Harry. A young woman of about 20 opened the door and ushered Harry inside.

"Welcome to the Knight Bus," she said softly as she waved her wand over Harry to dry him off.

"Yeah, thanks," said Harry as he pulled some gold from his pocket, "Is there anyway I could be moved up on the Que? I'm kinda in a rush."

The woman smiled kindly at Harry as she took the gold, "Of course, where to?"

"Diagon Alley," said Harry as she led him to an empty seat.

"Well, aren't you a brave one?" she asked as she looked at him.

"What do you mean?" asked Harry.

"Diagon Alley, was attacked two days ago, didn't you hear?" she shook her head sadly, "Luckily no one was killed, but a few people were hurt pretty badly, it's basically a ghost town now."

Harry nodded slightly as he looked around only a few people were sitting on the bus. An old woman who was asleep in the chair was snoring loudly at the back of the bus. A man was sitting near the middle while reading the Daily Profit, and a small child sat next to him drinking hot coco while staring avidly at Harry.

The woman followed Harry's gaze, "Not a lot of people brave enough to leave their homes when they don't need to," she said. Harry nodded. The bus gave a particularly nasty jolt as it sped off again. Harry was only on the bus for about five minutes when they pulled up to the Leaky Cauldron.

"Off ya go, then," said the woman as she looked anxiously at the small pub.

"Thanks," said Harry as he climbed off and headed into the pub. A loud crack was heard behind him as the bus disappeared.

There were only about three or four people in the dark pub. Harry made his way through to the back door as he pulled his hood over his head. He was taking a page out of the deatheater's book by covering his face in order to not be recognized. He opened the door into Diagon Alley and made his way pass the almost empty shops. The rain seemed to have followed Harry from Privet Drive because it poured even harder than before.

Harry walked up the deserted stairs and into Gringotts Bank. He made his way over to an empty teller, and there were quite a lot to choose from.

"How can I help you today?" asked the goblin a low grumble.

"Are all actions confidential?" asked Harry as he looked the goblin in the eyes.

"Yes, we pride ourselves on discretion," replied the goblin in a low whisper, "Is there anything else you'd like to know?"

"Yes, Er... is there such a thing as a credit card or debit card, in the wizarding world that is," asked Harry.

"Yes, we do have those, they're accepted everywhere muggle ones are, and most wizard stores as well," said the Goblin as he peered intently at Harry.

"Well, how would I go about getting one?" asked Harry.

"You would need an account with us, and be of age." said the Goblin

simply.

"Ok," Harry pulled out his vault key and the emancipation papers that he made sure to grab just incase they needed proof. Harry set the contents in front of the Goblin. The Goblin picked up the key and inspected it for a few minutes and then looked up quickly at Harry and his forehead.

"Mr. Potter, why didn't you say it was you," asked the Goblin, "I can get you those cards right now."

"That would be good, now I just need to get a photo ID, muggle money, and a passport," said Harry in an undertone.

"We can give you those as well, how much in muggle money do you need?" asked the Goblin as he jumped down off his chair.

"A couple hundred pounds would be good," decided Harry.

"If you just wait a few moments." Harry nodded and the Goblin took off through a door on his left. Harry was waiting quietly by the desk when he saw a door on his right open suddenly, and the last person he wanted to see walked out. Draco Malfoy.

Harry turned around immediately but the damage was already done. Malfoy made a beeline for Harry as soon as he spotted him.

"Well, well, well if it isn't Potty," said Malfoy.

"What do you want, Malfoy?" asked Harry who kept his voice low and his back turned.

"I didn't think you'd have the nerve to come here," said Malfoy who looked briefly impressed but it vanished immediately. "So why are you here?" He looked around and added as an afterthought, "Alone."

"That's none of your concern," said Harry as he tapped his fingers impatiently on the desk.

"You seem nervous, Potter," said Malfoy with a smirk as he watched Harry. The goblin exited the door he had entered earlier and climbed back up onto his chair.

"Here you are Mr. Potter, 300 pounds, Debit card, Credit Card, Photo ID, and Passport," said the Goblin as he handed everything to Harry.

"Thank you," said Harry as he pocketed the cards, the money, his vault key, and his emancipation papers. Harry nodded to the Goblin and started to walk out of the bank, Malfoy following quickly behind.

"Passport? Going somewhere Potter?" called Malfoy in a hushed voice.

Harry tightened his hood slightly and walked out into the rain. Malfoy pursued after him. Harry walked at a fast pace as Malfoy struggled to keep up. Harry didn't look back, but continued on as though Malfoy wasn't there. Suddenly Harry stopped, and Malfoy ran into him.

"What did you do that for Potter?" asked Malfoy as he rubbed his forehead slightly. Harry turned towards him and pulled his hood farther over his head.

"Do what?" asked Harry as he watched Neville and his grandmother walk by out of the corner of his eye. Malfoy watched Harry closely and seemed to have something click. As Neville and his grandmother walked into Flourish and Botts Harry continued on his way.

"Oh I get it," said Malfoy sounding highly delighted, "You're running away."

Harry stopped at the entrance to the Leaky Cauldron, and turned sharply around, "You're not that lucky Malfoy, now why don't you stop

following me and find someone else to bother."

Harry walked into the small pub still being followed closely by Malfoy. "If you're not running away, where are you going?" Harry walked through the pub and took a galleon out of his pocket as Tom recognized him. Harry flipped the coin in the air and Tom caught it.

"I wasn't here," said Harry looking at Tom as he headed out into the muggle street.

"Harry who..." said Tom as he pocketed the coin.

Malfoy laughed, "Ok, you were nervous in Gringotts, you avoided Longbottom, though I can't blame you for that, and you just bribed someone not to say you had been there, you're up to something," said Malfoy again with a mild air of being impressed.

"Up to something? Who, me?" asked Harry as he stuck out his arm to flag down a cab and as he yelled out, "TAXI!"

"What the hell is a taxi?" asked Malfoy looking at Harry as if he was insane.

"Never been in Muggle London before?" asked Harry with a small smirk as a taxi pulled up. Malfoy stepped back slightly surprised at the cars arrival.

"See you on the 1st," said Harry as he climbed into the back seat. The driver turned to face Harry as he said in a rough voice, "Where to?" Harry shut the door leaving Malfoy standing on the curb and said, "Airport, please."

The cab pulled away from the Cauldron and drove down the London Streets. The rain pounded angrily against the windows. Ten minutes later the cab pulled up to the airport and Harry quickly paid the driver and got out of the cab. Harry entered the airport and walked up to the

line that was Queuing at the ticket counter. After a few minutes wait Harry walked up to the elderly woman who was waiting on people.

"What can I do for you dear?" she smiled kindly at Harry.

"I'd like a ticket on the first plane available to The States," said Harry pulling out his passport, credit card, and photo ID.

"Anywhere in particular?" she asked curiously.

"Nope, doesn't matter," said Harry shrugging. The woman nodded slightly suspicious as she typed something into the computer.

"There's a seat open on the 1020 in 10 minutes to Los Angeles, it's First Class though," she said looking up at him.

"Sounds good," said Harry giving her his passport, credit card, and ID.

Fifteen minutes later Harry was sitting on the plane watching the runway move quickly out the window. Has let out a contented sigh, He didn't know How far he would get, in fact he had gotten farther then he had expected. He knew that when he landed there would probably be a brigade of Order members waiting for him to force him to return, but for now he didn't worry about that, he put on the complimentary headphones and watched the movie that was playing.

Chapter Three:

The Arrival

The fasten seatbelt sign flashed on and the stewardess began to instruct the passengers. The plane started its decent into the LA airport. The plane shaking vigorously. Harry, who had been listening to the music at the end of the second movie they had been playing, took off his head phones and fastened his seatbelt. The old man, who was sitting next to Harry on the plane, was snoring slightly and Harry hoped the shaking didn't wake him. He had talked for two whole hours about his cat and how it had won a cat show, he was quickly reminded of Mrs. Figg.

The plane landed roughly on the track and Harry undid his seatbelt. He got out of his seat, and since his trunk was safely in his pocket, he made his way out of the plane. Harry exited the off ramp and saw the airport full of people who were rushing back and forth to different gates. A mother was wrestling with her two small children who didn't want to let their dog go with the attendant. A man was yelling at the receptionist at the far desk, his luggage had apparently been lost. Harry started to make his way to the exit, not really knowing where he would go. Suddenly Harry stopped, the hairs on the back of his neck stood up. A slight shiver ran through him. He felt as though someone was watching him. Harry looked around again. The man was still yelling now with violent hand motions, the kids were now crying the dog was nowhere to be seen, the old man that had sat next to Harry was greeting his family, and there-yes- there was a woman. She couldn't have been over 20. She stood in front of the doors that Harry would need to go through if he wanted to leave. She was standing quite still, her legs slightly parted and her arms behind her back, as in a relaxed military position. She had on a spaghetti strap white tee-shirt, blue jeans, a black duster that cut off at her knees. Her long brown hair, that had blue highlights, was pulled back in a hair tie, and she was wearing a pair of dark sunglasses. Harry looked directly at her and she nodded at him. Harry sighed deeply as

she motioned for him to come over to her.

"Harry Potter?" she asked softly, just barely audible. Harry, whose mouth was dry, nodded silently.

"Follow me," she said as she turned around and headed out the door. As Harry followed her, he thought grumpily, I should have known I wouldn't have been able to get away. She was most likely a member of the Order and Dumbledore had sent her to retrieve him until he was able to get Harry himself.

Harry walked outside and watched as the woman flagged down a cab. She ushered Harry inside quickly and climbed in after him. The driver, whose voice was silky and suave, asked, "Where to miss?" His eyes reflected in the review mirror and Harry saw him check her out. Harry scowled slightly at him.

"Lincoln and Madison," she said looking out her window. The cabbie nodded and the car pulled away from the airport. Harry looked out his window at the passing buildings and his thoughts drifted to what kind of punishment he would receive from Dumbledore. Perhaps his transgression was bad enough to warrant Dumbledore to yell, like Mundungus's last summer. And what would Lupin say. Lupin-Bugger. Harry's eyes widened a little in the darkened car. How could he forget Lupin. He was probably hurting just as much as he was, and he was an insensitive prat and just skipped town, without so much as a note to him. Idiot.

"Ahem," the woman next to him cleared her throat as the car pulled to a stop. She paid the driver and got out of the car. Harry reluctantly got out of the car. The woman looked around as though she was expecting someone to jump out of the shadows. After a minute of observation Harry couldn't stand it any longer.

"What are we..., " Harry started.

"Shhh...", said the woman softly. "Do you hear that?" she asked barely above a whisper. Her eyes darted back and forth quickly in the shadows. Harry slowed his breathing and strained his ears, he didn't hear anything. Wait, Harry thought. He didn't hear anything, not a sound besides their breathing. There weren't any cars, or people on this street, the buildings were dark and quiet. Harry looked around, it was too quiet.

After a couple of seconds Harry dared speak, "I don't hear anything."

"Exactly," she said as she looked at him seriously. "This is a muggle street, and it's not even 10 o'clock. Something's wrong." She again looked around, "It's not a Dementor. The stars wouldn't be visible. But it could be a perimeter silencing charm, but those are highly difficult to erect without the muggles seeing."

"Do you think were about to be attacked?" asked Harry, looking behind him and to his side peering into the darkness.

"Get out your wand as discreetly as possible," she whispered. Harry was already ahead of her as he pulled out his wand. Suddenly, as if that was a signal, four people dropped down from the sky. There were three men, and one woman. They wore wizard robes, and they were very pale.

"Shit," she said loudly as she watched them circle around them. "Your wand won't do any good, they're vampires."

Harry's mind raced, they had barely even covered vampires in school. The vampires moved in. The woman, Harry hadn't even asked her name yet, pulled out two knives from behind her back and handed one to Harry, "Either their hearts or their necks," she said hurriedly as a vampire made a grab for her. She grabbed its wrist and kicked it in its stomach and used her other hand to bring the knife across its neck. The vampire yelled in pain as his skin swelled and he burst into flames. At that two of the vampires, the woman and one of the men

went after her and the second man made his way toward Harry. The woman was defending herself easily. Harry, on the other hand didn't know how to muggle fight. The vampire made to grab Harry. He ducked easily out of the way, the knife grazed the vampires arm. The vampire screamed as the cut expanded and suddenly his arm swelled and exploded. His entire body soon followed.

"How did you do that?" asked the woman as she stabbed the last vampire in the heart and it exploded.

"I...I don't know," said Harry as he looked at the ashes on the ground.

She looked at him appraisingly for a few seconds, "Ok, well come on we have to get going. Never know how many of those damn things are around." She took the knife from him and replaced them back in their holster behind her back. She led him down the street. The street seemed to come alive.

Loud music could be heard from a small building, a neon sign pronounced that it was called, The Rave. It had a long line winding around the building. She walked around the line and to the Bouncer in front, Harry trailed behind her.

"Karen," said the man looking at her as they hit fists. "Didn't think you'd be by tonight." She just nodded as he opened the door for her, against the protests of those in line.

"Come on Harry," she said as she entered the door. The man looked curiously at Harry who pushed down his bangs as he entered the door. The music was blaring inside the club, and people were dancing seductively on the crowded dance floor. The woman led Harry up to the bar, "Karen, what brings you by tonight?" asked the man behind the bar.

"Michael," she nodded towards him as she ducked under the bar divider. She motioned Harry to do the same as she replied, "You

know I can't discuss that." Michael nodded and a smirk appeared on his face as he surveyed Harry. Karen opened a door that was barely noticeable behind the bar and issued Harry and herself inside. The door shut behind them. All noise disappeared.

"Where are we?" asked Harry.

"Sector four," she said as she looked at him. Harry raised his eyebrows at this. "LA is divided into 12 sectors, each sector has four entry points into our world. The Rave is one of these." She said as she waved her hand around in a display of the building. "Not many of our people know about this entry, it's a secret maintained by the Aurors."

She took out her wand and waved it at the small painting on the wall, the wall slid back immediately. "This entry allows only entry into our government buildings," she said as she climbed through the wall entrance. It was a small space that was behind the wall. "The Rave, is a muggle club. It's run by squibs who are employed by our government. Quite clever is in not, a magical entrance in a muggle establishment?" she smiled slyly at Harry. The door shut and the room jerked into motion.

A soft and clear voice echoed in the compartment, "Identity?"

"Karen Parker, Head Auror, Identification number 332-673-211," she said in a bored voice.

"Voice Identification... Confirmed," said the soft voice, "Initiating tangible sweep." A white light swept through the compartment. "Karen Parker. . . Confirmed, Unknown visitor, Identify."

Harry was about to speak when Karen spoke again, "Override security measure Alpha-one, clearance Omega-5409."

"Confirmed," announced the voice, "Fifth floor, Auror department and

Security Office, Have a nice night." The wall behind them opened and Harry was led through the busy corridor and into the large office at the end. She shut the door and motioned for him to sit down, "Have a seat Mr. Potter."

Chapter Four:

The Plan

Harry sighed heavily as he sat down. He glanced nervously towards the door expecting it to suddenly fly open and have a very angry Albus Dumbledore enter.

"Something bothering you Mr. Potter?" asked Karen as she sat down at her desk, a smile playing on her lips.

"Er...", Harry looked away from the door and back at Karen, "How mad is Dumbledore?"

"Now why would Dumbledore be mad?" asked Karen tilting her head slyly as she tried to make a serious face but failing tremendously.

"Because I left," said Harry exasperated. She already knew this, thought Harry. What is she playing at?

"Why did you leave?" she asked a smile all the while never leaving her face. "Did you run away?"

"No...Not run away, merely an unauthorized vacation," said Harry sighing, "I just needed to get away, from my relatives; from my prison; from my keepers; from my life."

"So you jumped ship?" a small, quiet laugh escaped her lips.

Harry was getting tired of this; she was acting as though she didn't know any of this. But frankly he didn't like the fact that she found it funny. Harry crossed his arms and turned to look at the closed door.

"Well, Mr. Potter," she said while picking up a sheet of paper on her desk and looking at it, "You'll be happy to know that I wasn't sent by Albus Dumbledore."

"What?" asked Harry whipping his head quickly back towards her. He cricked his neck slightly. He rubbed it gently.

"I said, I wasn't sent by Albus Dumbledore," she said looking at him over the paper.

"Then who...why..." sputtered Harry looking at her questioningly still rubbing his neck.

"Mr. Potter..." she started as she put the paper back down.

"Harry. Just Harry," cut across her.

"Mr. P...Harry," she smiled coyly at him, "As of right now, there are only two people who know where you are and they're both in this office."

"Really? Then how did you find..." started Harry. But she quickly cut across him.

"No witch or wizard can enter our borders without our knowledge, to a certain degree of course." she said proudly. "We have the most advanced spells arched over our shores, not even by traveling with the muggles can prevent them from picking you up. If you were to attempt to arrive by a magical way such as portkey or apparating (though not many people are able to) you would be redirected into one of our customs offices. Or by coming by muggle means, a representative from our customs office would escort you to their office."

"But you aren't a..." started Harry again she cut across him.

"You are a special case Harry," she paused here looking at him appraisingly, "I took it upon myself to escort you."

"How is it then that no one else knows I'm here?" He asked quickly before she could cut him off. This was really quite interesting but it wasn't adding up.

"Our security wards picked you up," she said as she sat back farther in her chair. "I was in the security office at the time, our sensors had gone off because a large group of wizards had tried to cross the Canadian Boarder into ours, which for us-more so you- was really quite lucky, I noticed a second alarm was about to go off-a red light appears before the alarm- and I was able to shut it off and erase the record of your visit while the others were busy trying to figure out the intentions of the wizards-and who they would send to intercept them."

"Why would you...," asked Harry. She smiled as she held up her hand to stop him.

"Your security, as well as my countries, is at stake," she reached over to a bowl on her desk that Harry saw to some amusement had lemon drops in it, "The more people who know about you, the less freedom you would have."

"Lemon drop?" she asked as she popped one in her mouth.

"Er..no," said Harry not truly trusting this woman, "So why did you bring me here?"

The woman smiled, "If I wanted to hurt you, I wouldn't poison you, that's to impersonal." She laughed softly again, "as for the reason, I didn't want us overheard. The only place that is truly impenetrable by unwanted ears is my office," she waved her hand unnecessarily at her office.

"Oh, so can I go?" asked Harry hopefully.

"And where do you plan to go?" she was suddenly serious.

"Er...", Harry sank farther into his chair. Where would he go? He thought suddenly. He really didn't think this through. He shook his head.

"I thought so," she smiled again, "Ah, to be young and impetuous."

"Hey, I am not impetuous, I planned quite a lot in order to get away from my guard, and your not exactly falling apart the seams," Harry said quite aggressively. She didn't realize how hard it was to plan an escape.

"Why thank you, I think," she said lightly. "Anyway, I know that it's hard to look past the task at hand and to the distant future instead."

"Yeah, well...", he deflated quickly.

"Ok, so I would, if you let me of course, like to set you up in a muggle hotel-at ministry's cost and off-the-record of course." She pulled open her right-handed drawer and took out a couple of pamphlets and handed them to Harry. "These are a few of the hotels that we relocate witnesses and those in need of hiding, they have the Bacarsee spell on them."

"Bacarsee spell?" asked Harry as he accepted the pamphlets.

"It allows only muggles, and those who are given access by myself, to see and enter them," she stood up and looked toward the door.

"Like the fid...", started Harry but she quickly motioned to him to be quite. A knock was given on the door as it swung open.

"Sorry to barge in Karen...", a group of wizards entered. The one who had spoke was a middle-age man with graying hair and a plump body. He had a black mustache with gray tips. Two wizards in their late twenties were standing behind him both were wearing long blue

robes and had their hair (one blonde and one brunette) under baseball caps that had the emblem W.S.F. They all looked toward Harry in curiosity.

"Who is...", started the older man.

"Minister Charles, may I introduce you to my distant cousin on my mothers side," She said lazily waving her hand towards Harry, "Harry Jameson, he's here for the summer."

"Oh, how nice," he said automatically and turning his attention back to Karen, seemingly losing interest in Harry. "Why wasn't I told about vampires attacking you?"

"Oh, well I haven't gotten around to filling out the report, you know I've been with my cousin," she said smiling innocently, "I'll get right on it, if you'd like."

"Yes, of course, but that's not all, I'd like your opinion on the boarder situation, it'll only take a minute," he said motioning to follow him, the two men behind him moved quickly out of the way staring in awe-much like Denis and Colin did at Harry-at Karen.

She sighed softly as though it was not worth her time, and rolled her eyes gently, "Coming," She looked at Harry, "Harry be a dear and stay in my office, you can look over what I gave you, be back in a few minutes." She walked out the door shutting it behind her.

Harry opened one of pamphlets that was advertising the Radisson Hotel on fifth, it looked alright, it was in the middle of nowhere though. It said it was 5 miles from the mall, and 15 miles from the nearest highway. Harry set it down and opened the next one. This one advertised The Madison Hotel it was 10 miles from the mall but 4 miles from the nearest highway. The last one advertised for the Hilton Hotel, it was a mile from the mall and 5 miles from the highway, good for a quick escape and entertainment. They all offered the same

extras.(pool, game room, spa, etc...) Harry decided on the Hilton in the end. He set the pamphlets down, Karen hadn't returned yet. He stood up and decided to look around the office, now that he wasn't dreading the imminent arrival of Dumbledore. It was rather large. Two out of the four walls were blocked by bookcases filled to the brim with books covering all subjects, including divination. On the wall with the door it had posters of famous quidditch players and singers, (Harry who basically knew nothing about the singers guessed they must have been popular) and some posters of criminals who were wanted. They were in a sort of collage. On the opposite wall of that a guitar was propped up on the wall signed by Led Zeppelin. It was surrounded by memorabilia from various concerts, all signed by someone or focused on the guitar. He hadn't been this close to one in ages. Dudley had one when he was about 9 years old. That was his rock-star faze. Harry snorted at the memory of Dudley bragging to the children at school that he was going to learn to play the guitar. He begged (well not really begged as much as demanded) his parents to buy him a guitar. They of course obliged, and went all out by hiring a man to come and give him lessons at the house. Harry didn't remember the guy's name, only that after 6 weeks of fruitless effort with Dudley he no longer came around. Dudley, who only wanted the fame of a rock-star, didn't practice at all. Harry watched a few of his lessons (Aunt Petunia's idea of torture for Harry) it didn't look to hard to play, rather simple once you knew the chords. Reading music was easy. He remembered the music classes that all primary students are forced to take. He did fairly well in that, he was able to count the beats and know what notes were what.

Harry didn't believe himself a good singer, no not at all. The very idea was laughable, to him anyway. But as he ran his hand down the strings of the guitar he thought that he might try and learn to play. Someone cleared their throat from behind him. Harry jumped back as though caught in the act. He turned around and saw Karen Parker standing there, the door already closed.

"You know," she said walking over towards her desk, "music is a

great way to express ones feelings. All the great artists write their own songs from their experiences. It's easier to sing about them, then to talk about them. Or so I hear."

She sat down and motioned for him to do the same. Feeling slightly embarrassed he sat down. "So have you decided where you'd like to stay?"

"Er...yeah, I think so...," said Harry as he pulled out the Hilton's pamphlet and handed it to her, "It's within good distance from both the highway and the mall."

"Good choice," she said putting away the pamphlets, "Now there's the matter of security." Here she looked up pointedly at Harry. "No offense or anything but are you trying to make a statement with your look?"

"What? What's wrong with my look?" asked Harry as he looked down at his clothes. Ok, he thought, I was already going to go shopping for new clothes, but what does this have to do with security. He looked back up at Karen who was laughing silently to herself.

"You truly are a guy," she said through a laugh. "Your hair is alright, it could do with a trim, but it will do. It hides your scar nicely. This of course lowers the risk of exposure. But your clothes and glasses have got to go."

"But I can't see anything without them," said Harry bemused. "As for my clothes I already planned on buying new ones."

"Good, you need them," she said smiling, "But there are other ways to fix your vision. You could go with contacts, or a spell. I recommend the contacts, the spell can wear off. Not to mention if you get hit with a blinding spell, or a spell that impairs your vision it can have dire consequences."

Harry nodded, "How do I get the contacts?"

"Oh that's easy, I'll take you to the optometrist after we're finished. Now that we've finished your appearance, let's move on. I want you to have transportation. That way you're always prepared to make a quick getaway, should something go wrong. The problem is, your not 16 yet, and even if you were it wouldn't do any good seeing as how you have to be a U.S. Citizen in order to obtain a valid drivers license. But I can bend the rules slightly; I can get you a motorcycle license, if you'd like. And teach you how to ride one, of course."

"Wicked," said Harry at once.

"I'll take that as a yes, alright next on the list," she said pulling out a small silver cell phone, "This is yours, if you need to contact me, I'm speed dial one. You're free to use it for anything you want, here's the instruction guide. It's got the internet and instant messaging on it as well." She handed Harry a small book with the word Motorola on it.

Harry looked at it and started to flip through the book at once. "Now the last item is your name, I've already introduced you as my cousin, this will allow you to come back to the ministry, I'd like you to continue to use that name. Jameson- a play on your fathers name and the fact that you're his son- Harry stop playing with the phone and listen to me," she said it sternly but with a smile on her face. Harry who was playing around with the ringtones, looked up.

"Oh sorry, what were you saying?" He asked apologetically

"Your name, for the time being, I would like you to take on the alias of Jameson, a play on your fathers name," Karen said shaking her head. "Do you have any identification on you?"

"Er...yeah," Harry pulled out his passport, credit card, debit card, and ID and handed it all to her.

She pulled out her wand and waved it over the four items. "The debit card and credit card will work the same, it's only a cosmetic spell, it will say Harry Jameson on it until the August 27th, that is if you still plan on returning before school starts."

"Yeah, absolutely," he said as she handed them back to him.

"Alright, Harry, we're done here, lets see about those contacts and motorcycle shall we?" Karen stood up and Harry followed her.

Chapter Five:

Settling In

Harry, who was very surprised that a optometrist was open at 10 o'clock at night, felt weird without his glasses on his face and thought it strange to be able to see so clearly. He had, of course, gotten the night and day ones, in order to not have to worry about taking them in and out daily. They were also the kind that allowed you to go swimming in them. Harry had tried different colors, but oddly enough every one made his eyes greener, even brown. The optometrist laughed as he tried different colors, finally giving up with a light, "You're weird kid."

After that Karen, who had disappeared while he was examined, ushered him into a cab. They ended up in an alleyway that was dark and deserted.

"Now, this is a black market, for muggle items that are charmed magically," she said lightly as she tapped the large trash bin.

"Er... should we be going in here then? And if you know they're here then why don't you arrest them?" asked Harry as the bin jumped to the side.

"They provide information when I need it, in exchange for me to look the other way," she said lightly. "But, it's really not against our laws, we're more lenient when it comes to the statute of secrecy. It's merely frowned upon, and they're usually charged with a different offence than what their so-called crime would be."

After Harry looked around the large warehouse of muggle vehicles, he picked out a motorcycle that was red, with an emblem that was claw marks that were being made by a monster's claw, and it was black with two eyes staring out of the darkness. (a/n this was in a racing game I played- I really can't describe it any better, er...it's like the monster is trying to escape from inside the motorcycle.) The special features were that it had faster than normal breaking-without skidding, no need for gasoline, a charm to prevent crashes, and it was lighter than most motorcycles so that Harry could easily wheel it around.

Harry was able to ride it around the warehouse a few times in an area charmed to look like the open road while Karen worked out the details with the rather large men. Like flying, he learned that this came naturally to him, the charms helped of course. Harry, who didn't want to get off the bike, begrudgingly shrunk the bike and placed it in his pocket next to his shrunken trunk. They left the black market shop and entered the alleyway again.

"Well, it doesn't look like you need any lessons on it," she said merrily. "But I do want you to read the road rules," she handed him a paperback booklet on road safety, "your pink-slip is in the small compartment under the seat as is a helmet- now you don't have to wear it when you're on rural streets- although it would be safer- but I insist you wear it if you go on the highway."

Harry nodded profusely. "I will," he said eagerly. She led him into another cab that stopped in front of the Hilton Hotel.

"Alright, let's get you checked in," she said as she walked over to the receptionist.

"Good evening, how may I help you?" asked the young lady in a bored voice.

"Harry Jameson would like to check in," Karen said quietly.

The woman typed something into her computer. She nodded, and pulled an electric keycard from somewhere to her left. "Room 543, 5th floor." And she handed the keycard to Karen.

Harry and Karen made their way to the elevators, and pushed the up button. The elevators took a few seconds before they dinged open. They walked into it, and Karen pushed the fifth floor button.

Music was playing, it was a blues-band, but Harry had no idea who they were. Due to it being nearly 11:30 p.m. no one else was on the elevator, and no one else climbed on at other floors, so

Harry and Karen were able to get to the fifth floor rather quickly. They made their way down a long hallway and past doors that were spread widely apart. Finally they managed to arrive at room 543,

Karen inserted the keycard into the door lock, it beeped, and she opened the door.

They entered a large suite. It had a sitting room, with a large television and Playstation. A few games were set off to the side. Two large doors were closed to his right, they were hiding the bedroom. The bedroom was large as well. It had a king size bed with no less than 10 pillows on it, there was an empty walk-in closet off to the side, a desk, and a

dresser with a nice mirror attached to it. The bathroom was through another door in the bedroom. It Had a nice shower, and everything else a bathroom has.

After looking around the room Harry walked back into the sitting room. Karen nodded her approval at the room, deciding that it would seemingly do.

"Now, I've got some rules," she looked at him sternly that could easily rival McGonagall, "There are to be no girls in here unsupervised. You are to return each night, by at least 3a.m. Under no circumstance are you to have alcoholic beverages in this room. You will read through the rules book before you even think about riding that motorcycle, understand?" Harry nodded. "Good, here is your licence and room key. Do you have any questions?" She handed him two cards Harry inspected the licence and saw to his amazement his picture on it and that it said Harry Jameson.

"Er...not that I can...," Harry racked his brains, "Oh, If I wanted to send a letter to a friend of mine, who lives in London, how would I go about doing that?"

She raised her eyebrows slightly, "Phoenix Express, would work quite well, it's a galleon a letter though," she raised her wand, "Make an X in the air with your wand. They take muggle money, too." she said as an afterthought.

"Is that all?" she asked smiling. Harry nodded. "Good, oh before I forget, there's a restaurant downstairs, a mini-bar over there, and you can order room service, just charge it to the room."

"I expect you to buy some new clothes tomorrow, because you'll attract way too much attention in those," she said turning to leave. "Remember if you need me, I'm speed dial one. Night."

And with that she left the room. Harry looked around, he couldn't believe it. He was free, she wasn't going to watch over him. He was able to leave, albeit with a curfew, when he wanted to. And was free to grieve in peace without those pitying eyes on him. Harry smiled happily as he pulled out a piece of paper and pen from a nearby drawer.

Dear Moony,

By now you know that I have taken a vacation without informing anyone. I am writing to you- and only you- because I feel I can trust you not to tell anyone-especially Dumbledore- that I am. We are in the same boat, and I hope I am not placing my trust in the wrong person. As of right now I am safely in a hotel room. Set up by the country's Ministry, I won't tell you which country for I do not know if this letter will go astray, I doubt it will, but one can never be too careful. I will write to you every few days in order to let you-and you alone- know that I am alive and well. I will be back August 27th hopefully a lot happier than I was before I left. If you wish to write me back, merely wave your wand in an X and the Phoenix Express will appear. It costs a Galleon to send a letter.

Hoping your well,

Harry

Harry quickly rolled the letter up and magically sealed it shut. He then waved his wand in an X and a few seconds later, in a haze of blue smoke, a blue and silver phoenix appeared. Harry petted the phoenix as he tied the letter to it's leg and slipped a galleon into the small, leather pouch on it's leg.

"I need you to take this to Remus Lupin, he's in London, Er...could you make sure to deliver it while he's alone?" The phoenix sang a low note to show it's understanding and flew off in a blaze of blue smoke.

Harry sighed as he walked into the bedroom, he took out his shrunken objects and placed them on the bedside table. He picked up his trunk and set it on his bed, and re-enlarged it. He quickly unpacked his clothes and books, leaving his robes and magical items (i.e. invisibility cloak, marauder's map, etc...)

He moved the trunk into the closet and shut it's door. Harry wasn't remotely hungry so he took a nice long shower, changed into his bed clothes, and climbed into bed. He was gently falling asleep when a loud POP and blue smoke filled his vision. The phoenix had returned, and with it a large, red and smoking envelope that it quickly dropped and disappeared into a large cloud of blue smoke. Thinking quickly Harry cast a silencing spell on the room just as the Howler burst.

"WHAT IN BLOODY HELL WERE YOU THINKING?" Remus's voice bellowed. "WE'RE ALL WORRIED SICK! SNAPE IS SEETHING THAT YOU

DISAPPEARED DURING HIS WATCH. AND HE KNOWS IT WAS INTENTIONAL. HE'S SWORN TO HURT YOU, WHEN HE GETS A HOLD OF YOU. HERMIONE'S CRYING. RON'S CURSING. FRED AND GEORGE ARE LAUGHING AT THE ORDER MEMBERS. GINNY'S LAUGHING AND CRYING. DUMBLEDORE IS FREAKED OUT, HE'S ANGRIER THAN I'VE EVER SEEN HIM. YOU ARE GOING TO GET YOU'RE ARSE BACK HERE RIGHT NOW! I WILL COME GET YOU MYSELF, WHERE IN BLOODY HELL ARE YOU. YOUR LETTER SAID ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! IT'S NOT EVEN WORTH READING. ME AND ME ALONE, HA! I SHOULD TELL EVERYONE RIGHT NOW. WRITE ME BACK THIS INSTANT AND TELL ME WHERE YOU ARE, OR SO HELP ME I WILL SPAN THIS GLOBE SEARCHING FOR YOU AND MERLIN HELP ME WHEN I FIND YOU!"

The letter ripped it's self up and crumbled to pieces onto Harry's lap. "Well, that was better than I had expected." muttered Harry as he waved his wand a said, "Accio paper and pen." The pad of paper and pen came flying in to the room and Harry caught them and wrote a quick response.

Moony,

Thank you for my first howler, it was quite enjoyable. I will not, as you put it, get my arse back there. On the contrary I plan on staying right where I am. Once again I am 15 and very stubborn. Like I said I will write you every few days, and only you. If you feel as though you need to inform the others, then by all means do so. But I trust you not to let them read the letters. Or I will have to cut off all communication. For security measures I will not reveal my location, just know I'm safe and for now fine-perhaps a little deaf now but fine all the same. I am going to bed now, and tell Snape when you see him...NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH.(Preferably in an annoying sing-song voice.)

With ringing ears,

Harry

Harry got up and pulled out a galleon from his trunk. He climbed back in bed and sealed the letter. Again he made an X movement in the air with his wand. A green smoke filled his sight, this time. A green and blue Phoenix appeared and Harry tied the letter to it's legs and put the galleon in the small leather holder. "Remus Lupin, he's in London." a shrill note escaped the bird's mouth before it took off in a large cloud of green smoke. Harry sighed and climbed back under the covers, and fell asleep quite soundly a few minutes later.

Chapter Six:

July 16th

The Mall

The next morning Harry had awoken to the sun rising. It was far too early to go out, so Harry settled down in a fluffy chair and read through the small rule book Karen had given him. About ten minutes later Harry had discarded it to the small table next to television, and had called room service. (A large stack of pancakes, orange juice, and sausage)

While he ate his breakfast he turned on the television and ended up on MTV and caught a few episodes of the cartoon Daria. After breakfast, it was only 7:30, Harry was pacing the small room unable to decide what to do. Harry knew that the mall didn't open till 9 am thanks to the bell boy who delivered his food. Finally, Harry took out some paper and was content on writing another letter to Remus, but no words came.

"Music is a great way to express one's feelings...It's easier to sing about them, then to talk about them." Karen's words echoed in his head as he stared at the empty page.

Harry sighed, how exactly would he write a song, he knew basically nothing about it. Hesitantly he decided to write a list of what he was currently feeling, perhaps that would be a good way to start...

Pain

Sadness

Hate

Anger

Guilt

Hopelessness

Helpless

Trapped

Alone

Dying

Harry looked at the last word and frowned, he felt like he was dying.

Sirius

was dead. Harry shook his head to get that thought out of his mind.

He

looked back at the list, now what to do, thought Harry.

"Write why you feel that way," A voice inside Harry's head, that often sounded like Hermione, stated as though it was the most obvious course of action.

Harry frowned, he wrote a few sentences and finally settled on the fourth one.

Maybe I can't accept the life that's mine.

Harry stared at the line for a while before starting to write another line.

And so the process was, Harry would write a few lines and pick one to

include in the slowly building list. Soon Harry had quite a few lines, but

no chorus. Not to mention the thoughts were jumbled and didn't make any sense at all.

After a few times of Harry writing the sentences over and over to try to

make sense, he got an idea. He wrote the lines on a new sheet of paper

(retrieved a pair of scissors from the drawer) and cut them into separate

strips and started to rearrange them. Harry Had finally decided on the first

verse when he noticed the time. It was 9:20. Harry quickly wrote down the

verse on yet another sheet of paper and then got dressed.

By the time Harry was outside in the deserted alleyway it was already 9:35,

Harry looked around cautiously before enlarging his motorcycle. Harry gladly

climbed onto it and took off down the slowly filling street. Harry had quickly found that it was quite hard to see, with the wind whipping in his

defenseless eyes and the sun was quite blinding, he vowed to by sunglasses

as soon as possible.

Harry arrived at the mall around 10:00, the traffic steadily increasing.

Harry, quite luckily, found a parking space near the front of the store and entered the almost vacant establishment.

Harry had no clue as to where to go. His Aunt had always picked out Dudley's clothes, and then handed them down to Harry. Karen wanted him to get new clothes, but what kind of new clothes was the question. Something that won't draw attention to yourself, the voice chided.

But what wouldn't draw attention to himself. Harry was wondering aimlessly around as he was thinking. Harry decided to go into the first store he came across, which just happened to be, The Gap.

Harry walked into the store and music was playing,

Oops I did it again,

I played with your heart,

Got lost in the game.

Harry repressed a shudder, he didn't like this music, whoever it was. He looked around curiously and found the mens section. He walked over to the racks and looked at the khaki pants and pale blue tees, they were quite plain. Harry looked around a slight frown on his face. He didn't really like these clothes, wait, what were those?

Harry came across two manikins, one had a sign below it that said DO, and the other said DON'T.

The one with DO under it had on the Khaki pants he had come across, a white button up shirt and a blue sweater tied around its shoulders and holding a tennis racket. The one with DON'T under it, the outfit Harry liked, wore black pants with pockets that were zippered shut, the shirt was a wife-beater with the logo, Shit Happens. It also had on a black baseball cap. Harry didn't understand why this was a DON'T. He certainly liked it, but then again what did he know about fashion?

Harry gave another look at the DON'T outfit and sighed as he returned to the racks of clothes. As he was looking around his eyes caught a movement to his side. He looked up and saw a girl standing to his left, she was looking through a rack of sweaters, she looked up and smiled at him. Harry smiled slightly as he looked back down at the clothes by him.

"Can I help you miss?" came a snobby sounding female's voice.

"No, I'm just browsing," the girl replied evenly.

"Of course, you are," said the girl disdainfully.

"May I ask is to what that's suppose to mean?" The girl's voice turned cold at that.

Harry looked up, the salesperson wasn't any older than the other girl, they both looked to be about 17. The salesgirl crossed her arms and looked distastefully over the girl, and a sneer that could rival Malfoy's appeared on her face.

"I'm tired of trailer-trash, such as yourself, coming in here and touching my clothes, and not buying anything," the girl's eyes narrowed at this, but then her expression quickly changed to that of someone on Christmas Morning.

"I'd like to speak to your manager," she said simply and walked up to the register. The salesgirl's face fell almost immediately.

"Excuse me?" she sneered.

"Your manager. I'd like to speak to them." She said as though explaining it to a small child.

"She's not in," the salesperson replied quickly. Harry moved closer to the register, not even pretending to look at the clothes.

"Oh?" asked the girl, "Then who's that?" she pointed to a door near the back of the store that opened to reveal a middle-aged woman with black hair that was pulled back into a ponytail.

"Ummm...", came the salesgirls reply.

"Is there a problem here?" asked the woman as she spotted the two girls and Harry.

"Are you the manager?" asked the girl politely.

"Yes, I am, what seems to be the trouble?" she replied just as politely.

"Your salesperson here, Linda," she peered quickly at the girls name tag,
"Called me trailer-trash, for no good reason."

"Is that true Linda?" asked the Manager, Harry caught her name tag, it said Gale on it.

"No, Gale, I said no such thing," Linda replied innocently. Gale turned back to the girl, she clearly didn't know who to believe. Harry stepped up.

"Yes, you did," he said clearly looking straight at Linda. "You asked if she needed help, and when she told you she was just browsing you called her that." The girl smiled gratefully at him, while Gale frowned and Linda scowled slightly at him.

"Very well, I apologize for my employees behavior," Gale said. The girl nodded and started to leave the store, "Linda, if you would come to my office, please." Harry unsure what to do, left the store as well.

"Thanks," Harry turned around, the girl smiled at him, "But you know,

she

won't get into trouble, she just did that to appease the customer."

"What makes you think that?" asked Harry frowning as he looked back into the store and sure enough Linda and Gale were walking out of the office laughing.

"She's done it before, although she didn't recognize me," the girl laughed.

Harry noted her looks for the first time. She was wearing a pair of blue

jeans and a tanktop with a skull and cross bones that had the logo, Death is

Coming, Her hair was blonde and pulled back, and Harry saw that it had black

streaks running through it. She was wearing a black choker that had the word

Bitch written in blood-red letters.

"Names Trinity, by the way," she held out her hand.

"Harry," he took it. "So why did you report her if you knew she wouldn't get in trouble?"

"It's how I get my kicks," Trinity laughed, "She was right about one thing

though, I would never shop there." She nodded towards the store. "A little

to Susy-homemaker for me."

"So why were you in there?" asked Harry curiously. He wasn't even going to ask what that meant.

"My friend Paul, is a bit of a straight arrow, if ya know what I mean," she pointed her finger and thumb at Harry and winked, "His Birthday's in a week"

"Uh huh," said Harry not understanding what she just said.

"So tell me Harry, why did you do it?" she asked lightly.

"Do what?" asked Harry confusedly.

"Decide to go to the dark side, and shop at The Gap?" she tilted her head to the side waiting for an answer.

"Er- I was just looking, I'm here to buy new clothes, and I'm not really sure...",

"Ah," she cut across him, "You're a newbie."
"What?" asked Harry.

"It's your first time out on your own," she looked at him happily.

"Er- you could say that," said Harry looking around.

"Ok, well let me lay down the rules for ya," she said taking his arm and guiding him to the escalator.

"Rules?" Harry was getting quite confused by this girl, then again most girls confused him.

"Yes, shopping rules," she replied as they stepped on to the elevator.
"Rule
number one: Never clothes shop alone, always have your mom,

girlfriend, or
friend with you," she smiled at the look of horror on his face when she
said
girlfriend, "I'll take choice number three," they got off the elevator,
"Rule number two: Drink lots of caffeine, two non-fat mocha
cappuccinos,
please," she said to a small man at a coffee stand. She quickly paid
the man
and handed Harry his. "Rule number three: Only go to shops where
you like
the clothes, tell me what kind of clothes do you like?"

"Er-," started Harry, "Well I kinda liked that outfit in the Gap, the one
with the DON'T sign under it," he added quickly at the disbelief that
flashed over her face.

She smiled, "Good, then you'll love where I'm taking you. Now Rule
Number
four: never shop on an empty stomach. Rule Number Five: Never
allow a
salesperson to help you unless you ask for it. They'll try to get a large
commission out of you the other way around, if you ask then it puts
up
boundaries, Are you getting all this Harry?" He nodded slowly.

"Good, good," she pulled Harry into a store called Hot Topic. It had
some
hard rock music playing and black clothes lining the wall. The sales
girl
was wearing blue lipstick and had her nose pierced with a chain
connecting
it to her earlobe. Trinity started pulling out clothes and holding them
up
to Harry, pretty soon he was holding five pairs of pants and at least
10
shirts.

"Well, go try them on," she said pushing him towards the dressing room,
"I'll bring you more."

True to her word she brought even more clothes to his dressing room, and even made him model them off for her, Harry felt utterly ridiculous as he tried on outfit after outfit. He failed to notice the looks girls were giving him every time he came out, and the music drowned out their giggles.

By the time Trinity stopped bringing him clothes he had, with her help, picked out 15 pairs of pants and at least 25 shirts. Thinking he was now done he started to pick up the pile of clothes.

"Leave those there," she said flipping her ponytail back, she motioned for a salesclerk to join them. A guy of about 20 came over, he had a lip-ring and green hair. "He'd like those, and after we find some accessories we'll be done." The man nodded, and picked up the large pile of clothes.

"Accessories?" asked Harry nervously.

"Mm hmm," she smiled as she pulled him over to a sunglass rack, she made him try on 20 pairs before she nodded her approval of a pair. From there she pulled him over to a hat rack, and after she laughed at the way Harry put the hat on (you have to wear it backwards, Harry) they picked out

three

hats. She then dragged him over to a large table with jewelry on it.

"I'm not wearing jewelry," exclaimed Harry as she picked up a necklace and held it up to his throat.

"Why not?" she asked pouting slightly.

"Cause I'm not a girl," he said slightly uneasy at her pout.

"That doesn't mean you can't wear it, besides, this stuff," she waved at the

table, "Is made for guys." She picked up a bracelet that was black and had

sliver, metal spikes protruding from it. Harry actual thought it looked cool, and allowed her to put it on him. She also picked out some plastic,

multicolored bracelets for his other arm, (only after he saw other guys wearing them did he agree), and a necklace that was a simple black cord with

a mood stone pressed against his Adam apple (but he hardly felt it). They

brought the accessories up to the register and they rung Harry up.

"514.94, please," said the woman with the chain running from her nose. Harry

pulled out his credit card and signed Harry Jameson, for it. (Magically it

would change back to Potter.) Trinity smiled at the man who had picked up

Harry's stuff.

"I also have items on hold, Trinity Mason," she said simply. The man nodded

and pulled out a few large bags and rang her up.

"310.32, Please," the woman replied. Trinity pulled out a credit card and handed it to them. She quickly signed for them and Harry and her were heading out of the store. Having finished their coffee, she led Harry to the food court and sat down at a vacant table. Harry sat down across from her. Their bags were surrounding them on the ground.

"Hungry?" she asked as she looked around at the different shops. "I think I might get Chinese, or we could share a pizza." Harry looked at his watch, it was already 12:50. Time had really flown by.

"Er- Pizza sounds good," five minutes later they were again seated at their table with a large meat lovers' pizza. They had split the cost.

"So what's a Brit like you, doing in America?" she asked as she pulled her second piece away from the stringy cheese.

"Just a little vacation," replied Harry nonchalantly.

"Cool, where's the rents?" she asked.

"Rents?"

"You know, short for parents," she smiled again.

"Oh, they died, when I was really young, I'm emancipated," said Harry picking up his third piece.

"Oh, sorry," she said biting her lower lip.

"No big deal, I never met them, and I like being emancipated," said Harry shrugging. He didn't want her to be uncomfortable, after all she had just spent hours with him shopping, and she barely knew him.

"Oh, do you mind if I ask how?" she picked up another piece of pizza.

"They were- er- murdered when I was a baby," said Harry. She looked up quickly at him, she glanced around their table suspiciously then leaned in closer to him.

"By he-who-must-not-be-named?" she asked in a low whisper.

"Voldemort," said Harry simply. She winced slightly. "You're a witch?" He asked, uneasy for the first time.

"Yeah," she said smiling only a fraction, "How can you say his name?"

"Fear of a name increases the fear of the thing itself," said Harry simply,

"Plus I'm basically on a first name basis with dear Old Tom, he has tried to kill me several times already..." Harry stopped right there realizing what he had just said.

"You're Harry Potter," she exclaimed in a small whisper. "I knew you looked familiar, oh don't worry I won't tell anyone, you're obviously here

incognito." She smiled brightly here. "Anyway, let's go to the music store next," Harry raised an eyebrow up at this.

"My favorite band is releasing their new single out today," she said happily. "You've probably never heard of them, their a garage-band that makes their own records, the store allows them to sell the CDs, at a fee of course. Their called Equilibrium."

She grabbed her bags, and Harry grabbed his as she led him down the escalator. The funny thing about Trinity was that she never once glanced toward his forehead trying to locate his scar, she knew who he was and treated him the exact same way she had earlier. For some reason, Harry trusted her when she said she wouldn't tell anyone. But he would have to tell Karen eventually, maybe.

They made their way to a small record store called, Flip-Side Records. Trinity led him to the middle of the store to the register. "Hey, Lou, what's up?" The 20-something guy behind the register shrugged his shoulders and put on a pair of headphones.

"Not a very talkative person, is he?" asked Harry as the man turned his back on them.

"That was for him," she laughed as she set her bags down, and picked up a CD

and flipped it to read the back.

"Really?" asked Harry as he set his bags down as well.

"Mm Hmm," she nodded and looked up at Harry, "He took a vow of silence a few years ago, no one knows why." Harry raised his eyebrows slightly.

"You're joking, right?" She shook her head, "Hey Lou, -Lou-," Lou turned

around and took off the headphones, he nodded his head slightly.

"Can I open

this, and listen to a few songs?" He put on the headphones again, and turned

back around. Trinity opened the cellophane and walked over to a cd player on

the wall and popped the Cd in. Loud rock music flew out of the speakers,

indistinguishable lyrics filled Harry's ears.

Harry shrugged his shoulders as he looked around, he walked over to a large

CD stand and picked up a CD and read the back, a list of song titles on the

back did not help Harry at all. He looked to his left and found a guy of about 16 scan the bar-code beneath a small machine and put on a pair of

headphones. Harry saw a similar machine to his right and made his way over

to it. He scanned the code and placed the headphones on his head and Limp

Biskit's My Way started to play.

Harry made his way through 5 CD's before Trinity tapped him on the shoulder,

he removed the headphones and turned to find three people behind him along

with Trinity.

"Harry, I'd like you to meet a few of my friends. This is Jason Jones," she pointed to a guy with blue tips on his hair and an eyebrow ring, "Jessica Smith," she pointed to a girl about 5 foot and had Lavender eyes, obviously contacts, "And Mya Gilmore." She pointed to girl with short spiky pink hair, and what looked like a tongue ring. "Guys, this is Harry Jameson."

"SUP?" "Hi" "Hey" The three answered simultaneously. Harry nodded said, "Nice to meet you."

The girls giggled and moved off towards the register talking animatedly and Jason rolled his eyes at them.

"Girls," he muttered to Harry. "Can't live with them, Life's boring without them."

Harry laughed softly and nodded in agreement. "So what do ya got?" asked Jason reaching for the five CDs Harry had previewed. "Kinda jumping around aren't ya?" He asked while looking at a Metallica CD and an Everclear CD.

"Er- I guess, I really don't much about music, I was just picking things at random," Harry shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't get out in the muggle world, all that much?" Jason laughed as

he set
down Harry's CDs. "Here, I'll help, from your few selections I'm
guessing
you'll like punk," He led Harry over to a section with bands like
Phantom
Planet and Blink 182. A half hour later Harry had 20 CDs, including
Equilibriums' at the insistence of Trinity, a new portable CD
player-Jessica
had practically shoved it in his arms, and a cd case with a
skull-n-cross
bones, picked out by Mya.

Soon the five left the small store, Lou ignoring the teens as they
called
good-bye to him. "So you really have no clue as to why he took a vow
of
silence?" asked Harry as they walked towards K-B Toys.

"Nope," laughed Jason. "It's fun to try and guess though, I personally
think
he was a member of the CIA and in order to leave he had to promise
never to
talk again."

"And that's why your stupid," laughed Mya. The other girls laughed
as well
as they pushed ahead of the guys.

Harry smiled slightly, "And what is your theory Mya?" She smiled and
looked
back at Harry.

"I personally believe he was madly in love with a beautiful woman,
who was
tragically ripped away from him, and is so angry with whatever deity
he

believes in, that he lost the will to speak," she sighed heavily at this and wiped a fake tear away. Harry glanced toward Jason who was pretending to gag. They both stifled laughs by pretending to cough.

"That's utter rubbish, I think he saw some brutal crime and has been shocked into silence," said Jessica in a matter-of-fact tone. Trinity rolled her eyes at this and turned to Harry.

"Don't mind them, their insane, I merely keep them around for laughs," the three broke out in protests and she laughed as she winked at Harry.

"So what's your theory?" Asked Harry as the three quieted down.

"He was a standard A-society clone, until a shock to his system, relinquished the upperclass hold on his fragile mind, which resulted in him trying to rid his conscious of the loathing of the a-symmetrical life he used to lead, and as the Eastern Religious Cults teach, purging oneself can be achieved by showing that ones life is not dependent on what is deemed Socially correct," Trinity nodded slightly. Harry raised his eyebrows quite high.

"And that means?" asked Harry.

"He chooses to be different," clarified Jason as he rolled his eyes slightly.

"You truly have a way of putting things Jason, It's a wonder your brain hasn't leaked out of your ears yet," said Trinity scathingly.

"It's only a matter of time," said Mya smiling. Jessica giggled as she twirled her hair around her index finger, and bit her lower lip as she looked at Harry.

"Alright," said Harry as he looked around, "I need to shrink these " said
Harry indicating to his bags.

"Over there," said Trinity, she cocked her head to the side toward an empty
area to their left. They all moved to the side and Harry shrunk his bags.

"Harry, I'm underage, do you think you can do mine as well?"

Harry nodded and waved his wand over her bags. "Thanks, one more year, and
I'll be able to do that " she laughed, "Stupid laws "

Harry smiled, "Yeah, I hate those laws as well, I'm glad they no longer
apply to me."

Trinity stuck her tongue out at Harry, "Well, the ministry can't detect all
magic," she said slyly as she glanced around, she shook her head and her
hair turned a blank white.

"You're a metamorphmagus " said Harry excitedly. She nodded happily. "Is
that why the salesgirl didn't recognize you?"

"Yep, I love it," Trinity replied, "It took me two years to learn how to do it."

"You're not one naturally?" asked Harry interested, he himself wanted to learn how to.

"Nope, it's almost as hard as learning to become an Animagus," she said happily. "But, it's well worth it, most natural metamorphmagus have to concentrate extremely hard in order to change,(scrunching up their faces and all) but if you learn how to do it all you have to do is think quickly about it and poof, it changes "

"Er- you wouldn't happen to still have those books, would you?" asked Harry lightly.

"Yeah, sure. I'll loan them to you. It's not like anyone else I know would even like to look at them, let alone read them," she nodded over to Jason who was playing with Rock-Em-Sock-Em Robots in K-B Toys.

"Wicked," said Harry walking quickly over to Jason and took over the blue side, he vaguely heard Trinity mutter "Boys."

After an hour in K-B toys (now 2:30 p.m.) Harry was saying goodbye to Trinity, Jason, Mya, and Jessica.

"Dude, I've programed our number's into your phone," said Jason handing Harry his phone, "And I've programed yours into ours, and the party tonight,

you're coming right?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah, sounds great. I'll see you later." Harry nodded to the girls and got onto his motorcycle and he took off towards his hotel.

Chapter Seven:

July 16th: evening

The Party

Harry had been working on his song for an hour when he threw it aside. He decided to spend the next few hours, before the party, playing on the playstation. He was on Level 20 of Spyro the Dragon, when he realized the party was in half an hour. Harry grabbed a pair of black jeans, ripped the tags off them and quickly changed. He then pulled on a black tee with the logo, my life sucks written in gothic, red letters. He finished off his appearance with his new sunglasses and the man-jewelry Trinity had convinced him to buy.

He grabbed his wand and placed it in a side pocket that was large enough to securely and discreetly hold it. As he was about to leave the hotel room he turned back and grabbed a baseball cap with the band name Disturbed written on it, and placed it backwards on his head.

He took the elevator to the ground floor, and walked outside to the parking lot. He made his way over his motorcycle and climbed on to it. And Harry was soon off, the sun was quickly setting behind the large buildings. It was kind of hard to keep the hat situated on his head with the wind whipping past him, but he somehow managed it.

Harry arrived at the address Jason had given him. 143 River Drive.

"What the..." Harry pulled off his sun glasses, it was a large warehouse, long ago deserted if the boarded up windows were any indication. There was a parking garage a few buildings down, a few teenager girls in little-to-no clothes exited and headed towards the old building. Harry grabbed his cell phone and went into his phonebook and dialed Trinity's number.

RING. RING.

"Speak," Came Trinity's voice, a heavy metal song playing in the background. Harry could hardly hear her.

"Where are you?" Harry asked as he parked his motorcycle in the parking garage.

"Where are you?" She asked, suddenly the music cut off and Harry could hear her perfectly.

"I'm making my way towards the building," said Harry as he ventured onto the sidewalk and walked leisurely towards the boarded-up warehouse.

"I'll meet you in the entrance," She said briskly as she hung up. Harry slipped his phone back into his pocket and walked up to the door and waited. A few minutes later the metal, and heavily chained door opened. Harry saw Trinity exit the building, she was now sporting neon green hair. She had on a black tube top that showed off her midriff, showing a pierced bellybutton and a small tattoo of a half moon smiling and winking on the left side of it. She was wearing a pair of black shorts that had ribbons crisscrossing down her legs and disappearing into her knee high, black heeled boots.

"You look great," she said while grabbing his arm and dragging him into the building.

"I was about to tell you the same," said Harry as he was dragged in front of a large, beefy, and heavily tattooed man.

"Cliff, meet Harry. Harry, Cliff." The man grunted. She handed him a wad of cash, while adding in a small whisper to Harry, "He likes you!"

Harry looked at her incredulously and whispered back, as his hand was stamped with a jeweled elephant (that only showed up under a

black light), "Where do you meet these people!" She laughed and dragged him into another room, the music was blaring, before he hadn't heard a thing. They stood on a landing overlooking the dance floor, shaky metal stairs headed downward to his left.

Trinity must have seen his shocked expression and yelled over the music "SILENCING CHARM!"

Harry nodded dumbly as he registered what he was seeing. There were hundreds of teenagers here. All were sporting different hair colors, and a large variation of clothing. The girls he saw earlier were overdressed compared to other girls on the dance floor.

There was a bar in the far right corner, while couches and chairs littered the left side. Colorful lights spun around from the ceiling lighting the dance floor, a half dozen strobe lights were aimed at the teens as they dance provocatively. Almost everyone had light sticks, they were all covered in sweat as the smoke machines covered the first few inches of the ground so it looked as if they were dancing on a cloud.

Harry looked at Trinity in shock, "I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO A SMALL PARTY?"

She laughed, "WHAT'S WRONG? NEVER BEEN TO A RAVE BEFORE?" She grabbed his arm and led him down the stairs. "COME ON, EVERYONE'S WAITING." Harry could barely hear her as she led him through the throng of the crowd. He didn't know who she meant by everyone, and he wasn't able to even ask. She pulled him up to the bar and screamed her order to the bartender, a portly woman who was sweating. "DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

"Und fuer den Jungen?" Asked the woman in a heavy German accent. Trinity looked back at Harry expectantly. Harry just looked back at her as though she grew another head.

"HE'LL HAVE THE SAME!" screamed Trinity turning back towards the woman.

The woman laughed heartily. Der Junge sieht nicht aus, als ob er damit umgehen koennte!"

"The boy does not look like he can handle it!"

Trinity snapped her eyes from Harry to the Woman, she rebutted in a scathing tone, "Der Junge wird es dir zeigen!"

"The boy will show you!"

The woman smiled evilly as she replied, "Es ist sofort fertig." The woman disappeared from their sight.

"It will be right up."

"What was that about?" Asked Harry in Trinity's ear.

"She doubted you could handle it," Trinity said smiling slyly at Harry, "I defended you, don't let me down."

"How do you know German?" Asked Harry

"My mother's great-grandmother's Aunt's best friend taught me it," She said, "I'm quite fluent, I also know Spanish and French. I want to travel the world when I graduate." The woman came back, two shot glasses that were blood red. Harry eyed his shot glass apprehensively.

"What's in this?" asked Harry examining the glass, the woman watching with a smirk.

"You don't want to know, just close your eyes, bend back your head, and drink up!" She picked up her shot and downed in a swift

movement.

"Er- is this a bad time to tell you I've never drank alcohol before?" Asked Harry, he closed his eyes and downed the drink, it burned his throat as it streamed down it. His eyes began to water, and he gasped as he finished the drink. His gasp was lost into the music, the small tears streaming out of his still closed eyes were lost in the dark. Harry, due to the burning throat, missed the exchange between Trinity and the bartender. But when Harry opened his eyes he saw Trinity yelling at her. Although she had to scream in order for the woman to hear her, Harry saw through her actions towards her were quite vulgar. Although Harry was British he very well knew what the middle finger meant. He caught, although he didn't understand it, the last bit of their exchange.

"KUESS MEINEN HINTERN!" Screamed the bartender.

"Kiss my ass!"

"BEUGE DICH VOR UND ZEIG MIR DEN PUNKT!" Screamed Trinity. Harry placed his hand on Trinity's shoulder.

"Bend over and show me the spot!"

"What's going on?" Harry asked quickly as he steadied her. She turned towards Harry and spotted the empty shot in his hand and smiled brightly.

"Verdammt will ich sein," Said the bartender staring at Harry for a second, "Freie Drinks fuer den Rest der Nacht."

"I will be damned," "Free drinks the rest of the night!"

"Verdammt richtig, der Junge wird mit allem fertig!" Trinity said triumphantly and proudly. How she managed to distinguish them both was beyond Harry.

"Damn right, the boy can handle anything!"

The woman, however got a triumphant smile as she added snidely, "Stimmt das?"

"Is that right?"

Trinity turned back towards the bartender and said, "Zur Hoelle, ja," as she smiled slightly.

"Hell yes!"

"Ich nehme die Herausforderung an, Teufelsgebraeu-Challenge!"
The bartender turned and started to ring a large brass bell.

"I will take you up on that, DEVIL'S BREW CHALLENGE!"

"Oh, shit," said Trinity as her smile faded. The music faded and spot lights fell onto the bartender who started to scream out rules in English to the silent crowd.

"What the Hell is happening?" Asked Harry in a hurried whisper to Trinity.

"Sorry?" she said biting her lower lip. And looking at him in an apologetic way.

"What did you do?" Harry asked with wide eyes as people cheered and moved to open up a large ring around Harry and Trinity.

"Don't worry, I'll do it with you," she said her lower lip trembling.

"What exactly am I doing?" Asked Harry scathingly.

"Ummm...", The woman laid out two large glasses and started filling it

with different alcohol, she was spinning the bottles as she poured the liquid. Harry caught a few labels, Sherry; Whisky; Vodka; Orange Juice; and Tabasco Sauce. Harry turned back to Trinity.

"All you have to do is drink it all in one go, don't throw up, and don't pass out, Easy," she said as the bartender set the drinks on fire.

"Seid ihr Kleinen veraengstigt?" Taunted the bartender.

"Scared little ones?"

"YOU WISH!" Yelled Trinity as she grabbed both drinks, handed one to Harry, and clinked his glass, "Cheers!"

Harry took a deep breath, the drink still ablaze, and downed it. If he thought the Devil Advocate was bad, he was sorely mistaken. There was no taste at first, just a unmistakable feeling as though he had just drank molten lava. It scorched his throat as it flowed down it, Harry vision blurred and he was burning up. The sweat started pouring down his hair so it flattened it, luckily his hat covered this up.

The room felt as though it was spinning, he had to close his eyes in order to steady himself. His stomach lurched as the final drops singed his throat. He closed his mouth tightly, as he felt the vomit in the back of his throat and tasted it on the back of his tongue. It took all the will power he had to force it back down. He was deaf to the thundering cheers around him. The taste was now full force, it was unlike anything he ever had before, combined with the vomit taste, it was unbelievably awful.

"Harry, you alright?" whispered Trinity, her voice was hoarse and it looked as though it pained her to talk as Harry steadied his gaze at her. He nodded, but stopped quickly because it brought the vomit back to his throat. He forced it back down as he whispered back.

"I need to sit down," she smiled slightly as she turned back to the bar.

"Two Virgin Mary's," She said as she smiled triumphantly at the woman who was scowling. "And our Money!" The woman was muttering in German, in what was undoubtedly curse words as she made the drinks, she then reached into the register and pulled out a large stack of hundreds. She slammed the money on the counter and set the drinks down harder than necessary so some slopped over the sides. Trinity grabbed the money and drinks and led Harry towards the couches. He was near vomiting again as he received back slaps and kisses on his cheek from people he passed all congratulating him. Harry wearily sat down on a large plush couch, Trinity sank next to him. The music had started up again and it was hard to distinguish where one person stopped and another began.

"\$300," She laughed as she handed him three hundred dollar bills. "Here drink this," Harry could barely raise his eyebrow. "Don't worry, it's alcohol free."

Harry held the glass and stared at Trinity. "Look, I'm sorry. Sometimes I speak before I think. But you're alright, and you held your own." She smiled weakly. Harry glared at her, for a brief second.

Suddenly they were surrounded.

"Dude that was awesome!" exclaimed Jason as he sat down on the couch across from Harry. "I blew chunks when I tried it."

"That's cause you're a wimp," said Mya simply as she plopped down next to Jason.

Jessica sat her self down on the arm of the couch on the other side of Jason. "That's not fair, nearly everyone does, you passed out if I remember correctly."

Mya glared at her, "Let she who hath tried it, throw the first stone."

Jessica rolled her eyes, "You know I don't drink alcohol, besides someone has to drive your sorry ass's home."

"Leave Jessica alone," said Jason sharply.

"Oh yes, here comes her defender, shall I unsheathe your sword for you?" Mocked Mya.

"Jason likes Jessica, while Mya likes Jason, Jessica...", Trinity whispered to Harry, "Well lets say she made a life changing decision a few years ago, that she has decided to keep, in the closet so-to-speak." She smiled slightly.

"Oh," said Harry looking at her with wide eyes, "I swear she was flirting with me earlier."

"She over compensates, doesn't want to tip them off," shrugged Trinity nodding a little in the three's direction, they were still arguing. "She's the smart one of the group. Never skipped class or did anything rebellious before I met her."

"Really, I pegged you as the smart one," said Harry slyly.

"Me?" she laughed, "Hardly, I'm street smart, not book smart. Any trivial info needed see me, anything to do with books and the like, see Jessica." She laughed again, "Really I only look for info that can help me break rules, that's why I learned to be a metamorphmagus." She smiled evilly. "Jessica, actually gave me the idea the day we met."

"Really?" Asked Harry as he reminded himself to ask about those books she promised to lend him.

"Yeah," she said and recounted the tale.

FLASHBACK

LIBRARY: 3 YEARS PREVIOUS

Jessica was sitting alone at a table in the large library surrounded by a couple of dozen books. Trinity came rushing by and says quickly, "You didn't see me!" She quickly hides behind a large shelf. Two seconds later a portly woman with graying, black hair came rushing in through the library doors. She quickly spotted Jessica sitting all alone and stormed over to her.

"Have you seen Trinity Mason?" Her eyes darting around suspiciously like she would suddenly make a bolt for the door.

"No, Professor," Jessica shook her head. The woman seemed to swell with suppressed anger as she stormed out of the library in search of her prey.

Trinity emerged from the stacks and sat down next to Jessica, "Thanks, I would never guess you would lie. Teacher's pet and all."

Jessica glared at her, "I'm not a teacher's pet!" She sighed loudly. "Besides, I didn't lie, I have no idea who Trinity Mason is."

"Ah, a technicality... I know them well," Trinity smiled, "Names Trinity, but I believe you've already deduced it." Jessica rolled her eyes and nodded in agreement. "So what are you doing?" She picked up one of the open tomes. "The History of Metamgi?" Trinity set the book back down and picked up another, "The art of self transfiguration?" She picked up another one, "Changing your appearance: An Aurors guide?"

"I'm writing an extra credit essay for Professor Mickdell," She glanced at Trinity as though daring her to comment on it, Trinity smiled slightly but held her tongue. "So why were you running from Professor Avonty?"

Trinity shrugged lightly, "I filled her office with shaving cream."

"What?" Asked Jessica sharply.

Trinity sighed, "I know, it wasn't very original," she said disappointedly but added in a brighter tone, "But, it was effective all the same."

"Why?" Asked Jessica with wide eyes, her mouth slightly open.

"I was bored," she shrugged again, a bell rang in the distance, "So... what are you doing now?"

Jessica was packing up her books, "I've got to get to Potions."

"Skip it," Trinity said brightly.

"WHAT? No, I don't skip." Said Jessica abashed.

"Come on, Potions is boring. Besides me and a couple of friends are going to hang out in town, it'll be fun," said Trinity. As she stood up and stretched her arms.

"And you want me to come?" asked Jessica suspiciously.

Trinity laughed a little, "Yeah, come on... it'll be fun. Besides there's a sub in Potions today, Professor Saundry's in the infirmary," Jessica raised an eyebrow, "Food poisoning." The slight glint in Trinity's eye suggested she had something to do with it.

"I can't, I'll get in trouble," said Jessica slightly disappointed.

"That's what makes it fun!" Said Trinity brightly.

"I don't...", started Jessica.

"Oh, come on," Trinity grabs Jessica's arm and drags her from the library.

END FLASHBACK

Harry smiled as she finished. "Shaving Cream?"

"Sure, pick the negative aspect of the story to dwell on," said Trinity rolling her eyes.

"Always," laughed Harry, he looked back towards the three, they had ceased arguing and were now pointing randomly and commenting on peoples outfits.

"Now, she's too fat for that," said Mya in a disgusted tone.

"She's got no boobs, how's she holding up that top, Duct tape?" Asked Jason Curiously.

"She's got some, their just really small," said Jessica eyeing the girl critically.

Harry turned back towards Trinity, "So you're the rule breaker, Jessica's the bookworm, what are they?" He nodded back towards Jason and Mya.

"Mya, ah now there's a funny meeting, see if you can guess," Trinity started the tale.

FLASHBACK

CHARMS CLASSROOM: 4 ½ YEARS PREVIOUS

The class had just been randomly seated by an unknown charm. Trinity was sitting next to a girl she only knew by reputation as a "Drama Queen."

"Miss Gilmore where is your Essay?" asked Professor Simpson.

"Well sir, ahem funny story," Mya bit her lower lip. Trinity heard a fellow classmate whisper to their neighbor "I wonder what today's story will be" small giggles were barely audible. Professor Simpson raised an eyebrow slightly. "You see I finished my essay, and rolled it up and placed it on my desk. Then I decided to write to my pen-pal, she lives in Alaska... well I sort of put my letter next to my essay, and my owl kinda took both scrolls."

"Well, I really don't..." Started Professor Simpson in a unbelieving tone.

Suddenly Mya turned deadly serious, "But that's not what's wrong. You see my owl, my little Loki, hasn't returned yet. She's been gone for over a week, it usually only takes her two-maybe three days tops. And Megan, that's my pen-pal, would have sent her straight back with my essay seeing the mistake."

"Miss Gilmore I...", tried Professor Simpson.

Mya started to turn Hysterical, "What if he's hurt? A lot can happen to an owl going that far. It's cold in Alaska... what if he's dead?"

"I doubt..." Professor Simpson suddenly looked uncomfortable.

Tears started falling freely down Mya's cheeks, and through choking gasps she continued, "My... owl... is... a... popsicle!" She let out a small gasp of horror, as she hurriedly continued, tears still falling, "Frozen! He's dead...how can I continue to live with the knowledge, or lack-there-of, that my dear little friend somewhere frozen to death. Years from now muggle archeologists will uncover him in a block of ice, carrying my essay." She starts to hyperventilate, "It's all my fault, my poor little Loki, an owl popsicle... AN... OWL... POPSICLE!" She covered her eyes and her shoulders were shuddering with sobs, "My

grandmother gave him to me for getting accepted here, and a week later she...sob DIED! The last thing she gave me and I've killed him, all because of a STUPID CHARMS ESSAY! I'M A MURDERER! I'VE KILLED MY POOR LITTLE LOKI! HE'S A POPSICLE! AN OWL POPSICLE!" Mya's head hit her table with a resolute thump, the entire classroom was quite as they all stared at Mya's shuddering figure.

"Oh, my...Miss Gilmore, are you alright dear?" Asked the Professor hesitantly. The only response was high pitched gasps coming from Mya's direction. "Umm... don't worry about the essay dear, you can have an extension... Miss Mason, might you escort Miss Gilmore back to her room?"

"Umm... of course, Professor," said Trinity. As she helped Mya the Professor whispered to Trinity "Make sure she doesn't hurt herself." Trinity nodded as she led Mya out the door. They were a good deal away from the classroom when Mya suddenly stopped crying.

"That was fun!" Said Mya brightly.

Trinity stared at her, shook her head and laughed, "Names Trinity," she held out her hand. "So now that you've gotten us out of Charms, what do you want to do?"

Mya took her hand and shook it, "Mya as you already know, and I've no clue."

"Come on, we'll think of something," said Trinity. "By the way, you'd make a great actress."

END FLASHBACK

Harry laughed heartily, "You're joking!"

"Nope, and that's just the beginning. She's the one who gets us out

of detention mostly. She can cry on cue," Trinity smirked evilly.

"Ok so you're the troublemaker, Jessica's the smart one, and Mya's the get-out-of-jail-free card, so what's that make Jason?" Asked Harry looking over towards the small group again. They were making their way onto the dance floor.

"He's our impetuous youth," Harry raised an eyebrow, "He's a daredevil, or so he says," She smiled slyly.

FLASHBACK

SCHOOL ROOF: 4 YEARS PREVIOUS: NOON

Trinity was up on the roof reading a book to escape from the noise of the school, plus she loves the height. She was blocked from sight behind the old, brick chimney. That would explain why Jason didn't see her when he arrived.

He was carrying a large, rope-like thing that he rigged one end to a nearby smokestack and the other his leg, he climbed up on to the roof ledge and muttered to himself "This is going to be so great" he rubbed his hands together.

"What are you doing?" Asked Trinity emerging from her spot and walking over to him.

He stumbled somewhat in surprise, but quickly steadied himself as he cried out, "Don't Do That!"

"Do what?" She asked innocently, although her eyes danced mischievously.

"Scare someone standing on a ledge of a very tall building!" He said indignantly.

She smiled slightly, "Are you about to kill yourself? Might I suggest moving up higher."

He scowled at her, "NO! I'm not about to kill myself, but thanks for that," he replied scathingly.

"No problem," she replied lightly, "So out of curiosity, what are you doing?"

He sighed loudly, "Not that it's any of your business, but I'm about to bungee jump of the school."

She raised an eyebrow, "Bungee jump...Oh that muggle sport where you jump off something high and hope this thin, rubber rope holding you doesn't suddenly snap and you plummet to your quick, yet painful death, right?"

"Um... yeah," He replied somewhat hesitantly.

"You know, I heard over half the people that try this end up paralyzed or dead," she replied happily as she looked over the edge of the building.

"Really?" He asked watching her closely as she spit her gum out and watched it fall.

"Yeah," she smiled up at him, "I mean think about it. The only thing that is between you and a very painful landing is this oversized rubber band that was not set up by a professional, and in all likely hood was set up incorrectly. I mean really, did you actually know what you were doing? Are you sure it's properly grounded?"

He looked back at the smokestack, then back to her, "Um... well not really."

"So you're not sure it's safe and there are pointy, jagged rocks

awaiting to cushion your fall if anything goes wrong," she asked curiously, again looking down at the ground.

He looks down, he seemed to grow paler each second, he took a deep breath and said quietly, "Maybe, I shouldn't be doing this."

"So now you're chickening out?" Asked Trinity mockingly.

"Wait, you just said..." he started, but she cut across him.

"I was just trying to understand what you were doing," She said shrugging.

"But..." he trailed off.

"I really hate guys that chicken out. You know what, perhaps all you need is a push in the right direction," she pushed him roughly off the ledge.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH..." His scream could have been heard miles away.

The rope tightened and held the weight, "What do you know, it didn't break." She said laughing slightly as she looked at the upside-down, bobbing figure.

"A little help here!" he called up to her.

"How were you planing on getting back up before?" she called down to him.

He blanched and she turned to walk away towards the door, "Hey, where are you going?"

"I'll see you in detention," she called turning to look back down at him, "By the way, Name's Trinity." She left just as two teachers came

rushing past her.

END FLASHBACK

Harry was laughing, "You...are...evil!" he said in between gasps of air.

She sighed contentedly, "I know!"

"Hey are you two going to come dance or what?" called Mya as she made her way over to them.

"I don't dance," replied Harry quickly.

Mya frowned, "Oh come on, it's not hard, it's just like sex."

Harry blushed a deep crimson as he looked at Mya in shock. She was laughing, "Oh Harry, you're to easy..." Trinity was laughing slightly also. Harry glared at them both, which was a hard feat since they were on either side of him.

The music suddenly shut off, and the lights quickly returned to normal fluorescent lighting of an office building.

"POLICE! NOBODY MOVE!" Shouted an officer as he and about twenty cops came bursting through the door. Everybody stopped for a brief second, then pandemonium rang out. People, mainly girls screamed and everybody ran for the few exits. The bartender disappeared through a door behind the bar, while Cliff was nowhere to be seen. Harry made to get up, but Trinity stopped him, "You'll only make it worse, besides we're minor's!" she shouted over the noise. So Harry sat there next to Trinity, Mya had disappeared pushed away with the scramble to the doors.

The police officer found them just sitting there, The room empty except for twenty or so people captured, among them were Mya,

Jason, and Jessica. All were fighting against the officer's that were arresting them.

"Is that necessary?" Trinity suddenly asked as the officer pulled out a pair of handcuffs, "I mean we'll go quietly." The officer considered her for a minute before nodding. She and Harry stood up and followed the officers dragging their friends.

"ATTICA! ATTICA!" Screamed Mya as she was led out.

"POLICE BRUTALITY! POLICE BRUTALITY!" Screamed Jessica as the officer tightened his grip on her arm.

"JUSTICE WILL BE SERVED! VENGEANCE WILL BE MINE! YOU'LL ALL BE SORRY!" Screamed Jason as he too was pushed out the door.

"I swear, I can't take them anywhere," said Trinity as she and Harry climbed into the back of the squad car.

POLICE STATION...

(a/n: there sitting on one side of the table in this order: Mya, Trinity, Harry, Jason, Jessica.)

"Name?"

"Trinity Mason."

"Age?"

"16."

"Address?"

"NONEYA..."

"Excuse me?"

"None ya business,"

"Miss, tell me your address!"

"No, I know my rights. And don't even bother asking anymore questions."

"Name?"

"Mya Gilmore."

"Age?"

"15, almost 16."

"Address?"

"I'm unable to recall."

"What?"

"I forget..."

"Name?"

"Jessica Smith."

"Age?"

"Just turned 16 last week."

"Address?"

"What was the question?"

"What's your address?"

"I plead the fifth."

"Excuse me?"

"If I tell you, you'll call my parents, therefore incriminating me in illegal activities,"

"Name?"

"Name!"

"What is your name BOY!"

"Jason Jones."

"Age?"

"16."

"Address?"

"Don't have one."

"What are you homeless?"

"If I tell you, I will be..."

"Name?"

"Harry Po..Jameson."

"What?"

"Harry Jameson."

"Age?"

"I'll be 16 in 2 weeks."

"Address?"

"Number 4 Privet Drive, Surrey, England."

"What?"

"Here on vacation, sir."

"Oh, where are you staying?"

"I'm afraid that information's classified."

Harry watched as the officer threw down his pen in frustration. He'd been at this for nearly half an hour. The five teenagers were sitting in a interrogation room, they insisted on being put together or they wouldn't talk at all.

The man walked out of the room while muttering, "Insufferable teenagers..."

Harry tapped his fingers on the table in front of him.

"Why doesn't Harry just blast us out of here, he can do magic legally, right?" Asked Jason hopefully.

"Brilliant plan," said Harry dryly, "And how bad would it be when ministry officials show up?"

"Oh, right..." said Jason deflating slightly.

"Well, I'm not calling my parents," said Jessica slightly hysterical, "They'll kill me!"

"Mine too," said Jason.

"As will mine," Said Mya.

"Mine are out of town," Said Trinity.

"So we're stuck?" Asked Harry tapping his fingers.

"Yeah... wait Harry, can't you call Karen?" asked Jason suddenly.

"Well I could... hey how do you know Karen?" Asked Harry suspiciously.

"Name was in your phone, dude," he smiled evilly, "She your girlfriend or something?"

"No, just a friend..." Harry trailed off, he really didn't want to call her. She was a wild card. He couldn't predict her reaction. She was quite cheerful when she found him at the airport, and after she found out he left without notifying anyone she was understanding, but this...but did he have a choice? Luckily they were only being detained, and not arrested, so they were not relieved of their possessions. Harry removed his cell, and quickly found her number.

.RING.

"You've reached the number you've dialed," came the recordings voice Great. Just Great. "Leave a message, that will most likely be ignored." BEEP

"Er...Karen, it's Harry. My friends and I need a ride, if you could hurry to the corner of Washington and 9th it's kind of an emergency, we're

in the building with the large sign that says Police Station. Thanks." Harry hung up and set the phone down, the others burst out laughing.

"It was the machine," said Harry shrugging. "Don't know when she'll get it."

"Dude that was..." started Jason.

What Harry was he didn't find out, because the door suddenly opened and a woman with long black hair, pulled back into a ponytail, walked in carrying a notebook, pen, and a small recorder. She was about thirty, or so Harry thought as she sat down across from them. She smiled sweetly, a smile that reminded Harry of Umbridge. Harry absently rubbed the back of his scared hand.

"Hi, I'm Patricia Wellington, I'm here to talk to you tonight," Patricia said in a sickly, sweet voice.

It was laced with false cheer and patronizing tones.

"Are you a cop?" Asked Mya.

"You don't look like a cop," said Jason looking her over.

"Please, she wouldn't last a minute on the street," Said Trinity looking mildly interested at the woman.

The woman smiled again, this time it was quite forced, "No, I'm not a cop. But I do work for them, I'm a psychiatrist."

"Why do we need to talk to you?" Asked Harry scathingly. He did not like this woman at all.

The woman looked at him, apparently shocked by his tone. "The Captain felt you were quite secretive about where you live, and would

like me to talk to you to make you feel more comfortable."

"Not going to happen," replied Harry leaning back into his chair, and crossed his arms. "You might as well leave." She shook her head, and wrote something down in her notebook.

"So how was the party?" She asked brightly.

"Fine, until the boys-in-blue decided to crash it," Said Trinity sarcastically.

The woman made another note. "So, why won't you tell us where you live?"

"It's none of your business," Said Jason acidly.

"Hmm... not a trusting bunch, I see," She made a few more notes. "How about you tell me something about yourselves?"

"I hate you," said Trinity.

"I don't trust you," said Mya.

"I don't like your clothes," said Jessica.

"I agree with all the above," said Jason.

"I hate your voice," said Harry as his chair fell back on all four legs with a resounding thump. "It makes me sick to my stomach, you remind me of this evil teacher I had, and she ended up in the hospital wing..." said Harry glaring at the woman. Harry could see Trinity holding back laughter, while Jason, who was sitting on Harry's other side, was smirking quite broadly.

"Well," she laughed nervously, "I'm far from evil. Tell me more about this teacher. What was her name."

"Do you want her real name, or the nickname the students gave her?" Asked Harry sweetly. Harry didn't like this woman at all, he didn't care if he was rude, and frankly he was kinda drunk at the moment, or close to it.

"Her real name will suffice," she replied just as sweetly.

"Umbridge." said Harry leaning back in his chair again. "But, she retired rather suddenly at the end of the year, and only after her first year teaching, don't know where she is, noone does..." Triled off Harry.

The woman was writing rather furiously as Harry looked up at the water-stained ceiling. "Umm... so tell me more about your past."

Harry dropped down again and looked her straight in the eyes and with the serious expression he could muster he said, "But then I'd have to kill you."

She stared at him for a few seconds, then quickly wrote a few more notes.

"What the hell are you writing?" Asked Trinity as she leaned over and snatched the book out of her hands. Patricia yelped and made a grab for it, but Trinity tossed it to Jason.

"I'm a follower? You've talked to me for a grand total of a minute and believe me incapable of being the leader of this little group?" He asked, she lunged for the book, but he tossed it to Mya.

"I'm self destructive? Where the hell did you get that from?" Asked Mya as she tossed it back to Jason, who tossed it to Jessica.

"What do you mean, Low-self respect?" Jessica asked scathingly as she tossed the notebook back to Mya who tossed it to Trinity.

"Ah she has me pegged, Leader of the group and a bitch to boot!" She laughed slightly, "Exact words..." She read further down as she danced out of Patricia's reach. "Oh, Harry...She doesn't seem to like you...Violent nature... threatens without saying as much... sociopath. Why Harry I had no idea." Trinity looked up at Harry as Patricia grabbed her notebook from Trinity. Harry who had made no move from his chair looked placidly at the woman.

"Trust me, if I wanted to, you'd already be dead," said Harry innocently. "But, that doesn't mean I won't want it in the future," He added as an afterthought.

The woman paled slightly, "Well, um... back to your school, why don't you tell me about it."

"What's to tell? It's your average run-of-the-mill school. You've got your teachers. The students. The unbelievable danger lurking in the nearby forest. And the constant threat of death from your fellow classmates...really it's quite ordinary," Harry smiled happily at the woman who stopped writing. "But the best bit is that you can never guess what's going to happen next, but I guess that's what you'd expect with the territory."

"And what territory would that be?" Asked the woman who started to write again.

"Oh being a wizard, or witch," Said Harry off-handedly. He saw the others tense in the corner of his eyes.

"A wizard...," said Patricia slowly. She most likely thought Harry joking.

"Yes, magic's real. Didn't you know? We're all magical," he indicated to the others, "But not all witches and wizards are good, oh no. See we're currently in a war at the moment, with a dark wizard named

Voldemort" he felt the others tense at the name. "He likes to kill, and he really doesn't like me..." Harry could almost see the woman's brain working, deciding if Harry was joking, delusional, drunk, or maybe all three. He laughed silently to himself, he would probably regret this later, but it was too much fun at the moment. Who knew telling the truth would be so entertaining.

"Yeah, he wasn't always bad, he went to the same school as I do, but went by a different name back then, Tom Marvolo Riddle," Harry stared intently at the woman, "you see it's actually an anagram for I AM LORD VOLDEMORT."

"So this Voldemort, does he hurt you? Or perhaps tell you to do things," Asked the woman hesitantly and suspiciously. Harry knew enough to know she was trying to ascertain his mental stability.

"Tell me to do things?" Asked Harry innocently.

"Yes, do you hear his voice, or maybe see him when others don't," Harry pretended to think. "The other voices won't let him near me," said Harry seriously.

"Other voices?" she asked.

"Yes, their always arguing," Harry said absently. "But they always come to the same conclusion."

"And what's that?" She asked expectantly.

"To kill," said Harry pleasantly. "But doesn't everyone have that little voice telling them to kill?"

Harry sat up straighter and looked around suspiciously, "What?" asked Harry barely audible. "But she hasn't done anything...what do you mean she's discovered my secret?...I don't...Well if you're sure I have to... fine, fine...yes, I'll kill her..." Harry stopped talking to

himself, it was quite obvious everyone heard him. He shook his head slightly and looked back at the woman and smiled slyly, "Tell me Patricia, what kind of car do you drive?" She looked Hesitantly at Harry.

"Ummm... well would you look at the time," she gathered her things up and made for the door as fast as she could without running. As soon as she disappeared the teens cracked up.

"Funniest thing I've ever seen," gasped Jason wiping away a tear.

"Hell, I started to believe you for a minute there," said Mya shaking her head.

"Ever think of becoming an actor Harry?" asked Trinity smiling. "You'd be great!"

The door flew open again and the cop that interviewed them earlier walked in, "I don't know what you did to her, but she was quite scared, I've never seen the woman run so fast." He said it in a stern voice, but the teens just cracked up even further as result from the information.

"Ahem," someone appeared in the doorway. Everyone looked up. "Sorry to interrupt, I'm Agent Stevens, I'm with the FBI, and you're currently detaining our informants." Karen Parker nodded to the five teens. She pulled out a badge with the logo FBI on it, and a rolled up piece of paper. "I'm going to have to ask you to release them and expunge any and all records of them being here." The cop just stared at her then the paper she handed him.

"Now I don't think..." he started.

"Good, then this will be easier than I thought, now be a good little boy," Harry was amazed at how calm she could be when addressing a man twice her size and age in such a patronizing, demeaning tone,

"And release them."

"Wait just a minute..." He tried again.

"Sorry you've already wasted enough of my time," she said briskly. "Come along," she motioned to the shocked teens. They rose quickly and walked out in front of her, she followed with the cop at her heels.

"You can't just..." She stopped and turned around to face him. The entire precinct turned to watch.

"Really? I just did. Now be a good little officer and do as I say, expunge their records, remove all evidence they were here, including the little, illegal to boot, psychiatrist's session, and remember that just because you're with the LAPD does not give you right to impede in any ongoing cases of the FBI, if that is in fact what you have done. Now since I have already talked to your superior I hope that I will not have to repeat myself, and if I find any traces of this not being done I will not only have your badge, but I'll kick your ass myself, got it? Good!" She turned around and ushered the teens outside and into a car.

As soon as the door shut, Karen turned on Harry. He barely had time to notice the car was magically expanded, or the fact that a house-elf was driving.

"WHAT IN HELL WERE YOU THINKING?" the car lurched forward. "I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR NOT EVEN 24 HOURS AND YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN ARRESTED?"

"Detained," muttered Harry.

"WHAT WAS THAT!"

"I was detained, not arrested," said Harry slowly.

"I DON'T GIVE A FLYING HOOT IF YOU WERE ARRESTED OR DETAINED, YOU WERE AT A RAVE, YOU WERE DRINKING, I'VE BASICALLY PUT MYSELF ON THE LINE FOR YOU, AND HOW DO YOU REPAY ME, BY LANDING YOUR ASS IN JAIL." She suddenly started to cry, Harry wished she'd go back to screaming. "Y...your s..suppose to be r..re..responsible! H..how do you expect t..to survive if you g...get..thrown in jail t..the first night you're o...on your own...", she wiped away her tears.

"Sorry, I..I wasn't thinking, I tend to do that, ask anyone," said Harry uncomfortably. He and Karen seemingly forgetting the four teens. "Really I'm sorry..."

"Your sorry? YOUR SORRY!" She shook her head slightly and took a few deep calming breaths,

"Harry, you're grounded." Harry stared at her. "You are not to leave the hotel for the next week, you are not to have friends over, you are not to call said friends, and you will be writing a letter to both Albus Dumbledore and Another adult of your choice explaining what you've done, and you will give them to me in two days, is that understood?" Harry just nodded in dumb silence.

"What about my motorcycle?" He asked after a few seconds of dead silence.

"What about it?" she asked numbly.

"I left it in the parking garage by the rave," he said hesitantly, afraid she might start yelling again, or worse crying.

"It will be fine there for the week, you can have a taxi take you there in order to pick it up after your punishment is over, as for you four," she looked over at the teens, "Consider this your get-out-of-free-jail card, if this ever happens again I will be forced to punish you as well! But you can bet this is going on your records."

She turned back to Harry, "And thank you for informing me that not only have you made friends, but members of our world to boot!" Harry shrugged helplessly. She nodded, "You will take your friends home, and then go straight back to your hotel. I will see you in a two days!" With that she Disapparated. Harry sighed loudly as he sunk into his chair, he looked over at the shocked faces of his friends and smiled half-heartedly, "And Mya didn't even have to cry." Trinity laughed and the others soon followed.

Thank you to Jaypallas for correcting my German! Hunt him down if its still horrible! ;)

Hope it was worth the wait...

D.I.E, DUDE, D.I.E

July 23rd

The week passed by at a snail's crawl. On the first day Harry played on the playstation, but quickly got bored of it (it really was no fun unless you had some competition.) He then worked on his song, (He was now in the process of writing some crude melodies.) On the Second day Karen stopped by and took the two letters he had written to Dumbledore and Fred Weasley (Hey he was an adult, right?) and burned them in front of him. "This is your warning, next time I won't be as lenient," She said as she extinguished the flames. The rest of the week Harry explored the hotel. He came across a small gym on the fourth floor, and now spent most of his time in there, He avoided the pool, since he was unable to swim (But he was wondering where/how he could take lessons, after all, if someone lets say Voldemort threw him into a lake, he would drown. There's a headline for you Boy-Who-Lived, is now the Boy-Who-Drowned.) And after his small workout in the gym, he would return to his room and pour over the books Trinity had lent him. They were very informative, and actually suggested that Harry might have a born talent for it.

... Metamorphous of one's appearance is usually achieved through spells, charms, and potions. Very few have the ability to change themselves without the use of a wand or potions. Most natural born Metamagi aren't even aware of their abilities. The signs are easy enough to spot if your looking for them. 1.) Have you ever changed your appearance? I.E. gotten rid of a pimple, given yourself a tan, changed a bad haircut, etc... 2.) Have you ever kept an appearance? I.E. Potions, or spells of appearance don't work on you, muggle items, such as color contacts, are ineffective, Haircuts are useless and unneeded, for your hair stays the same, etc...

There were other telltale signs of the ability that Harry exhibited, but his Hair growing back, and the fact that he hadn't had a haircut in five years was a bit unnerving. In fact, this summer after he had lost

Sirius, was the only time Harry could remember his hair growing. He could say that his emotions over the loss of Sirius was the cause of the rapid Hair growth, but that didn't explain why it hadn't grown at all during the last five years. Also the fact that it always looked the same, even after a trip to the barbers, nagged him in the back of his mind. Was it not his hair that was the cause, but him. Yeah, he actually liked annoying his relatives by having unruly hair, and returning with it exactly the same, just to hear them scoff at someone other than him. But, if he had this ability all along, why was it he hadn't gotten rid of his scar? He hated the blasted thing. Well, he conceded, he hadn't always hated it, in fact he liked it until he entered the wizarding world. The books told him to concentrate on the item he wished to change, and to imagine it changing bit by bit. While he tried, he had yet to have any signs of progress, he decided to talk to Trinity as soon as possible.

That was a week ago today. Harry was no longer grounded and incidentally had found himself outside a muggle music shop. Cling A small bell rang as Harry entered the small shop. It was a small establishment, most likely family owned. Various guitars, bass, electric, acoustic, and classical lined the walls. Near the front of the store a band-like layout of drums, keyboards, and seats for guitar players.

"Sup Player?" Asked a teenager, behind the counter. Harry looked at the guy, who was wearing some grunge clothes, a nose piercing, and a black stocking cap.

"Er, hi," said Harry uncertainly. "I'm just looking." The teenager raised an eyebrow in Harry's direction, but then turned back to the magazine he was reading, leaving Harry to his own devices.

Harry looked around at the guitars for a while, he looked at the acoustic ones but didn't like the way they looked, but liked how they sounded. He then looked at the bass guitars, but didn't like how the sounded when he plucked their strings, but they looked alright. He

finally decided on an electric guitar, And an acoustic one for when he didn't have electricity. Now the problem was picking out which electric guitar he would take.

Harry selected a red one that was on the smaller side, and quite light. He walked over to a nearby chair, and sat down. Harry knew enough to plug the guitar into the amp, and put on a pair of headphones so only he could hear the guitar. Harry flashed back to a few of Dudley's guitar sessions and smiled slightly as the words resounded in his mind, "No, Dudley How many times do I have to show you, your fingers go here!" He easily set his fingers into #G cord, and strummed the cords lightly, the notes playing softly in his ears. He moved his fingers to #C cord, then back to #G cord, all the while strumming softly. He soon got into it, closing his eyes, he started to play every cord he knew, stringing them together easily. Years of gripping his broom in Quidditch, easily calloused his fingers so playing was fairly simple. Truthfully, he didn't see how Dudley couldn't have mastered this, well if he had payed attention perhaps he could have. Harry didn't know how much time had passed, but soon an older guy, in his late 40's, tapped him on the shoulder. Harry stopped playing, and took off the headphones.

"Er... sorry," apologized Harry, "Got lost there."

"No problem, son," said the man kindly, "I was just wondering if I could help you with something." Harry nodded, and smiled slightly.

"Yeah, actually," said Harry as he stood up slowly, "I'd like to buy this guitar," he indicated to the guitar he was just playing unnecessarily, "Also an amp, headphones, and an acoustic guitar as well."

"Big Spender today?" Asked the man somewhat shocked.

"Er... yeah," Harry was spending a lot, but he knew, well actually hoped, Sirius would have approved.

"Which acoustic would you like?" Asked the man coming out of his daze.

"Er... hadn't thought about it, I only want it for when I don't have electricity," The man raised an eyebrow, Harry quickly added, "You know when the power goes out or something." He really couldn't say, for when I go back to school, we don't have electricity there.

"Oh, well, how about this one?" Asked the man as he pulled one off it's rack and handed it to Harry. "Yeah, that'll do," said Harry offhandedly.

"Well, don't you want to try it out first?" Laughed the man.

"Er... sure, why not?" Asked Harry, accepting the guitar as he sat down. Harry quickly played a few cords, #G-#C-#D-#Gb-#D#-#Bb-#A. "Yeah, that'll do," said Harry standing back up.

"You're quite good, How long have you been playing for?" Asked the man thoughtfully.

"Er... not long, actually since today," Said Harry shrugging. The man laughed a little, obviously

thinking it a joke. And Harry didn't correct this impression.

"That's funny," said the man shaking his head, "Well, my wife can ring you up." He pointed to a woman, also in her 40's, with long blonde hair. Harry walked up to her and she smiled kindly.

"So, young man, are you in a band?" She asked, she glanced quickly at the teenager, who was now on the phone .

"No," said Harry shaking his head.

"Really?" asked the woman quite happily, "You're good enough, ever

think about joining one?"

Harry shook his head. "Ah, why not?"

"Fame's not really for me," said Harry shrugging lightly. The woman nodded slightly.

"So, is this all for you deary?" She asked.

"Er... amp, guitars, headphones... yeah, that's it," rattled off Harry.

"Would you like to customize you're electric guitar, for an extra \$35?" Harry raised an eyebrow slightly, "Add a decal," clarified the woman, she pointed to the wall behind her, it had various pictures on it.

"Er... yeah," said Harry, "That one," he pointed to a golden lion, about to pounce.

"Excellent choice!" said the woman. "Ok, it'll take an hour." Harry nodded. "Would you like to pay now? Or when it's finished?"

"Now," said Harry, "I have to go and pick something up, but I'll be back." The woman nodded.

"Alright, Amp is \$120, Headphones \$15, Acoustic \$160, Electric \$370, and Decal \$35... your total comes to \$704.20 with tax," She looked at Harry, most likely expecting a reaction to that much money.

Harry merely nodded and gave her his Debt Card. She rang it up, and gave him his receipt, "It'll be ready in the hour." As Harry was walking out of the store he felt the teenagers eyes on him, he nodded in his direction, and left the store with the amp, acoustic, and headphones.

Harry hailed a taxi, setting his purchases in the backseat with him and had it drop him off at the parking garage where he left his

motorcycle. After Harry was sure he was alone, and unwatched he shrunk the items and placed them in his pocket. He then located his motorcycle, placed the shrunken items in the small compartment under the seat (in order to avoid breaking them) and took off back towards the store. It took him about 45 minutes.

When Harry reentered the shop, the first thing he noticed was that while it had been empty when he was there, it now had a couple of other teenagers there huddled around the guy with the nose ring. The second thing he noticed was that as soon as he entered, their conversation stopped and their eyes were on him. Harry, somewhat used to this, ignored them and walked up to the counter where the lady was flipping through a Martha Stewart magazine. She looked up and smiled at him. "It'll be just a bit longer dear, why not have a seat, you can play with another guitar while you wait." Harry nodded silently, as he picked up a green guitar and sat back down on the seat he had before. This guitar wasn't as light as his red one, but it was as small. He plugged it in and put on the headphones, he played lightly as he quickly switched chords over and over again, he was vaguely aware of the teenagers still watching him. Harry had been playing for a little over five minutes when he felt someone near him. He stopped playing and looked up to see four teenagers surrounding him. He removed one side of the headphones and looked questioningly at them. When no one spoke Harry went back to playing. He saw out of the corner of his eye the guy with the nose ring nudge the girl to the right.

"Ahem," One of the girls cleared their throats, Harry stopped playing and looked back up. He took off the headphones completely and leaned back a little while looking at the girl. She had long black hair with pink tips, and wore black leather pants, with a white spaghetti strap shirt that said "Flirt" on it.

"Umm... hi," She said timidly.

"Hi," replied Harry coolly.

"I'm Paris, and you are?" She asked a little stronger, seeing Harry was willing to respond.

"Harry," he replied simply.

The nose ring guy cleared his throat a little. "Oh," said Paris slightly startled, "How rude of me, this is Mark," she pointed to the nose ring guy, "Chad," she pointed to a guy with sickly green hair, baggy clothes, and an eyebrow ring, "And Brittney, our manager" she pointed to a girl wearing a black mini skirt, a plain blue spaghetti strap shirt and had shoulder length red hair.

"Manager?" Asked Harry suddenly suspicious of these teenagers.

"Yes, of our Band, Perhaps you've heard of us "Damnation Insinuated Existence." Said Mark offhandedly.

"Er, no, sorry," replied Harry. :Where is my guitar? I really don't like where this is going: thought Harry as he looked towards the counter where the woman had just been standing. She was nowhere to be seen.

"Ah, not surprising," said Chad suddenly, "After all we haven't played anywhere this summer since the incident."

"Incident?" Asked Harry standing up slowly. He walked to the wall and replaced the guitar.

"Yes, our lead guitarist/singer went to JDC," replied Brittney.

"What's JDC?" Asked Harry looking at her questioningly.

"Juvenile Detention Center, kinda like jail, but for minors," Paris answered, Harry turned to look at her.

"What did he do?" Asked Harry, reminded vaguely of the school his Uncle had told everyone he attended.

"Stole a car," said Chad suddenly.

"It was cool, we were there, he saw a convertible with it's keys still in it, and jumped in," said Mark excitedly.

"The only bad part was, he hadn't ever driven before," replied Chad sullenly.

"Yeah, he barely got down the street, before he slammed into the side of a building," laughed Mark.

"Then he backed up, just to run into a bunch of parked cars," laughed Chad.

"Then, he pulled forward and ran back into the building," they ended together. Both near hysterics.

"Right, bad luck that is," said Harry wishing for the woman to return.

"As entertaining as it was," said Brittney icily, towards the two boys who immediately stopped laughing, "It's left us in quite a jam." She turned back towards Harry. He did not like where this is going. "We no longer have a lead guitarist or singer, which is where you come in."

"Me?" asked Harry suddenly.

"Yes, you," replied Paris.

"Ah, listen ladies, I'm here on vacation, and I really don't do well in front of crowds," said Harry walking towards the counter, "And I just started playing, and I don't sing!"

"But you could," said Brittney easily. Harry looked towards her, "You hum while you play, and you have good pitch."

He hummed while he played? Damn It! Thought Harry as he drummed his fingers on the counter, why didn't he realize he was humming. He shook his head, "Sorry, I can't help you."

"But you have to, dude," said Chad pleadingly.

"I don't have to do anything," said Harry in a dismissing tone.

"Come on, we've been searching all summer for a replacement," said Mark emphatically.

"Well you'll just have to find someone else," said Harry shaking his head and looking at the door behind the counter, that no doubt held his guitar and his freedom.

"There is no one else!" cried Paris. "Please, Harry!"

"I'm on vacation, I leave on August 27th," said Harry trying to get them to see he wasn't going to help.

"Dude, that's perfect, our gig is on the 26th," said Mark happily.

"That also means you have more time to find someone else," said Harry as the door opened and the woman came out with his guitar. "Here you go," said the woman looking at the small group as she handed Harry his guitar, Mark shook his head as she looked at him. "Thank you," said Harry as he took it and slung it over his shoulder. He started to walk out of the store.

"You're not only disappointing us, but also the children!" Called out Paris as Harry's hand was on the door. He stopped and turned around.

"What children?" He asked suspiciously. The others seemed to push Paris forward as they saw Harry interested.

"The children at St. Margaret's Orphanage," She replied Hesitantly. Harry raised an eyebrow,

"That's where our gig is on the 26th, we're doing a charity event where we raise money for them."

Ah, crap. Was the only thought in Harry's head. He let out a heavy sigh, it had to be orphans. He looked placidly at the four teens.

"Fine, but know it's only because of them," said Harry exasperated. The teens seemed overjoyed at Harry's acceptance, and launched immediately into preparation plans. They arranged to meet at

Harry's hotel the next day. Luckily they were muggles, so Harry didn't have to contact Karen. Harry left the shop a little over an hour later. The sun was setting as he jumped onto his motorcycle, (after getting a block away Harry pulled into an alley and shrunk his guitar, and placed it with the other items.)

It was getting close to dinnertime, so Harry decided to pull into "Roadside Café." Just as Harry was about to enter the small establishment he noticed a small, white kitten in the middle of the street. The problem was a Semi was barreling down the street at that exact moment. It took Harry a millisecond to decide what to do, he ran out into the street, scooped up the kitten, and crossed the street all in one swift motion.

"Oh my God," Harry looked to his left, a girl with shoulder length blonde hair ran up to him, "You are so brave! Saving that poor kitten, are you alright?"

"Er... yeah," said Harry crossing the street, the girl following.

"Name's Emily," she said grabbing his arm and hooking them together. Harry still holding the kitten.

"Harry," said Harry observing her slightly. He opened the diner's door, she entered thinking he was holding the door open for her. Harry rolled his eyes slightly as he followed her in.

She sat down at a booth, and after a slight hesitation Harry did as well. "Excuse me," said Harry to a passing waitress, "Could I get a saucer of milk?" The waitress seemed about to say something about the kitten, but Harry pulled out a \$20 from his wallet. The woman nodded and disappeared, returning shortly with two menu's and the saucer of milk.

"You're very brave," said the girl in a flirtatious way while twirling a strand of her hair between her forefinger and thumb.

"Er... I guess," said Harry looking at the menu.

"So, are you going to name him?" She asked happily.

"I think it's a girl," said Harry looking at the kitten.

"Oh, well I'm sure there's room in your life for more than one girl, right?"

Harry stared dumbly at the girl, as she batted her eyes at him. The food they ordered arrived and they started to eat.

"Er..., about that name..." said Harry.

"How about Emily, I wouldn't mind her being named after me," She bit her lower lip. Harry looked over to the kitten. The kitten seemed to be glaring at her.

"Er... no, it doesn't really suit her," said Harry hesitantly. The girl

giggled slightly.

"How about Jenny," Emily suggested. Harry looked at the kitten, and if looks could kill.

"Er, No," replied Harry. "How about Megera, Meg for short, it's from Greek Folklore." The kitten seemed to consider it, and seemed to accept it as she finished up her milk.

"No, that's stupid," said Emily making a face. Harry looked back at the girl, how exactly did he end up having dinner with this girl?

"Check!" called Harry as the waitress passed by, she nodded and soon arrived with the check. Harry paid, and stood picking the kitten up.

"Er... it was nice to meet you Emily, we'll have to do it again," he said as he practically ran from the diner before she could call out he didn't give him her number. Harry rounded the corner around diner toward the parking lot. He stopped and lifted the kitten up to his face, "She was scary." Meg meowed in agreement. He smiled, "Now how am I supposed to get you home?"

"We can help you with that!" called a silky voice from behind Harry. He quickly turned around. Two people were standing there, and both were really pale.

"Er... thanks but I think I can manage by myself," said Harry hesitantly.

"Ah, but we really want to help, besides I've had a craving for British all week," replied the small form of the girl. The guy and girl stepped out of the shadows.

"Vampires," said Harry more to himself than them.

"We've got a smart one here," said the girl laughing slightly. The kitten sensing trouble leapt out of Harry's arms and attacked the girl.

"AHHH... get it off," she screamed as she was kicking her leg. The guy rolled his eyes as he attacked Harry.

Harry stormed through the near deserted corridors in the Auror's headquarters, his lip was throbbing in pain, it would be really swollen in the morning, his black eye was already setting in, and his shirt was ripped beyond repair while blood oozed out of the newest gash in his abdomen. A few people who looked towards him in shock as he passed whispered incoherently to their neighbors, but Harry hardly cared as he slammed the office door open to reveal Karen sitting at her desk working on some paper work. While the door sounded like thunder as it hit the wall of Karen's office, Harry strode purposefully to the front of her desk, pulling himself up to his full height. Then, with his face set in an expression of seriousness, leaned over her desk, placing his hands upon it for balance. Karen, still shocked from his entrance, found herself leaning back in her chair to keep from bumping her forehead against his.

"Train me."

Thank you to BHSBABE for helping me with the very last bit of this chapter...

HOW MANY REGRETS?

July 23rd: Evening

"HOLY SHIT!" After a moment of shock Karen jumped up and rounded around her desk. "What happened? Are you ok? Where does it hurt."

"Vampires," said Harry as Karen eased him down into a chair, "I want you to train me."

Karen seemed to ignore this as she examined his cuts. "You weren't bitten were you?" she asked examining his neck.

"No," Harry replied calmly.

"Ok, wait here, I'll get Johnson, He's better at healing charms than I am," Karen moved from her squatting position to the door in one quick movement and disappeared out of the office. A minute later she reappeared with a 20 something man trailing behind her. He was 6'2, short blonde hair, and had a goatee.

Johnson did a quick once-over and cast several cleaning and healing charms on Harry's lacerations. "Anything else, boss?" He gave a sly smile towards Karen as he stood up.

"No, that's all, thank you Johnson," she said curtly.

He raised his hand and gave her a mock salute, and with a wink said, "Sure thing, babe."

"You will address me with respect, Johnson," she said sharply.

"Of course, doll face, anything you say," He moved closer to her and gave her body a once over with his eyes.

"I am your boss, and you'd do well to remember that, or you'll find yourself on guard duty," Karen said coolly.

"How about letting your guard down, and going out with me tonight," He raised his eyebrows suggestively.

Harry rolled his eyes at such a stupid line, and was about to clear his throat, when several things happened in quick succession. Johnson grabbed Karen's wrist; Karen twisted around ending with her having his arm pulled behind his back; Johnson hitting the desk and letting out a pained moan.

"I'm not the youngest auror, and head of defense for nothing, Johnson," Karen sneered at his back as she let go, "This will be going into your file, I suggest you leave now."

Johnson seemed to take this advice to the extreme as Harry doubted he'd ever see someone walk that fast again. Karen sat down at her desk and looked over at Harry, who was still staring at the door where Johnson had just disappeared through.

"Don't worry, it happens all the time," She said bringing Harry's attention back to her.

"What does?" Harry asked confused.

"Guys hitting on me, mainly people who work under me, it's like this male ego thing," she shrugged her shoulders, "I was only an auror for a year, when I got promoted to Head auror, not to mention I was sixteen at the time."

"You were sixteen?" Asked Harry skeptically. How the hell could she have been sixteen, wouldn't she have still been in school? Thought Harry to himself.

"Don't act so surprised," laughed Karen, "I'm only nineteen." She

smiled fondly into space for a few seconds before snapping her attention back on Harry, "It pissed a lot of people off, mainly those who had never worked with me, the first few months were horrible, but they eventually accepted it, mainly because of all the times I've saved their lives, only a few people still consider me unfit for my position."

"How did you become head of defense at such a young age?" Harry was pretty sure she wasn't joking, truth be told he had thought she looked rather young to be head auror when they met.

"I was a child genius," she smiled brightly, "I graduated school when I was thirteen, received 12 OWLS all O's, and 7 NEWTS all O's as well, I wanted to take more, but my counselor believed it would be too much work for a thirteen year old," Karen rolled her eyes here, "I majored in Potions and Defense Against The Dark Arts."

"I then received a job in the Paranormal Department- Umm, well at least I think I did-" Karen seemed to go into a daze of some sort, as if she lost something but couldn't quite remember what.

"You think you did?" Asked Harry raising a eyebrow.

Karen seemed to snap out of her daze, "Huh, what?"

"You said, you got a job in the Paranormal Department, or at least you think you did," clarified Harry looking at Karen as if she suddenly said $2 + 2 = 4 \frac{1}{2}$.

"Oh, right, I..." Karen trailed off again looking dazed. She shook out of it quicker than before and turned back to Harry, "So you want me to train you, In what exactly."

Harry just stared at Karen in confusion. What was she playing at?

Karen raised an eyebrow, "Something wrong Harry? You did ask me

to train you, right? Well I need to know, what exactly do you need training in."

"But you just... we we're talking about..." Harry trailed off quite confused.

"Yes?" Karen prompted curiously.

"N..nothing, never mind," Harry shook his head slightly, "Everything. I want training in everything."

"Ok, you want an extensive amount of training, in a relatively short amount of time. This is impossible." Karen was leading Harry down a long, deserted corridor. While other corridors he had passed had several paintings shouting out greetings to them, this one was bare. It was a pale white, and only had a solid oak door, standing at the end. There wasn't any signs denoting the place, nor would Harry have even noticed the corridor had Karen not pointed it out. It was if this corridor wasn't even there.

"If it's impossible, what are we doing?" asked Harry.

"We are going to secure more time, which is why I'm calling in a favor with Gwen," Karen explained pulling out her wand.

"Whose Gwen?" asked Harry as he watched her tap the four corners of the door.

"The head of the Paranormal Depart..." Karen stopped talking and resumed her dazed expression.

"Karen?" Harry asked her as she stared blankly at him. She snapped back to attention.

"Come on Harry we haven't got all day, in ya go." She opened the door and ushered Harry inside.

The room was about the size of a closet, in fact it was a closet. A few brooms- obviously not able to fly due to their horrid appearance and cobwebs growing on them, a few muggle cleaning supplies littered the shelves, and a feather duster was molting in the corner.

"Er, why are we in a closet?" Asked Harry looking around, perhaps Karen was losing her mind, that would explain her actions recently.

"Why, to play 'SEVEN MINUTES IN HEAVEN'," She shouted this last part. And it resounded off the walls of the small closet, much to the surprise of Harry since an echo was impossible to make in such a small enclosure.

"Er... what's seven minutes in..." Harry's question was cut off as the floor rumbled and he was sent spiraling forward into the brooms. But as Harry hit them he noticed that they didn't even move, not even the cobwebs seemed disturbed. The floor started to descend as Harry righted himself. Karen seemed unaware of the floor leaving the closet, but instead was humming "The Twilight Zone" theme song.

The floor abruptly stopped about six feet down. "You might wanna hold on..." Karen said in her daze.

"Think you should of mention that a little earlier?" Asked Harry dryly.

"No..." She trailed off as a small beep sounded in the cramped 4X4 area. Harry looked around, there was a opening to their left and he made to step through it when Karen grabbed his arm.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her, "Aren't we going that way?"

"No... At least I don't think so..." She replied looking as if she was concentrating really hard.

"You don't think so?" Asked Harry getting frustrated with her.

"I know I'm supposed to do something...but I can't seem to remember..." She bit her lower lip and strained to remember, Her eyes seemed to glaze over in frustration. "What do I do... Why am I here... Where is here..." She whined to herself, near tears.

Two more beeps were heard in quick succession. Harry could see that there was something wrong with her, she reminded him of Neville whenever he forgot the Tower's password. Three more beeps were heard.

"Password... descent... oh...what was next.." Karen muttered to herself. Four beeps sounded.

"What is that beeping sound?" Asked Harry suddenly.

Karen snapped her gaze onto Harry, she no longer looked confused, "It warns you..." She trailed off looking lost again. Five beeps.

"Warns you about what?" Asked Harry urgently.

"What?" Asked Karen curiously.

"What do the beeps warn you about?" Harry didn't know what was wrong with Karen, but he took heart to warnings, especially when it seemed like a countdown...or in this case a count-up.

"The drop..."Karen trailed off.

"Drop?" Harry gasped. Oh, he didn't like the sound of that. Six beeps.

"Yeah, if I can't remember..." Seven beeps.

"REMEMBER WHAT?" Yelled Harry.

"What to do next..." Eight beeps, "We'll drop to our deaths."

"Oh, Perfect..." said Harry in a panic. We're going to die because Karen can't seem to remember anything... she can only answer a question when I ask her directly and...

"Karen what do we do after we descend?" Harry asked as Nine beeps sounded.

"Wave your wand and say the password..." Said Karen simply. The start of the Ten beeps made Harry's Heart pound painfully in the back of his throat.

"What's the password?" Screamed Harry over the seventh beep.

"The Twilight Zone," said Karen making her wand make a fiery question mark in the air. The tenth beep sounding deafly in his ears. For a millisecond Harry expected the floor to drop. But instead a calm voice issued around them.

"Thank you," The woman's voice issued forth. "Please keep your arms and legs inside the compartment at all times," A large clanging sound reverberated off the walls as if large machinery were starting up. Two chairs appeared out of nowhere, both looking as if they were part of a muggle carnival ride.

After a ride that would have shamed every muggle roller coaster in the world, Harry and Karen stumbled off the two chairs, looking no worse for wear.

"That was bleeding Awesome, can we do it again?" Asked Harry looking back to the chairs.

"God, I hope not," replied Karen holding onto the wall for support. "I hate roller coasters."

"Why? That was better than flying any day!" Laughed Harry.

"Don't care too much for that either!" Said Karen standing up straight, "Come on, let's go... umm... where are we?"

Harry rolled his eyes, as he followed Karen through a door. Upon entering the room Harry thought someone went a little crazy with a paint charm.

"Oh this does nothing good for my headache," said Karen as she swayed a little. Harry looked around and realized there wasn't any way out, the door he had shut behind him had disappeared into the wall, all covered in the horrible paint. Harry frowned.

"Oh, look a bird," exclaimed Karen as she pointed up near the ceiling. Harry looked up but only saw the splotchy paint.

"Er, where?"

"There!" She indicated to a different spot, "It's flying around. Don't you see it? It's right next to the waterfall, and a deer is drinking out of it," she looked back at Harry, her eyes uncrossing.

"Harry," she admonished, "It's 3-D art. You have to un-focus your eyes in order to see the pattern."

"Oh, that muggle thing, computer generated pictures, right?" Harry asked thinking back to when Dudley was younger and had a book of it, but his Aunt and Uncle had deemed it unnatural and had thrown it out much to the annoyance of Dudley.

"Well, it's not exactly muggle, this is living," Karen explained a little. Harry tried crossing his eyes to see it, but only managed a blurred image of a deer, before growing nauseated. Giving up Harry turned back towards Karen who was apparently trying to get a cat to come near her.

"Here Kitty, Kitty, nice kitty..."

"Karen what else do you see?" asked Harry looking around at the four walls in disdain.

"Why, Lions and Tigers and Bears, Oh my..." Harry could almost feel a slight quiver in his left eye, Karen was causing an involuntary twitch to appear.

"And?" prodded Harry.

"Hmm... well there's a bunch of trees, owls, a door, a flying whale..." Karen listed.

"Wait, go back, what was that?" Asked Harry.

"A flying whale, yes that is peculiar but it is art so..."

"No, no, the door, you saw a door," Harry rolled his eyes, he was starting to lose his temper, was she purposely doing this, or was there something wrong with her.

"Oh, yeah it's right there," she lazily waved to her right. "But it's really out of place, I mean the whale is one thing, but a door? Come on we're looking at wilderness and there's a door just sitting there. Is it supposed to mean something. Like we are all wild and untamed, but just walk through this door and all will be calm and collected. Please, I think the artist was high when he did this, it's the only explanation..." she tilted her head to the side, and then tried to look at it upside down, "Maybe I'm missing something, have to see it from a different perspective, maybe."

"Or maybe we should just walk through the door," said Harry taking a calming breath. The twitch a little more pronounced.

"Walk through the door? Ah, Harry, You know nothing about art," She

laughed.

Harry bit his tongue to keep from yelling, and instead grabbed her arm and headed straight for the wall, where the door "existed." Perhaps if he perceived the door to be there it would, kinda like the platform to get to Hogwarts was. You had to believe it existed, in order to pass through it. Harry pulled Karen straight through the wall and found himself face to face with four wand tips.

"Er...Hi?" Harry hesitantly said looking around at a blonde haired witch in her early 40's, a man dressed in blue robes and sporting the cueball look, he couldn't have been a day over 30, another man in his late 20's, wearing green robes, was eyeing Harry up and down, while a plump witch in her mid-50s, who looked pale compared to the green robes ,was scowling at him.

"Oh a party, how lovely... whose Birthday?" Asked Karen appearing behind Harry.

"Karen?" Asked the blonde Haired witch.

Karen shook out of her daze, "Gwen?" Karen looked around, then looked at Harry, something seemed to click, "Hey I made it, and yeh didn't have to rescue me..." She seemed rather proud of herself for a second, but then seemed to forget why she was proud. " Why am I here again?"

Harry couldn't take it anymore, "What is wrong with you! You nearly got us killed, then you went bloody well insane in that room and tried to get a non-existent cat to come near you, and you thought a flying whale was normal, but a door wasn't... are you cracked in the head or something?"

Karen seemed thoughtful for a second... "You didn't answer my question, why are we here?"

Harry growled in frustration, "I DON'T KNOW!" Harry took a calming breath, "I want training, you said we needed more time, and that you were calling in a favor from some Gwen person. Well at least that's the short hand version, I left out the part where you WENT INSANE!"

"Oh, my..." The blonde women, who Harry decided had to be Gwen, said, "It's alright, they're cleared for access." The three others nodded and left while Karen, who had went back into her daze form, was wandering around the room that Harry just noticed, it was a large cul-de-sac shaped room with long hallways branching off of them, all of them had small signs denoting what was where.

There weren't any portraits, but large mirrors were positioned on the walls in between the hallway openings.

"Follow me, my dears," Gwen said and motioned to the second hallway on the left. Both Karen and Harry followed her down the long hallway, past doorways leading into laboratories, some were closed, others opened with men and women in blue robes talking about some project or other. Gwen lead them into a moderate sized office, filled with tinkering objects and family photo's. Surprisingly Karen was in a few of them.

"Karen, my dear, it's been too long," Gwen said quietly as she watched her hum to herself.

"Has it?" Karen raised an eyebrow, "Didn't we see each other yesterday at the Head Meeting."

Gwen laughed, "Yes, yes, I meant it's been to long since you graced us with your presence here in the PD."

"Hmmm..." Karen looked around, and suddenly shot up, "The idiot can't use dark matter in light compression, even with magical confines it would send an extensive shock through out this facility, and the repercussions could be catastrophic!" She shot out of the

office in a flash and disappeared from sight. Harry looked dumbstruck at the door, Gwen however gave a little laugh and sat behind her desk.

"She must have overheard Yewl's plans, on the way here," She said in small explanation as to what Karen was talking about. "Now, you are?"

"Harry Jameson..." A small siren sounded in the office.

"Ah, my office would seem to disagree with that," She said smugly. "Who are you really?"

Harry looked back toward the door but Karen was nowhere in sight. He sighed loudly and chose to stay silent.

"Come now dear, you can tell me, actually you have to tell me, otherwise it could get rather complicated for you," she leaned back in her chair.

"What's wrong with Karen?" Asked Harry playing for time.

"You first hun," She smirked, on such a kindly face, it didn't look right.

"Fine, but you can't tell anyone..." Harry trailed off.

"On my honor..." She nodded slightly in acceptance.

"Harry Potter," as predictable as it could be her eyes shot toward his forehead and sought out the much acclaimed scar.

"Well, well, honor indeed..." she said more to herself than to Harry.

"What's wrong with Karen?" Asked Harry trying to draw her focus away from his scar.

"Well that is a long story..." She said evasively.

"Shorten it," stated Harry plainly.

"Where to start..." Gwen trailed off. "Well the beginning is as good a place as any, I guess."

"I met Karen when she was twelve, she was the smartest person I had ever come across, I encouraged her to take her NEWTS, and graduate very early, it was indiscreet of course, not many know she did, why what a scandal it would be, a child, a mere child, recruited for employment in the Paranormal Department." Gwen laughed, "But it was the best move in my career, she majored in Defense Against the Dark Arts and Potions, and she had such ideals. Not only that but she could put those ideals into practice. You know her work, of course you probably don't know it. The development of the wolfsbane potion was well underway by the time she joined the project, but her idea of Harvesting the main component of the potion on the night it blooms, was revolutionary, it helped stabilize the potion in order to make it work. She created shields to block the darkest of curses... and she, well, even I don't know all of the projects she had going. She worked for us for a little over a year, but she did so much."

"So why did she leave, and what's wrong with her?" Asked Harry.

"She had developed a curse, quite by accident, she was trying to block the Impervious Curse, but it back fired and created a horrible variation that inflicted pain upon a person that tried to defy an order from the caster... She filed it away, never to be used, but we had a leak... her research was stolen, and sold to the highest bidder, the poor bastard it was used on never had a chance. It broke his mind, and he died from loss of brain function." Gwen shook her head sadly. "She was devastated, she destroyed her office, burned her backup files and turned in her resignation, she said she wouldn't be party to anything that would be potentially dangerous to the innocent. She applied to Auror school, and was accepted, Her grades after all were

phenomenal, and passing psych tests were a breeze, or so I hear, the only problem was, when you join the PD, it's for life... if you were to fall into the wrong hands the knowledge you contain could be devastating to the general public. So she developed a selective memory spell, and potion combination, it was supposed to block off her memory's of her work, she could access it, but noone else could, and she wouldn't be able to divulge it to anyone either, but something went wrong. Instead of blocking it, she can't recall it at all, oh sure she can bring up little pieces here and there, but then she loses it... if you push her to hard she does tend to get violent. Luckily the rest of her mind was unaffected, she finished three years of training in a year, and joined the forces of the violent barbarians of the upper levels." Gwen seemed to scowl at this. "She has only come to the PD once before, and that was to warn us of a possible leak... She forgot how to get in, and we had to rescue her from the pit," Gwen shook her head, "I've still no clue how she survived the fall, or missed the spikes at the bottom."

"So, why has Karen brought you here?" Asked Gwen after a moment of silence.

"She wanted a favor of you, something about securing more time..." Harry trailed off.

"Ah, yes, yes... I do believe I know what she was after, lets find her shall we?"

Karen as it turned out was in a fierce argument with a man in his early twenty's, his accent suggested he originally was from India.

"The parameters of this experiment are unethical and questionable, you are trying to create a weapon, not only of mass destruction, but of magical and muggle energy combined. You're mathematical calculations are lacking and flawed, Dark matter, is not something to play around with, it is highly unstable and dangerous," Karen hissed with venom in her voice.

"My calculations are fine, it is you who is flawed. The combined energy of both magical and muggle energy offsets the instability creating an environment that can harness its power, and it is only dangerous to those who are on the receiving end," Shot back the man.

"I do not have an eternity to explain why your theories are parlous and anserine. But let me give you this little piece of knowledge." She took a deep breath and wrote in fiery letters in mid-air.

$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{d^2}$

d^2

"If you have two objects of mass m_1 and m_2 at a distance d , then these two objects will attract each other with a force F given in this formula. G is the gravitational constant. It equals approximately $6.67 \times 10^{-11} \text{ Nm}^2 \text{ kg}^{-2}$. This formula determines the destiny of our Universe that is, whether it will expand forever or whether it will ultimately collapse in a Big Crunch after having originated in the Big Bang." She glared at him, and continued, "Combined with $E=mc^2$ which states that mass m is equivalent to energy E , and the amount of energy contained in a piece of mass is equal to the mass multiplied with the square of the speed of light, c . It's the energy we obtain from the Sun that is generated by converting mass to energy in the process of nuclear fusion. Dark Matter is a highly charged thermonuclear reaction," He looked blankly at her, She growled in frustration, "Let me put it in words you can understand one wrong calculation, or flawed theory results in one end, A VERY BIG BOOM!"

A woman in blue robes who also had an Indian accent laughed, "I've been telling him that it wouldn't work for two months. Names Syl, you are?"

"Karen," said Karen shaking her hand.

"Haven't seen you around, what section of PD do you work in?" Syl asked.

"She used to work in Paranormal Potion Theory, and Paranormal Defensive Spells," said Gwen announcing her presence for the first time. "Karen my dear, Harry here has told me what you wanted, and I believe it is doable, if you are finished here, I will be able to escort you to our predetermined location. For the rest of you I believe you have work to be doing," she turned towards the young man, "Yewl, before you continue, I'd like a briefing on everything you've done."

Yewl, seemed to scowl deeply at Karen as she followed Gwen down the hallway. Harry had no idea what she had been on about but from the way she ended it, Yewl was messing with something that was extremely dangerous, and planned to use it as a weapon.

"How did an idiot like him join the department?" Asked Karen in a miffed tone.

"He's an idealist, and his grades were superb, not to mention that he and his twin sister, Syl, make a great team. We acquired them from Salem Academy, they moved here from India in their third year, I think you'd like them if you gave them a chance," Said Gwen turning down another hallway.

Three hallways, two doors, and an office later Harry was standing in front of a non-distinct wall, supporting a door with a golden time turner for a handle.

"This room is the largest time turner in American History, it can go back up to four days into the past. We use it not to change the past, the laws are clear on that, but to gain more time to come up with solutions to problems when we are under time periods," Harry nodded he knew that it was against the law to change time, especially since he and Hermione had broken this law to save Sirius

and Buckbeak, "There are four doors, this one," she indicated to the door in front of her, "And three more branching off into large, empty rooms, you will have to conjure anything you need, and you may not leave them while you are in the past, the consequences could be great," Gwen turned to Harry, "You'll have to remind her of that, she'd not listening to me," Harry looked at Karen who was inspecting the doorhandle, and he could almost swear he heard her whisper "shiny," he nodded, "Now when you get in the room, there is a large grandfather clock, just change it to the day and time you want, and then enter a room. You must enter a room!" With that she left leaving Harry and Karen alone.

"I was too listening," said Karen indignantly as she straightened up. "Well come on, lets go."

They had gone back four days, and they were hell. Karen allowed Harry only 3 hours of sleep a day.

"If you're in a battle you can't very well sleep for long periods of time, by the time we're finished you'll be able to survive on an hour of sleep..." Harry very much doubted that.

She made him run. Run like there was no Tomorrow. "You'll spend most of the time running. Come across an opponent you can't beat? You run. Want to Tire an opponent out? You Run. Captured? You run. Surrounded? You run like hell. Your opponent's getting away? You run. Build endurance, by running. You'll be able to fight longer, because you ran." Luckily Harry wasn't entirely out of shape thanks to his weekly jogs around Little Whining, and his workouts in the hotel gym.

That was the first room. Karen had already formed a workout plan in her head. They would make the trip back in time three times a day. The first room was physical work outs, she had already conjured weights and exercise equipment. The second room was to teach him muggle fighting styles, such as sword fighting, karate, tomiki aikido,

judo, kung fu, boxing, jujitsu, archery, and how to throw daggers.

"Harry forget you're a gentleman and hit me!"

"But you're a girl!"

"A girl who's kicking your ass!"

The third room was where she taught him new spells. Remarkably Karen had created numerous spells that she could remember, but if asked how she had created them, she went back into her daze like state. She was currently teaching him how to disappear.

"This just reinforces the concept of running!"

Harry was catching on quickly enough, Karen seemed to skip over any theory work, and went straight to the practical, which seemed to suit Harry just fine. She explained the bare necessities such as "Visualize where you want to go, imagine it exactly as it is" and "Will yourself to be there, it's all a matter of will power." She had said that this was important for Harry to learn, and Harry didn't disagree, how many fights could he have avoided if he had known how to apparate? But Karen had another reason for teaching him to apparate.

"After you master apparation, I can teach you how to shimmer."

"What's shimmer?"

"Have you ever seen a house elf apparate?"

"Yes."

"Well they shimmer, the anti-apparation wards don't apply to them, it's their own form of magic, it's experimental, in fact I am the only human to be able to do it, since I researched it... I think," she shook her head here, "Anyway, since humans have more magic in them we

can actually improve it where you don't make a sound, although to do that we slow the process down and it looks as if we're fading into a black haze, hence the reason I named it Shimmer... or did I?"

After twelve days of non stop training, except to sleep a grand total of thirty six hours in a little under two weeks, and small food breaks (she conjured it, although it didn't taste that great) and bathroom breaks (all the rooms had a small bathroom with a shower), Harry and Karen emerged from the time turner room on July 23rd, only two minutes after they originally entered the room.

"OK, we'll meet every day at 12 p.m, that's my lunch break, we'll do our 12 day training, and I'll have only used about five minutes of my lunch break. Now how do we get out of here?" Karen looked around and headed down a hallway and into a random door.

The room was empty except for a mirror that was the full size of the wall. "Oh, every girls dream! Look at the size of that mirror." Karen walked into the room and the wall/mirror rippled as if made of water. Suddenly Karen's reflection was no longer in the mirror, but instead Johnson was standing there, surrounded by a couple of guys in auror robes.

"So I said, come on baby, I'll give you a ride to remember." He smirked widely. "And she was like putty in my hands."

"Oh, please. Like Parker would give you the time of day," replied one of the guys.

"She's mine, why else would she call me into her office?" Johnson challenged.

"I heard her cousin was attacked by vampires and needed someone good at healing charms," replied a woman in her mid-forty's coming up behind them, and handed a folder to Johnson, "In fact, here's her report stating just that, and there's a little notation to put something

about "Sexual Harassment" in your file Johnson... "Physical Restraint was necessary" I believe she says." The guys cracked up as Johnson turned beat red.

"Undersecretary Mijel, what a surprise..." Johnson said through a strained, casual voice.

"Follow me Johnson, we have much to discuss..." Karen stepped back out of the room.

"It's the ultimate eavesdropper, anyone talking about you, can be overheard, using this handy dandy mirror..." Karen said in a near likeness of an info commercial.

"You remember it?" Asked Harry suspiciously.

"What? No, I was reading this plaque." She pointed to a small object next to the door. "Harry you should try it." With that she pushed him into the room. The mirror rippled again, and it suddenly took on a very familiar site, Grimmuald Place kitchen came into view, and with it the entire Order, Snape included.

"Minerva, Please allow the children entrance." Stated Dumbledore's calm voice, but his eyes gave away his worry. Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Neville, Luna, and surprisingly Draco Malfoy, entered the room.

"How dare you kidnap me! When Father here's about this..." Malfoy was cut off with a biting remark from Ron.

"What's he going to do? Yell at us from Azkaban?" Ron Drawled.

"There's no Potter here to protect you weasel, I'd hold your tongue." Snapped Malfoy.

"How do you know he's not here?" Retorted Ron.

"Because, He's not in the bloody country anymore," Smirked Malfoy.

"And you know this how, Draco?" Snape asked suspiciously.

"Professor Snape, what are you doing here?" Malfoy perked up, apparently he thought it was a good thing Snape was there, how he got to that conclusion eluded Harry, Snape being there would be the last thing he'd want.

"Answer my question, Draco," Snape replied silkily.

"I saw him, in Diagon Alley, he was getting a passport and some money, said he'd be back on the first," shrugged Malfoy.

"Do you know where he went?" Asked Dumbledore quickly.

"He was going on vacation as far as I know, lost him in Muggle London." Malfoy replied suspiciously, "Why don't you know where he is?"

Noone answered, Malfoy laughed, "You're joking, Potter's gone, and you don't know where he is. Oh that's bloody brilliant, and he said he wasn't running away. I should have known, why else would he pay off the barkeeper in the Leaky Cauldron?"

"Harry didn't run away," replied Remus in a soft tone, "He'll be back on the first, and besides, I'm sure he's safe."

"The werewolf acts as if he knows where the egotistical brat is," snapped Snape.

"Oh, you're just sore because he slipped out on your watch," chimed in Tonks happily. "I mean you practically blew up your dungeon when you found out, after all he did leave his plans, just to let you know "when" he left and just on "whose" watch it was."

Snape glared at her. "And when I get my hands on him, he'll wish for..." Dumbledore cut across him.

"Severus, we've been over this, I'm sure it was a coincidence that the only time to elude his guard was during your watch," He said sternly, but his eyes gave away his amusement. "We've called you six here today because you know Harry better than anyone," Malfoy seemed to want to object to this, "Even you Mr. Malfoy, after all your feud has lasted as long as his friendship with Mr. Weasley and Miss Granger. And you three," he pointed to Luna, Neville, and Ginny, "Are getting to know him even more, he did after all trust you enough to let you in on the vision he had seen." They nodded, and he continued, "We're asking for your help, do you have any idea where he might have gone? Even the slightest idea where he would claim sanctuary?"

"Hogwarts," Hermione said through some quiet tears, "He feels safe at Hogwarts, or at least he did, until last year. Other than that he would go to the Burrow."

"No he left the country," said Neville, "Remember Malfoy said he got a passport."

"Unless that was a feint, set up to make me believe he left," drawled Malfoy. "But I doubt that, he seemed rather surprised to see me, and he avoided Longbottom, when we saw them pass."

"Well, he'd want to blend in, right? So somewhere that speaks English," Said Ginny.

"Harry does things opposite of what you expect," replied Luna dreamily, "What if he went to a non-English speaking country because you wouldn't think to look there?"

"Well this is helpful, He may or may not be in the country, and he could or could not be in an English speaking country, This was real

informative..." hissed Snape.

"Severus..." chided Dumbledore.

"Really, I don't see the point in this, he said he'd be back, and besides the boy's been through so much, he should be able to take a break," said Emile Vance.

"But it's not safe, he could be killed," cried Mrs. Weasley.

"Harry's a big boy, he can take care of himself, or have you forgotten everything he's done?" Remus replied Sardonically.

"I thought you would be more worried about Harry," said Dumbledore turning his attention to Remus.

"I am, but I trust Harry, and Sirius did too, so if he's in trouble he'll contact us," Remus said directing his gaze to Dumbledore.

"But if Potter's run away..." Malfoy smirked at this sentiment, Harry however did not find it at all amusing and turned to Karen.

"I hear voices but I don't see anyone," She said suspiciously.

"The secret Keeper needs to tell you the location," a look of understanding crossed her features, "could you conjure a piece of paper and a pen?" Karen waved her wand and Harry quickly took the items and wrote a quick note, and sent it off with the Phoenix Express.

Harry turned back to the screen just in time to see a fiery flash appear before Malfoy.

"What was that?" Cried Malfoy in alarm.

"Looks as if you've got mail," Replied Remus in amusement. "I

wonder who it could be from."

Malfoy looked around hesitantly than reached out to take the letter the Phoenix had dropped in front of him. After he read through it he was scowling somewhat and turned his attention to the group, "Potter's fine, can I go home now?"

Dumbledore reached for the letter, but Hermione was too quick for him as she snatched it out of Malfoy's hands.

"What's it say Hermione?" Asked Ron eagerly.

"Dear Bouncing Ferret, I have not and will not ever run away. I am on an unauthorized vacation. That is all. I will be back on the First. Now get your Ferret Arse out of MY house, and tell that Greasy Git to go as well! Hello, Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Luna, and Neville... I see you... and don't forget it! I'm Not as far away as you thought, Harry. P.S Listen to Remus, if I need help, you'll know it."

Everyone looked around expecting him to suddenly appear. "Well you heard him, get outta his house," Said Ron suddenly, pulling out his wand and pointing it at Malfoy.

"I would gladly leave this, house did you say, but I am currently unable to since I have no clue as to where I am!" Malfoy hissed and turned to Dumbledore, "Can I go home now?" He asked in a pleading voice.

"It would appear Harry isn't in mortal danger, but I will be trying to track his letter, This meeting is adjourned."

Harry left the room, and walked straight into Gwen, "Ah, all done? Follow me then and I'll show you the way out."

After another exciting ride, they were back in the hallway and parted from each other, "Remember, Noon tomorrow," and with that Karen

walked back towards her office. Harry headed out of the hallway, and back into the elevator that went up to the club entrance. After exiting "THE RAVE" He walked over to his motorcycle and much to his surprise, Meg, looking as if she owned it, was sitting on his seat, with a look that plainly said "What took you so long?"

Sorry again for the delay, I have a new YAHOO! Group (link in my profile) please visit it, also an explanation of why it took so long is in my profile.

HOW MANY REGRETS: PART 2

JULY 24TH

Harry awoke to a constant, loud knocking on his door. Groaning loudly as he turned toward his alarm clock that displayed 7:35 A.M. he climbed out of his warm bed, pushing the sleeping Meg off of his chest, and made his way to the door.

"Who is it?" called Harry as he leaned against the door in order to look through the small peephole.

"Dude, it's like us, dude!" came a voice Harry really didn't recognize.

"I'm sorry but you'll have to be a little more specific than that," replied Harry trying hard not to yawn.

"Chad, would you help us, please," called a female voice that sounded a little farther away, perhaps down the hallway.

"Dude, it's Chad, open up!" Harry yawned as he unlocked his door and opened it.

"Mate, it's 7 a.m., what are you doing here?" Asked Harry as he ushered Chad into the room.

"Band practice, dude," said Mark as he walked through the door next and handed Harry a large, and heavy case.

"It's 7 bloody a.m.!" said Harry incredulously.

"Harry could you help me with this?" Asked Paris as she and Brittney entered the room. Brittney was merely carrying a case that was strapped over her side, while Paris was carrying two guitar cases and had two side strapped bags crisscrossing over her shoulders. Harry set the large case Mark had handed him down and took a guitar from

Paris.

"Thanks, there's other stuff in the hall," Said Paris as she set down the other guitar and her bags.

Mark and Chad were already bringing in more large cases and amplifiers. Harry looked at Brittney, who was setting up a laptop at the table. She moved the piles of paper out of the way and pulled out five microphones.

"Brittney, it's 7 bloody a.m.!" Said Harry once more.

"I heard you the first time, Harry, your point being?" Asked Brittney smirking at Harry.

"I have people next to me, below me, across from me, and above me, I can't have a loud band practice going on at 7 a.m!" said Harry, "I can't be thrown out of this hotel! I need to stay here for the remainder of the summer!"

"Dudes you asked a wimp to be in our band, that ain't cool!" Said a teenager as he entered the room.

"Dylan, chill, he's got a point," said Chad as he set up his drum set, "But that don't mean I agree."

"Don't mind Dylan, he's a little ticked that we made the decision without him," said Brittney as she set up five microphones.

"I'm just not sure if this dudes good enough to roll with me," said Dylan as he shut the door behind him.

"Hey I don't have to be in this band, it wasn't exactly in my plans for this summer," said Harry chaining the door before heading into his bedroom in order to change into some proper clothes.

"And we're happy to have you!" said Paris loudly, "Right, Dylan!" But before Dylan could answer Chad spoke up.

"Harry, dude, are you like rich or something?" Asked Chad as Harry was changing in the other room. Harry exited the room donning a pair of black jeans, and a white muscle tee with the emblem "Sarcasm is my defense against stupidity."

"What makes you think that?" Asked Harry as he picked up the phone and dialed room service.

"Dude, you bought like \$700 worth of equipment in one go without so much as a second glance, and you're living in a suite at the Hilton," said Chad as he looked around the room in awe.

"Do you guys want anything?" asked Harry ignoring Chad for the moment.

"Dude they got eggs benedict!" said Mark as he grabbed the menu from Harry.

"I'll take some french toast if they have it," said Brittney as she started typing something on her laptop.

"I had breakfast, but I'll take a half mocha half vanilla cappuccino with a splash of nutmeg," said Paris as she walked around the room critically.

"We came for band practice, not breakfast," said Dylan in a huff.

"Shut it Dylan, I'll have what Mark's having," said Chad as he went over and examined the big screen television and playstation.

Harry nodded and ordered the food plus a plate of eggs and sausage for him. "They said it'll be about ten minutes." Said Harry as he sat down on the couch.

"So dude, you rich?" Asked Chad plopping down next to him.

"I'm well off," shrugged Harry as he looked around the five teenagers.

"How well off?" Asked Chad eagerly.

Harry raised an eyebrow, "How is it your buisness?"

"Dude, he didn't mean anything by it, he's just curious," said Mark quickly.

"Yes, well curiosity killed the cat and all that, but my parents and godfather weren't hurting for money," shrugged Harry keeping his voice as level as he could, he couldn't say Sirius name still, the pain was still to raw, but that was why he left, to grieve on his own, and his "songs" were helping.

He was able to get out his thoughts and emotions without worrying anyone, since only he knew about them, considering that some of them were pretty dark.

"Were?" asked Dylan cautiously.

"Yes, were if you must know, my parents died when I was a year old, and my godfather died in June," Harry stood up and walked over to the small honor bar next to the television, avoiding everyones eyes as he went, "I was here to gather my thoughts, as I said this band was not in my summer plans, so if you don't want me in it then no hard feelings, nice meeting you, I do have other things I could be doing, don't let the door hit you on the way out." Harry grabbed a small mochaccino, out of the honor bar and popped the can open and took a swig.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't know," said Dylan in mild shock.

"No, I wouldn't have expected you to unless you can read minds," said Harry stiffly. Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

"Room Service!" called a voice beyond the door. Harry walked over and looked out of the peephole and saw a twenty something man in a bellhop uniform adjusting his hat nervously. Harry unchained the door and opened it slowly, allowing the man to enter with a small tray cart. Harry watched the mans every move as he removed the tin tray covers.

"Two eggs benedict, one plate of french toast, one plate of eggs and sausage, one plate of tuna, one half mocha half vanilla cappuccino with nutmeg, and a pot of coffee, will that be all for you today?"

Asked the man who Harry finally noticed had a nametag on.

"Yes, thank you," said Harry still watching the man twitch a little.

"If you could sign this then," the man held out a small bill his hand twitched nervously as Harry took it and signed, " And if there is anything you need, anything at all sir, just ask for Rick." Harry nodded as Rick started to leave the room. Harry suddenly realized he had forgotten to tip him.

"Wait," Said Harry, Rick jumped and turned around quickly.

"Yes, sir?" He asked quickly.

"Don't you want a tip?" Rick seemed to relax at this, "Let me get my wallet." After picking up the plate of tuna that Harry had ordered for Meg's breakfast, he walked away into the bedroom and heard Dylan begin to talk.

"Dude, what's up with you?"

There was a pregnant pause before Rick answered in a timid whisper,

"The entire staff has been told to not upset Mr. Jameson, He's our richest client, his associate bought out all the rooms surrounding his, to put it as she did, "to insure both his safety and give him the peace he deserves" she was freaking scary, man!"

So Karen put a lot more thought into his safety than he thought. Well there goes the excuse of not practicing at 7 am, dang it, thought Harry as he reentered the room and handed Rick a ten.

After Rick left Harry rechaind the door and turned back to the teens who were looking a little shocked, "Didn't know she did that," shrugged Harry, "Guess that means I can make as much noise as I want."

"This is the stupidest song I have ever heard," said Harry looking over the song Brittney had given him and they had been practicing.

"Well that's cause you've never heard our song about my pet squirrel that died of asphyxiation," Said Paris happily.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her, "And you said you guys were popular?"

"Well we never claimed that, but we did have a regular gig," Said Mark.

"Yes, well Paris's mom's smoothie shop never was a hot spot," said Brittney distractedly.

Harry head fell backwards as he thought to himself "what did I get myself into?"

"Well lets face it, we're five white middle-class suburbanites, and the only really bad thing to happen to us is our pets dying or our parents divorcing," said Paris.

"Yeah, it's not like we have any of your angst Harry," said Brittney holding a bunch of papers, "I mean none of us could ever have written:

"I lie awake on a long, dark night

I can't seem to tame my mind

Slings and arrows are killing me inside

Maybe I can't accept the life that's mine

No I can't accept the life that's mine."

Harry looked up at her and immediately jumped up, "Hey, don't go through my stuff."

"It was on the table, along with these others," she waved the papers, "These are really good, dark, but good."

"Yeah, this from a girl who manages a band that has a song about a dead squirrel," scathed Harry.

"But I know music, and this is good," said Brittney. She Danced out of Harry's grip as he made a grab for his songs. She quickly passed out various songs to the other band members.

"If you don't like our songs, then lets sing yours!" said Brittney triumphantly.

"My songs aren't for other peoples ears or eyes," snapped Harry. "Their only for therapeutic exercises."

"Therapeutic exercise?" Dylan muffled a laugh.

"No offence, dude, but you sound like a chick," laughed Mark as

Dylan could no longer contain his laughter.

Harry shot a glare at both Mark and Dylan, "It was either this, or killing a whole bunch of people. But if you prefer I can try the other, and I'm so glad you two seem so willing to volunteer to help."

"Harry, dude, they're not making fun of your songs, they're making fun of why you wrote them," said Chad, he seemed to be sensing Harry's anger for he seemed to be trying desperately to send telepathic messages to both Dylan and Chad to shut up.

"Oh I'm glad they find the fact that I watched my Godfathers' murder and couldn't stop it funny," snarled Harry, "Ha Ha, I'm so glad my psychological trauma amuses you." Dylan and Chad immediately shut up, "D...dude, sorry we didn't..."

"You know what just get out," said Harry angrily, "I have other places to be today, and I'm too mad to even look at you, any of you."

"B..but..." said Brittney quickly.

"You can leave your stuff," said Harry waving her off as he grabbed his keys, "I might be in a more forgiving mood tomorrow," Harry left the room with a slam. He was out in the hallway and leaned slightly against the door.

"Nice one guys," Harry heard Paris hiss.

"Well how the Hell should we have known that?" Cried Mark in outrage.

"It doesn't matter, we need him, and you know it! And it's just great that you might have fucked it up you insensitive assholes," said Brittney loudly.

"Us? You're the one who went through his stuff and showed them to

us!" Exclaimed Dylan.

"There's enough blame to go around!" said Chad suddenly, "Just be glad he didn't kick us out for good, and say to hell with our band, we can come back tomorrow after he's cooled down."

"I doubt he'll cool down after only a day, he looked ready to kill Mark and Dylan!" Sighed Paris, "Although I can't blame him, I mean really even if we didn't know the specifics he did say he was here to grieve over his Godfather, and we not only stepped all over that, but then we go off and trespass into his thoughts and feelings by looking through his songs."

"Well why were they even out? I mean if he didn't want anyone seeing them shouldn't they be hidden?" Said Chad.

"Well, he didn't have much of a chance to hide anything with us just showing up like that," Huffed Brittney , "by the way great plan Dylan!"

"Hey, if I recall you said you wanted an early start!" snapped Dylan.

Harry sighed softly as he made his way to the elevator, he didn't want anyone to see his songs, they were his not theirs, what right did they have to read them, let alone even suggest they be sung aloud in front of them or anyone else for that matter. He pressed the elevator button and waited a few seconds for the doors to ding open. Brittney had said they were good, but that didn't make him feel any better, what was worse than the invasion of privacy he had come to expect was the embarrassment of it all. What would come about if someone from his world were to find them, or worse publish them in the newspaper. Harry groaned out loud as he pushed the lobby floor button and the doors closed, he could see the article headline now, "Harry Potter: troubled teen hero deals with pain by writing songs", why did he ever even write those stupid songs. Yeah, they helped him deal with his pain, and even when he sung the only one with notes (he had yet to write/or even think of notes for the other songs)

it did help fill the chasm deep within his heart, even if only a little.

But the difference was he was alone when he sung it. He didn't feel like exposing his thoughts and feelings to strangers let alone friends. That wasn't the way he was raised. Well if you call being locked in a closet, nearly starved, and told "boys don't cry" even though Dudley had on many occasions and "No one cares what you're feeling boy, do your chores!" being raised. But exposing your feelings and thoughts could lead to weakness, and Harry wouldn't show any weakness that could be helped. He kept his feelings buried, after all who would want to hear about his insecurities, his hopes, his dreams, his heartaches, his fears and his painful memories. Even if he found someone to tell these things to, and actually did tell them, how could he guarantee they wouldn't use it against him? After all your best friend could be your worst enemy if you gave them the right ammunition.

He trusted Ron and Hermione with his life, yet he couldn't trust them with the truth about his past. Yeah they had a basic idea of how unfit the Dursleys were at being his guardians, but he couldn't tell them about all the years of mental anguish they caused him. They never beat him, no that would have led to questions, no they focused on telling him he was worthless, and unloved, not even fit to walk this Earth, making him wish he had died in the car crash (or killed by Voldemort) with his parents. They had no clue that the happiest memory he had was when Hagrid had given him his Hogwarts letter, although that may be a common happy memory for almost the entire student body, it was rather the knowledge that he was getting away from the Dursleys, that made the memory happy. Hagrid could have told him he was being shipped to a hospice in the Nether Regions to meditate for hours on end and eat only rice and it wouldn't have made a difference. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, it was that mantra that seemed to keep Harry going.

Although Harry had made progress, knew the Dursleys were lying about everything, he still had those wounds, he kept them hidden,

acted like the insults didn't bother him, or the fact that he received his first hug from Hermione in first year. He could never tell her the reason he didn't hug her back and went rigid wasn't because she was a girl or the fact that he was uncomfortable, but the mere fact that he was in to much shock that someone hugged him, it didn't matter who, someone had taken the time to show they cared. A fact that still plagued him today, Although he had received a few more hugs, mainly from Hermione, Mrs. Weasley, and Sirius (although these couldn't really be called hugs, more of a fatherly arm draped over his shoulders) he had yet to return one, for he may fear he might not let go or worse they would pull away. He had accepted the fact that love wasn't meant for him, and he was rather indifferent about it, he had never experienced it, so he didn't have much to miss. The Dursleys had succeeded in that much, making him believe he wasn't worthy of it, that he didn't deserve it. But then Sirius had come along, and his indifference began to melt away, he had someone to depend on and dare he even think love him and just as he was truly accepting that maybe he did in fact deserve to love and be loved, the fates and that bitch ripped it away from him. Harry had opened his heart for the first time and invited his Godfather in, and look where it got him. He died because he cared for him, he risked his life to save him and he died because of it. When Harry exposed his emotions and true feelings, his weaknesses, the people he cared about got hurt.

So Harry hid his weaknesses to protect those around him. He claimed to be fine, but he would never be fine. Self reflection wasn't even an option for him anymore, writing those songs had allowed him to reflect on so much pain he had been holding onto, but Brittney had found them, had read them.

He felt violated. He couldn't tell the most important people in his life about his feelings, how dare she assume she should know, or even suggest the band sing them to a crowd of strangers. Harry's emotions got people killed, how could she want to inflict that on unsuspecting people.

Harry sighed as he left the hotel and made his way toward the entrance of the ministry to meet Karen for his training session on his motorcycle. All the while his song lyrics playing over in his mind.

(Weathered Lyrics)

(Artist: Creed)

(Album: Weathered)

"And that's why we don't see our past selves every time we go back,"
Said Karen Happily,

"Understand?"

Harry groaned as he rubbed his temples clockwise, "I shouldn't have asked." Harry had been wondering how they could go back each day without running into their counter selves, from the previous days, after all they should technically still be there, but after asking Karen he had a rather large headache after the long, extensive lesson in the time-space continuum when she could have gotten away with a simple "we just don't."

"Ok so continue, you blew up at these muggles because they went through your stuff and invaded your privacy, right?" Asked Karen as she blocked Harry's kick with ease.

"I wouldn't really call it blowing up, I didn't even yell at them, more like stormed off angrily," said Harry as he parried her attack by dodging to the left and rolling up behind her.

"Do you think perhaps then you weren't really angry, but embarrassed?" She asked as she back flipped behind him and kicked the back of his knee and he fell to kneeling position.

"No, I'm angry," growled Harry as he jumped to his feet and defended himself against her sudden onslaught of punches.

"Well now you are, after you've had time to reflect on it, but I mean at the time you were more embarrassed then angry," Harry grabbed her arm and twisted it behind her back, "Good!" She suddenly whipped her head back and head banged Harry, who lost his grip on her and stumbled backwards.

"Besides you knew they were coming, maybe not that early but you knew, do you think maybe subconsciously, you wanted them to find them?" Asked Karen as she parried Harry's attack.

"I forgot they were on the table, and why would I want them to find them?" Growled Harry as he whipped his leg under her, she easily jumped it.

"I don't know, the mind is a mysterious thing, maybe you want to sing them, or see what they thought of them, or perhaps you want to talk to someone about your feelings," Harry caught her left arm and flipped her to the ground suddenly, "I didn't teach you that! GREAT!" She quickly jumped to her feet and took a fighting stance, "All I'm saying Harry is while you have a right to be mad, you did agree to help them and if helping them means exposing your songs as well then... Anyway the only ones who would know you wrote them would be you and the band," shrugged Karen.

"But I would know! Why should I expose myself like that to strangers when I can't even talk to my friends about it?" Harry sighed as he sidestepped Karen's Kick.

"Maybe because you can't talk to your friends?" Suggested Karen as she knocked Harry flat on his back.

As Karen helped Harry up she sighed, "Listen, I'm not telling you what to do, but if you can write songs about your feelings, and even

sing them when your alone, maybe this is the next step in getting over your grief, or at least accepting and moving past it. Besides maybe if you do actually sing the songs you wrote, they won't like how they sound and forget about it." She smiled, "Now as for your fighting abilities, you're improving faster than expected, but we're done with hand-to-hand for this trip back, time to move on to Apparating."

"Great Harry! I almost didn't hear you that time, just displace the air around you a little more, reach out with your mind and force it to move into the air pockets around you," Karen said. She hadn't gone into a full theoretical explanation like he had expected her to, but rather went straight to the practical. She had told him how to sense the air currents around him using his magical core. It was rather difficult to do the first few times because he really didn't understand what she meant.

Unlike what Harry thought apparating wasn't disappearing and reappearing, but instead they traveled on the wind currents. They were just too fast to see, the CRACK, one heard was them breaking into the air pockets that the currents created. Millions of air currents were flowing through the air per second, by expanding your magical core and scanning these currents for the location you needed you could pick a strand and thinking the magical term "aphis" then pinning a location on it with a mental image focused in your mind it would sweep you away into its current. Since the currents traveled hundreds of miles in a millisecond one could travel around the world by apparating in less than a minute. Although how far you were able to travel was dependent on your magical reserves in your core.

"Magic is divided into three layers," Karen had explained when he had asked about it, "The top layer, called Transcending Magic, it's where you get the magic to use for daily ordinary spells like "Lumos" and "Accio" and is the magic you're being taught to wield in school. The second layer is your Reserve Magic, it's the magic you use to apparate with, it lends more magic to the top layer for more difficult

and power draining spells, and is where accidental magic comes from. You see our emotions are directly tied to our reserves, and high levels of certain emotions like fear or anger cause rifts and breaks in our magical barriers causing unexpected magical outbursts. Finally, Primal Magic, the third layer is unused, when I say unused I mean most wizard and witches don't ever tap it to it. Very few ever realize how much magic is stored there, it takes a great break in a barrier to unleash even a smidgen of that power. I'm sure you've heard of cases where they have though.

Although it mainly happens in muggles (they too possess primal magic) where a mother lifts a car off of her child, or some other amazing feat. Our emotions are directly tied to our powers, and if something causes an emotional breakdown they could break the very barriers holding them in."

"Why then did you say it mainly happens to muggles?" Asked Harry.

"Well if your child were to suddenly be run over what would be your first instinct?" She had asked.

"I don't know use a spell?" said Harry uncertainly.

"Would that really be your first instinct, or would you have to think about it for a second before using a spell?" Asked Karen passively.

"Ok, no I'd probably run over and try to lift the car," said Harry.

"Ok, but say your friend...Ron was it... was in the same position, now he's been raised as a wizard all his life, it's all he knows, what would he do?" She asked Her eyes seeking his.

"He'd probably try to use a spell right a way," Shrugged Harry.

"Exactly, the magical world doesn't have the muggle problem of not being able to lift the car, they don't embrace the feeling of panic,

worry, sadness, grief... they instead solve the problem quickly with a muttered phrase. The overall feeling of helplessness, is lost on wizards today, no matter the problem there is usually a quick fix. They depend too much on magic, When I entered our world I couldn't believe what I saw, they basically use magic for everything, laziness and their dependency have made them utterly useless if they were ever to lose their magic. You want to incapacitate a pureblood in a battle, make them lose their wand. They'll chase after it, because that's the only way they know how to fight. They don't even see that they are a weapon, that fists are just as dangerous as a wand." She had shaken her head. "But, I digress, by using the reserves you can apparate. Now say I wanted to apparate to that corner," she pointed to the left corner, "I would think "Aphis Left Corner" then picture it clearly in my mind, then my magic would connect to an air current headed that way."

It Had been rather difficult but Harry had managed to finally do it with ease, and with almost no sound, it turned out that it took a lot of magical reserve to reduce the air pockets, which was why most wizards didn't bother with it. But as Karen had pointed out, stealth was a major priority in a battle or when spying, it wouldn't be productive to alert people to your arrival or departure if you didn't want them to know you were there.

Harry had just finished eating his dinner when his cell phone rang.

"Hello?" Asked Harry as he sat down on his couch.

"Hey, Harry, it's Trinity," replied a bored sounding Trinity.

"Hi, Trinity. What are you up to?"

"Nothing, just sitting here watching the house elves clean my room, they won't let me help them."

"Why won't they let you help them?"

"Apparently I just make things worse."

"How can you make things worse if you're cleaning?"

"Got me, all I know is that they won't let me help, and I've got nothing to do, Jason, Mya, and Jessica are all grounded because they were out past curfew."

"Doing what?"

"Just Hanging out."

"And they got grounded for that?"

"Well it could have been the fact that they came home not only late, but drunk as well."

"Oh yeah that could have been it."

"Yeah."

"So why aren't you grounded, your parents came home last week didn't they?"

"They left four days ago."

"Oh? Where'd they go?"

"Who knows."

"They didn't tell you?"

"They might have, but I don't remember if they did."

"Oh that's nice, what if they were hurt somewhere."

"Oh I doubt that, their more likely to be drinking matais and cruising on a yacht somewhere in the South Pacific, without me, mind you."

"Why do they leave you behind?"

"I don't know, probably ruin their fun if I went with them. I'm a burden to them, they're those people that think throwing money at a problem will make it go away. Which explains why I have 8 cars, three yachts, 4 motorcycles, and eighty-three pairs of shoes."

"Yeah...wait you have eighty-three pairs of shoes?"

"Wearable shoes, I have about fifteen pairs that are so out of fashion it's not even funny."

"So together you have ninety-seven pairs of shoes?"

"Yeah, my mom buys me a pair every time they go somewhere. Most people get pictures, souvenirs, or stuff animals, I get shoes."

"Er...yeah."

"Yeah. So I'm bored!"

"Yeah so am I."

"There aren't even any raves tonight. And clubs won't let anyone under 18 in, even if I could get in with my meta skills, it's no fun going alone."

"I'll go with you."

"And how do you plan to get in?"

"I have a connection at a club, I could probably get us in."

After meeting up with Trinity, they headed over to "the Rave" and found out that Harry's connection was in fact enough to allow them access. Even enough to persuade the bartender to give them beers. Although Harry had to admit that it could have been the fact that Trinity had overtly flirted with the 22 year old that allowed them beer.

After 5 beers, a few tequila shots Trinity had finally convinced Harry to get on the dance floor.

"Ok, just put your hands on my hips and move like this," Trinity moved seductively in Harry's arms.

"I've never seen anyone dance like this in Britain," slurred Harry. Both he and Trinity were pretty wasted, and her impromptu dance lesson was easily turning into more than a lesson.

"Well you Brits always are behind on the times..." she laughed.

"Hey we came up with Rock and Roll," said Harry defensively.

"And you're a prude, did you know that?"

"I am not."

"Are too."

"Are not"

"Are too."

"Are n..." Trinity had cut him off as her lips pressed aggressively against his.

Unlike his kiss with Cho, this one wasn't wet. Although as much as he thought about it, it wasn't any better. Sure when he kissed her

back it was exciting and he liked it, but there wasn't really anything behind it. After all when you kissed someone weren't you suppose to see fireworks and the like? Or was he just reading too much into it? Her tongue pushed past his lips and found entrance into his mouth. She tasted like lime and salt from the tequila shot with a mix of cherry lipgloss, while an interesting taste he focused more on that then the actual kiss, and he was pretty sure that wasn't what it was suppose to be like.

She pulled away. "You're a pretty good kisser," she giggled slightly, it had to be the alcohol.

"Er...thanks." Said Harry.

"You know what Harry, you're too uptight, ya need to loosen up," Laughed Trinity.

"I'm not uptight," complained Harry.

"Sure ya are," she said, "Oh I know how to loosen you up!" She grabbed Harry's arm and dragged him outside and hailed a cab.

"A tattoo parlor?" Asked Harry standing outside a small hut with a neon OPEN sign hanging in the window.

"And piercing," said Trinity, "You need to be 18, or a parent present."

"Well we aren't 18 nor do we have parents so..." said Harry trailing off.

"Not yet, but a simple change in appearance," Trinity changed her hair to long, straight black hair and made her self look about late thirties. "And Walla, meet misses Pott...I mean Jameson! Come on."

Two hours later Harry left the parlor in rather a lot of pain, and feeling really drowsy from the alcohol. Trinity who had changed back to her

previous appearance as soon as they left the parlor had passed out next to Harry on a bench they had sat down on. Harry not having much strength or clarity at the moment did the only thing he could, he found his cell phone and dialed the first number he could think of.

Well that's it. Done with this chapter. Sorry for the long, long, long delay. Review. Tell me what you think. AND YES THIS IS A H/HR STORY! IT'S MY SHIP AND I'M STICKING TO IT. :)

THE BIG BAD WORLD

JULY 25TH

Harry awoke to a mass amount of pain. A pounding headache, and an immense feeling of Vertigo and dizziness, consumed his mind as he sat up in an unfamiliar bed. Black satin sheets, and a cashmere comforter surrounded his half naked body. He looked around the large room that was bigger than Hogwarts Entrance Hall, that was painted a mix between a dark maroon and black, and realized he had no clue as to where he was. Swinging his feet over the side of the bed, Harry leaned his elbows against his knees and laid his head into his hands willing his pounding headache away.

Harry ran his hands genially through his hair as he tried to remember what happened the day before. Flashes of memories ran across his mind's eye as he groaned in pain when trying to stand up, but when the dizziness and wave of nausea hit him he slumped back down onto the bed.

An argument with the band members...

Talking with Karen and fighting...

Eating dinner...

Getting a phone call...

Harry closed his eyes trying to concentrate, who called him, he couldn't quite remember. He rubbed his eyes softly as his contacts started to itch. Harry stood again but this time he clung to the wall to support himself, and made his way to the lavish bathroom on the far wall.

He quickly went to the sink and splashed cold water on his face, taking a small hand towel near the sink Harry dried his face and

looked into the mirror.

"Why, hello dear, you're not looking to good," said a sudden voice.

Harry jumped and fell to the ground in shock, Harry groaned in pain as he stood back up, "Don't do that!" growled Harry at the mirror.

A sudden figure appeared in the mirror smiling happily at him. "I was told you were a wizard dear."

"I am," said Harry, "But I wasn't expecting to have a talking mirror...where ever I am."

"Wherever you are? Why dear you're at the Mason Estate, don't you recognize their coat of arms on that towel?" Asked the mirror giddily.

"Oh," said Harry as suddenly his mind flashed back to more memories.

Trinity calling...

Harry meeting her at the club called "The Rave"...

Lots of Alcohol...

Kissing Trinity...

"AH, Crap," thought Harry out loud. Shaking his head slightly, although as soon as the nausea started to come back he stopped.

TATTOO PARLOR...

Harry's eyes snapped open and immediately landed on his left biceps that had a large amount of white gauze wrapped around it. Sighing Harry started to unwrap it until he revealed what he dreaded to find.

A large black Celtic Cross was prominent with a white ribbon was across it where a cursive writing proclaimed "Rest In Peace", On each section of the cross was written a name, On the left quadrant was written Lily, on the North quadrant was written Sirius, and on the right quadrant was written James. Underneath the cross was a band of crisscrossing ribbons running around his entire arm.

"Oh I am so dead," said Harry looking at the tattoo in utter shock. Touching in gingerly pain shot through his arm. Biting back a yelp, Harry sighed, "Ok, don't touch it, have to remember that."

"I like it deary, goes well with the piercings," said the mirror.

"Piercings?" Asked Harry direly raising an eyebrow slightly. Sudden pain filtered through his head, but it wasn't from his headache or his scar, in fact it was from the opposite side of his scar that caused it. Raising his bangs he found a small gold hoop earring in his eyebrow, another groan escaped his mouth as he licked his dry lips. Suddenly he stopped, his tongue mid-lip, as a sudden metallic taste entered his mouth. Opening his eyes he opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue to find it slightly swollen and a silver stud in the middle of it.

"Yeah, definitely dead, might as well buy my tombstone now," sighed Harry making his way back towards the bed and collapsed tiredly onto it.

"HARRY!"

Harry groaned as someone jumped onto him, effectively waking him from his sleep. A small laugh reached his ears as he pulled the blankets over his head.

"Come on, wake up! It's already 11 a.m!" said Trinity shaking him lightly.

"Go away," moaned Harry feeling his headache returning.

"No, get up, Mya and Jessica are here as well!" Just as she said this two other figures pounced on the bed.

"HARRY!" They both screamed bouncing happily on the bed.

"Go Away!" said Harry again, crawling further under the covers, which proved useless as the three girls crawled under the covers with him.

"Is there a reason you're bothering me?" asked Harry tiredly. Looking at the three girls crowding around him.

"I remember almost nothing from last night," laughed Trinity, "They were hoping you'd fill in the blanks."

"Trinity knows she's suppose to take me with her, to keep her from doing something stupid," huffed Jessica, "And getting another tattoo, is qualified as stupid!" She shot Trinity a look.

"Er... I have very little recognition of anything, but I did wake up with a couple of clues," said Harry, "Someone seems to have wanted to loosen me up."

Trinity laughed, "Oh no, I forgot that."

"What?" Asked Mya looking over Harry's naked torso.

"I woke up with some new additions to my body that are in a lot of pain," said Harry irately. "Any clue as to why that is Trinity?"

"Hey, it's all coming back now," laughed Trinity, "And if I remember correctly, you're the one who sweet talked the 20 something girl into doing more than one piercing."

"And tattoo," added Harry. "How did we get back here? The last thing I remember was dialing someone's number."

"You called mine," said Trinity, "The house elves sent a car to pick us up. They couldn't find that hotel you're staying at, which come to think of it, where are you staying?"

"Where am I staying?" Asked Harry bemused, "Oh, that's right Karen has to..." Harry jumped out of bed, "SHIT!" Harry ignoring his pounding headache started to search the room for his clothes.

"Harry, what's wrong?" Asked Mya watching Harry mildly.

"Three rules, just three bloody rules," complained Harry throwing on his newly found shirt. "That's all, no girls in my hotel room unsupervised, no alcohol, and be back by 3 a.m. every night," Harry growled softly to himself as he pulled on his shoes. "Now the only person that can turn me in, is no doubt pissed beyond belief!"

"Harry, what's that on you're forehead?" Asked Jessica standing a little shakily.

"My eyebrow was pierced as well," said Harry idly, grabbing his wand from the bedside table.

"No, I mean that..." she pulled his bangs to the side. "Holy shit..." Her eyes went wide.

Harry bit back a curse as he saw her eyes widen as they landed on his scar.

"You're...you're...you're..." she stuttered still staring at the stock-still Harry.

"Really late," said Harry pulling back from Jessica. "Trinity I'll talk to you later." At that Harry apparated away.

Ok it was cowardly leaving like that, Harry admitted that to himself as Karen flipped him to the ground. But what was he supposed to do, Jessica obviously knew who he was now, and Karen was already going to be mad at him.

Correction was mad at him.

"Karen, that hurt," said Harry rising to his feet rubbing his aching shoulder.

"Oh, really?" She asked innocently as she slapped his left arm where the tattoo was.

"Ow," said Harry grabbing his throbbing arm, only to regret it as soon as another wave of pain shot up his arm.

"Just be glad I don't rip that thing out of your eyebrow," snarled Karen as she circled him and attacked again.

When Harry had arrived at the Ministry after changing at his hotel, he found a worried Karen waiting for him. But after a relieved hug, she turned mad, really, scary mad. That's where he found himself now, she didn't seem to like that not only was he drunk, but that instead of calling her when he was stranded and near passing out, he dialed Trinity's house, when he might not have gotten even an answer. Then the fact that he broke one of three rules she gave him, and the fact that not only did Trinity know who Harry really was, but now Jessica, and no doubt Mya and Jason would soon be informed, set her over the top. She had made him run so much he nearly passed out in exhaustion, but instead of letting him rest she threw him into a newly constructed pool. Although she lost her anger when she found out he couldn't swim, it returned in full force after giving him a swimming lesson, where she forced him to do a hundred laps. After that she let him sleep, but only for an hour, when she woke him up by throwing a bucket of ice water on him, from there she made him lift

weights 3 times as heavy as he was use to, and made him do push ups while she sat on his back yelling at him. It was Hell, to put it gently.

Karen only allowed Harry an hour of sleep each day, and when they switched over to the next room she was relentless with her attacks, and Harry was only able to block a little over a half of them. If Karen's physical attacks weren't enough she seemed to have a flair for verbal sparing as well, she even made fun of Harry's talking that was rather muffled due to the swelling of his tongue due to the piercing. The girl knew how to keep a grudge. Although after she and Harry dueled for an hour (Harry mainly dodged her attacks) she lightened up and seemed to become her normal self where she started teaching him how to shimmer. Luckily his tongue had decided to return to normal so he was able to speak the incantation correctly.

Harry had just collapsed exhausted on the couch in his hotel room when a soft knock was heard.

"Ugh, WHO IS IT?" called Harry not even bothering to get up.

"Um, it's us, Paris, Brittney, Chad, Mark, and Dylan," called Paris through the door.

"Come in," replied Harry still lying on the couch really wanting to pass out. The door clicked open and the five teenagers entered the room.

"Hi," said Brittney approaching the couch slowly, "You still mad?" she bit her lower lip in trepidation.

"Mad?" asked Harry not sure what she was talking about.

"About us invading your stuff?" Asked Paris slowly.

"What? Oh, I forgot about that," sighed Harry tiredly. As he closed his eyes.

Harry missed the confused looks the girls shared. "So you're not mad then?" Asked Brittney hesitantly.

"No," said Harry wearily. After all his anger had mostly dissipated after talking with Karen, and the fact that to Harry it had been nearly a month since he saw them.

"Oh, ok well, I...uh well I mean we...," Brittney stuttered.

Harry opened one of his eyes and surveyed her lazily. Brittney took a deep breath.

"We wanted to apologize and give you this," she held up a stack of papers. Sighing Harry sat up and took the papers. Looking over them Harry didn't know what to feel. What She handed him were four of his songs, but they had music written on them. Harry looked back towards Brittney who was biting her lower lip out of nervousness.

"We spent all night working on them, we wanted to make up for going through your stuff," explained Brittney.

"Let me get this straight, in order to make up for going through my stuff, you stole my stuff?" Asked Harry incredulously.

"Borrowed without permission," corrected Paris. The guys in the room seemed to want to sink into the walls, as they looked anywhere but Harry, and wisely stayed silent.

"That's called stealing," sniped Harry.

"With all intent on returning them," quipped Brittney.

"Still stealing," Harry dryly returned.

Still looking over the music Harry had to admit he was rather

impressed, they had taken his song "Weathered" and written other instrument parts to it, along with his song "I'm just a kid" that was written while he was grounded by Karen, "Still Waiting" and "Somewhere I belong" he wondered how they were able to write instrument parts for them in less than a day when it took him nearly two weeks to write guitar notes for "Weathered."

Brittney sat down next to Harry on the couch, "Listen, we just wanted to show you that we liked them enough to write music for them."

"And the fact that you want to play them has no influence?" Asked Harry coolly.

Brittney had the decency to blush slightly. "Well, we thought that you'd at least like to hear what we came up with, after all we stayed up till 4 a.m. at Mark's parents shop to complete them." She cleared her throat, "And if you like them, perhaps you'd let the band play them at the charity event."

"Fine, might as well hear them at least," shrugged Harry.

"REALLY?" Shrieked Paris and Brittney together launching themselves on Harry in a group hug.

"I'm not making any promises," said Harry as they let go, a slight blush in his cheeks, "I said I'd listen to what you came up with."

Damn them, damn them all to hell, thought Harry bitterly as the band left. He begrudgingly had to agree that he liked the music they created for his lyrics, and they of course pounced on him, telling him that it would be for the kids if he let them play them at the "gig." It took them an hour of begging but finally Harry agreed to play a few songs, which made Brittney immediately demanded all of his lyrics so she and the band could go over them and write instrumental arrangements if they liked the song. Agreeing to meet the next day at 3 p.m. at Harry's hotel the band had left, in a flurry of excitement.

(A/N we skip about five days next chapter because all Harry did was train, and have band practices, If you don't like it, too bad cause it's there and I'm not about to change it. ;)

Birthday Surprises

JULY 31ST

It was Saturday and thus Harry felt it appropriate that he should have been able to sleep at least past 6a.m, although his friends thought differently. Today was his birthday, and so Karen had told him that she wouldn't train him that day, but to expect her at 10 p.m for a Birthday Surprise. When asked what the surprise was she smacked him lightly across the head and laughed (like I'd ruin it for you!) She didn't even budge when he said he disliked surprises, she merely waved him off and told him he'd like this one.

The last few days Harry had noticed a great deal of improvement over his muscles, which was to be understandable since he had been training with Karen now for 16 weeks, and he could now apparate and shimmer without a problem. He actually preferred Shimmering because he could go farther distances without having to use as much magical energy. Not to mention he could shimmer other people with him as well, just by touching them, and he didn't have to worry about splicing them or himself. Apparating didn't allow you to do that, but it was a lot more precise then shimmering.

Harry had been able to talk to Trinity over the last few days, and had even told her about the band, and how they had insisted that since they now had a whole bunch of songs to sing, and couldn't decide which ones to use on August 26th that they should have people vote for the top five songs they liked. In order to do this, Brittney convinced Paris's mom to allow them to practice at her Smoothie Shop, that Mark informed Harry was going out of business. He invited her to their first practice there on August first. The kiss that they shared had been a tender subject, that they had skirted around until Harry hadn't been able to take it any longer.

"We need to talk about that kiss."

"Let's not and say we did."

"Trinity!"

"Ok, fine."

"Look I like you as a friend."

"Yes! A friend, that's exactly how I see you!"

"And that kiss..."

"It was hot...but..."

"I didn't really feel..."

"Anything behind it?"

"Exactly, it was like..."

"Kissing a friend. No passion behind it."

"Yes, the kiss was good, but meant nothing."

"I get horny when I'm drunk!"

"That's a little too much information for me, Trinity."

"Oh come on you prude, I thought I loosened you up a little."

"I'm not a prude."

"Well we could have a meaningless summer fling."

"Er... I think I'll pass."

"Ah...(laughter) why not Harry, it's a guys dream, all the making out you could want with no feelings attached."

"While it would be great, it will cheat us both in the end, besides, it would prevent me from dating other girls!" (Harry laughed here)

"Oh, well, I guess I'll have to find some other sweet, rich, famous, musician to have meaningless fun with."

"Yeah, I guess you will, but we can still be friends!"

"Definitely!"

He didn't have any plans with the band or Trinity and her gang, they had all said they had plans. So his only plans for that day were to relax in the hotel, maybe work out in the weight room, or go for a swim in the pool (after a hundred laps Harry wasn't a novice in the water anymore) but like most plans to laze around, this one was thwarted as well when loud knocking awoke Harry up at 5:30a.m. Thinking that ignoring it would make it go away Harry covered his head with his pillow to drown out the noise. But once Meg started Meowing with the rhythm of the pounding, Harry gave up and stalked angrily to the door.

"What the hell could you want at 5:30 a.m.!" growled Harry as he flung the door open without even looking out the peephole to see who it was. Harry had thought it was the band members, because they had pulled this stunt before, but when Harry caught site of the four people in the hallway he realized he was mistaken.

"Geesh, get a chill pill, dude," said Jason as he pushed past Harry into the hotel room.

"Come on Harry, go get dressed so we can go!" chimed Mya as she floated past him and sat down on the couch and turned on the television, an episode of Scooby-Doo caught her attention.

"Harry, why aren't you dressed? You knew we we're coming right?" Asked Jessica as she sipped a cup of coffee in a Styrofoam cup.

"No I bloody well didn't," snapped Harry as Trinity pushed past him.

"Yeah, about that, I thought it'd be funnier if he didn't know," explained Trinity snatching the coffee away from Jessica and taking a sip, "And I was right, it was funnier."

"TRINITY!" Cried Jason, Mya, and Jessica together.

"What is going on?" cried Harry exasperated.

"We're taking you out for your birthday! Karen told us where to find you, although it took a lot of begging to even have her admit she ever even heard who Harry Potter was," said Jessica.

"It's Jameson!" sighed Harry.

"Please, dude, we know who you are, it all makes sense now," said a slightly irritated Jason.

"What all makes sense?" Asked Harry curiously.

"Oh I don't know," said Mya sarcastically, "How about you have a motorcycle and you're only 16, and not a resident of the US, which isn't really legal."

"Or the fact that you know Karen Parker," said Jessica.

"Not only that you know her, but she's willing to bail you out of jail and pose as the FBI to do it so no trace of it could be found," said Jason smirkingly.

"Then in the car she said you were suppose to be responsible, that

she was putting her career on the line for you," Said Jessica taking her coffee back from Trinity.

"She was rather upset you didn't tell her you made friends, let alone with our kind, which I hope she meant by Wizard and Witches," said Mya thoughtfully.

"We had no clue where you were staying, and not even Trinity's house elves could find out, which was a first," Said Jason seriously.

"I could have sworn I had met or seen you before," said Jessica lightly observing Harry, "But I just couldn't put my finger on where."

"That whole thing at the police station, and now that I think about it you almost slipped when giving your name," said Mya thoughtfully.

"Then the fact that you were emancipated was what should have tipped us off, I can't believe we were so stupid," sighed Jason shaking his head, "I mean a week before we met you, that article ran in the 'Andromeda Press' about how Harry Potter, 'The-Boy-Who-Lived', had been Emancipated by his late Godfather."

"Then, I saw your scar, and everything fell into place," said Jessica mildly.

"Don't you have anything to add, Trinity?" scathed Jason.

"No," she returned calmly, "I've known who he was from the beginning."

"Fine, so you figured it out," said Harry complacently, "But I do have my reasons."

"Yeah, you said that Karen was the only one who could turn you in," said Jessica suspiciously,

"What did you mean by that?"

"I meant that noone but her, well now you guys as well, know that I'm here, and if she wanted she could contact Dumbledore to tell him where I was," said Harry rubbing his temples slightly.

"So, what? You ran away?" Asked Jason raising his eyebrows.

"No, I took an unauthorized vacation," sighed Harry, at their confused looks Harry tried to explain, "I was tired of the press bugging me, I was tired of people following me in order to "protect me" but never succeeding in that, I hated being treated like a child one minute and expected to be an adult the next, I didn't have control over anything in my life, they were going to ship me off to my Godfather's house, the last place I saw him happy and alive, without even asking if I was alright with that, I was constantly kept in the dark over matters they deemed inappropriate for me, but if given that information it would have prevented stupid mistakes, and I was tired of them telling me who I was and who I was meant to be, I needed to get away, I needed to free myself from their expectations and responsibilities, to find out who I was and who I wanted to be, I needed to get away from them, so I left," Harry shook his head, "I'm 16 years old, and people expect me to save the world, and no matter how much they may believe in me, I don't believe in myself, because I've never been able to say I can make it on my own," Harry sighed, "So I'm sorry I lied to you, but if It got out I was here, they'd come and drag me back to Britain, or worse Voldemort would get wind and attack me instead."

"Harry, we understand," said Mya gently, "We're not mad," Jason cleared his throat, "Ok well Jason is, but that's because he's stupid."

"Hey!" Yelled Jason, "I'm just saying, do you realize how many parties we could have gotten into if we had Harry Potter with us?"

Harry couldn't help it he laughed. "That's why you're mad? Because you think I could have gotten you into some parties?"

"Not could have, would have! Everyone in America loves Celebrities! You would have been on hundreds of guest lists!" Huffed Jason as he crossed his arms. Although Harry could tell he wasn't really mad.

"Well, I suppose I would have, but what makes you think I would have taken you?" Asked Harry innocently.

"Hey!" Said Jason as the three girls laughed.

"Ok, guys, we've been here for almost an hour, and Harry's still not dressed, let's go!" Said Trinity bossily.

"Where exactly are we going?" Asked Harry suspiciously as Trinity pushed him towards the bedroom.

"It's a surprise!" Laughed Trinity.

"I hate surprises," said Harry seriously as she shoved him into the room and shut the door.

"Too bad," she laughed.

Changing quickly Harry pulled on a red tee-shirt with the emblem "Whoever said 'Nothings Impossible' never tried nailing jell-O to a tree" and a pair of faded blue jeans.

Leaving the hotel room after making sure Meg had both food and water, the five teens made their way down to the lobby. Laughing slightly at a joke Jason had just told about a one armed prostitute and Rookie Auror as they left the elevator.

"Mr. Jameson?"

Harry turned around towards the voice stopping as he saw a somewhat pale women, in her mid-thirties by the looks of it she was

wearing a slinky black dress, and her red hair was pulled up into an elegant bun. To Harry he thought it odd that this woman not only was dressed as though she was going on a fancy date, but also that she seemed to know who he was.

"Yes?"

"Hello, I'm Brigit," She held out her hand and Harry slowly took it. "I'm here to offer you a chance."

"A chance at what?" Asked Harry suspiciously.

"My employer wishes to invite you to a high-stake poker game," She smiled brightly.

"Er, no thanks." Said Harry shaking his head, "I really only gamble with my life."

The woman smiled, "Yes, I heard about your run in with those two vampires, I do hope that your cat is alright?"

"How did you..." Started Harry, his fingers lightly touching his wand discreetly.

"How I know is not important, but what is important is that you've sparked the interest of my employer, and he does not lightly extend an invitation," She clasped her hands together.

"Well, I am sorry to disappoint but I'm going to have to decline," Said Harry turning around in order to leave.

"My employer will not be pleased, he may even decide to extend the invitation in person," Called the woman as Harry and his friends made their way outside.

"Nice car," Said Harry.

"Thanks, when my first boyfriend broke up with me, I couldn't stop crying, so my dad decided to buy me a car, but not just any car, he had it specially made so it would be one of a kind, like me," Said Trinity climbing into the car, "I think it's a mix between a Viper and a Lexus convertible."

"When did that happen?" Asked Harry.

"When I was twelve," shrugged Trinity.

As Jason, Mya, and Jessica piled into the back of the car they scrambled for their seatbelts. Harry sat down in the front seat and slowly reached for his seatbelt, although he was paying more attention to the panic in the back seat than actually fastening his own.

Trinity started up the car and just as Harry snapped his buckle into place, she peeled out of the hotel parking lot. The loud screech of the tires permeated the air loudly, and the smell of burning rubber was overpowering. And if Harry had looked back he would have seen two long strands of tire burns.

Trinity was speeding down the road, weaving in and out of traffic at a dangerous speed.

"IT'S CALLED THE GAS PEDAL, YOU ASS!" Screamed Trinity cutting around a SUV in front of her, She had to pull into the oncoming traffic in order to achieve this. Trinity turned the music on and it was overpowering to listen to the heavy beats. She sped through yellow lights and breezed through stop signs.

"HOW DID YOU GET A LICENCE?" Yelled Harry over the music.

"LOTS OF BRIBING ON MY FATHERS PART!" Screamed Trinity back.

"IT'S GREEN YOU STUPID BITCH!" Yelled Trinity as she pulled up to a stop light.

After a terrifying ride Harry found himself luckily alive. Jason, Mya, and Jessica gingerly piled out of the car looking a little worse for wear. While Trinity happily climbed out of the car applying a new coat of lip gloss to her lips.

"Where are we?" Asked Harry looking around.

"Dude, you're joking right?" Asked Jason incredulously. "We're at Disney Land! The Happiest Place in the World!"

"Right, and why is that?" Asked Harry curiously.

They all just looked at him in shock. "Dude it's Disney Land! It just is!"

"Ok," said Harry sarcastically, "That explained a lot."

"Harry it's an amusement park," Said Trinity giddily.

"Here for our amusement?" Asked Harry raising an eyebrow mockingly.

"Come on Harry, you've had to ride a roller coaster before," said Mya happily as they entered the park.

"No, not really," said Harry looking around the deserted park, "Um, are they even open?"

"Of course they are Harry, I rented out the entire park!" Trinity said laughing. "It's your birthday and I didn't want you to have to wait in line!"

"You didn't have to do that," said Harry seriously observing her

somberly.

"Are you kidding? She does this every year for each of our Birthdays! Well not renting out Disney Land, she rented out Sea World for Jessica's birthday," Said Mya happily, "My Birthday's August 7th and she's taking us to Chicago to see Drowning Pool in concert, you're coming right?"

"Oh, er..." started Harry, this was the first he had heard of it.

"Of course he is!" Said Trinity waving her off, "Now Harry, I also invited your other friends."

Suddenly Harry was attacked by Paris and Brittney.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HARRY!" They screamed together.

"Er, thanks..." said Harry rubbing his ear to clear it from the ringing. Dylan, Mark and Chad also greeted him with birthday wishes as they came into view as well. "So we have the park all to ourselves, just the ten of us?"

"No, my parents are here as well," Said Chad offhandedly, "Wouldn't let me come alone."

"My Mom and two little brothers are here," scoffed Dylan.

"My parents are here, and my cousin Gina, she's 13," Said Mark rolling his eyes.

"My dad's here with my little sister Emma, she's five," Said Mya, "My mom was to sick to come."

"My mom's here," said Brittney.

"My dad and little sister Nicole, are here as well," said Paris, "My

mom needed to open the Smoothie Shop today."

"How about you Jason? Jessica?" Asked Harry.

"Here alone," said Jessica.

"Me too, my parents had to work," said Jason mildly.

"So where are they?" Asked Harry looking around.

"The parents are basically wandering around the 3-D movies and helping the little kids ride the Tea cups and all," said Trinity, "We'll meet up with them at lunch!"

"LET'S GO RIDE SOME RIDES!" Screamed Mark and Chad loudly.

It was a quarter to Ten when Harry arrived back at the hotel, he was just about to enter his hotel room when Karen Shimmered in behind him.

"Hello Harry!" She said Happily handing him a hanger with a bag on it.

"What's this?" asked Harry suspiciously.

"A tux," she said simply.

"A tux?" Asked Harry unzipping the bag.

"Yes, you need to wear it, it's a rather formal place," she said pushing Harry into the hotel room.

After changing into the tux and having Karen help him tie his tie, she shimmered them away.

"Where are we?" Asked Harry looking around the beautiful room.

"New York, New York!" Giggled Karen.

"Why?" Asked Harry looking around at the people dressed in tuxes and fancy dresses.

"To see a musical," she said. "I thought you might like "Annie" it's about an orphaned girl who is to be adopted by a self-centered Billionaire."

"It's a hard-knock life for us,

It's a hard-knock life for us.

'Stead of treated we get tricked,

'Stead of Kisses we get kicked.

It's a hard-knock life."

(Annie the musical)

"That was great," said Harry as the song played over and over in his head, "I mean I really didn't want to see a musical, but that was wonderful."

"You know Harry not a lot of people laugh when they hear, "Jab her with a safety pin. Yank the whiskers from her chin, make her drink a mickey-fi," Said Karen smiling, "But to see your eyes light up during that was wonderful."

"I related to it I guess," shrugged Harry, "Thank you Karen."

"No problem, I expect you tomorrow, no matter what surprises may await you," said Karen shimmering away, before Harry could question what she meant by that.

Sighing Harry opened the door to his hotel room. But Harry was only able to see Fawkes before he was scooped into a hug.

"Harry, thank Merlin you're alright!"

"Remus?"

Secrecy Compromised

August 1st

"Remus? What...how...when...Karen!" Harry stuttered out. His eye twitched slightly as he now knew what she meant by 'no matter what surprises await him.' Damn her!

"Are you alright? Where have you been? Where are we!" Remus was in panic mode as he hugged Harry again, "I've been worried sick!"

"I wrote you every few days," ventured Harry slowly.

"Yes, but a few details would have been nice!" Snapped Remus.

"I gave you details, just not a lot of them," shrugged Harry shutting the door behind him.

"Yes, vague details...I'm fine, met some new friends, the scenery is rather nice around here, I learned how to swim, dealing with...it...as best I can," Remus ground out. "You take off and worry everyone sick! Now the Ministry knows you're missing! And Fudge saw it fit to tell the entire Wizarding World!"

"W..what do you mean the Ministry and Entire Wizarding World know I'm gone?" Asked Harry numbly.

"Fudge saw it fit to visit your house a few weeks back, Merlin only knows why, and your relatives saw it fit to tell him, 'That Freak is no longer here!' 'He's gone. Don't expect him back either.' or my favorite, 'Those Freaks came and took him away!'," Remus shook his head and started pacing back and forth, "Fudge immediately went to Dumbledore, demanding to know where you were. When he asked Fudge why he wanted to know, the minister flipped, and said it was none of Dumbledore's business and as Minister he had a right to know where you were, well you can guess Dumbledore couldn't tell

him where you were seeing as we had no clue, so he decided the best course of action was to tell the Daily Profit that you were missing and no one, not even Dumbledore knew where you were!" Remus stopped pacing here and turned sharp eyes on Harry, "People are to scared to leave their homes now, Diagon Alley is deserted after 4 p.m., you disappearing has made people lose hope."

Harry sighed, "I'm sorry to cause so much trouble for thinking about myself for once, but it's Fudge's own fault. He had no right to do that."

"Well it doesn't matter now, you're going to pack your stuff and we'll go back to England and everyone will see that you're fine," Said Remus resolutely.

"No," said Harry as he sat down on the couch.

"No? What do you mean no?" Asked Remus befuddled.

"I mean I'm staying here, not indefinitely," Harry said cutting Remus off before he could start, "But for the summer as I planned."

"I'll drag you back if I have to!" Snapped Remus.

"Do what you have to," Shrugged Harry, "But I will not willingly go."

"You don't have to be willing this Phoenix will take us, we can go with or without your things," Growled Remus, "You've been gone long enough! If Sirius were here..." Harry's gaze landed on the Phoenix briefly realizing that it wasn't Fawkes, they were almost identical but if one knew Fawkes they would know it wasn't him. Harry had been to surprised to realize this earlier.

Harry stood up, "If Sirius were here, I wouldn't have left," Said Harry, "I haven't been gone long enough because I have responsibilities to live up to here. I'm sorry me being selfish is causing problems for everyone else, but you might have forgotten that I need this, if I go

back now I'll never be able to cope, I may be only sixteen Remus but I know that. And if you can't deal with it then I suggest you leave."

Remus sighed heavily, "You're taller," taking his hand and running it from Harry's head to his chin that it was now level with. "And you're not wearing glasses!" Remus looked him up and down.

"Nice tux."

Harry scowled a little, "A friend took me to see a play for my birthday. She insisted I wear this."

Remus laughed, "And who would this friend be?"

"Karen, she's the one who's taken care of the security measures around here," said Harry listlessly.

"Ah, she must have been the one to send me the note," Remus said thoughtfully.

"Note?" Asked Harry curiously.

"Yeah, I was eating dinner at Headquarters, No one else was around when suddenly a phoenix appeared," Remus smiled, "Naturally I thought it was from Dumbledore, seeing as the phoenix looks like Fawkes." He pulled out a letter, "So I took the letter the phoenix was carrying and opened it, only to find out it wasn't from Dumbledore," He cleared his throat, "He's been missing for oh so long. He sends you word for which you long. Today he turns another year older, but all alone he will be colder. So grab what you wish for him to see, and come along with me, to see the boy-who-disappeared. HEHE" Remus laughed, "It kind of stopped rhyming at the end."

Harry rolled his eyes. "She's insane."

"I had to go through customs," laughed Remus, "And they refused to

tell me where I was, all they said was they were expecting me." Remus looked around, "So where are we?"

Harry smiled, "We're not in England, if that helps, but you'll have to figure that out on your own. If you don't mind I'm kind of tired, you can have the bed," said Harry conjuring a blanket and pillow, "I'll take the couch." Remus tried to object but Harry was already asleep.

Harry awoke to Meg batting at his closed eye around seven a.m. Seeing Remus still asleep in the bed Harry changed and made his way to the hotel gym, after an hour workout he returned to the room to find Remus still asleep. Ordering some room service Harry ate a quick breakfast. And played the playstation, till about noon. All the while Harry was avoiding two letters addressed to him. Remus must have put them down on the table after Harry fell asleep. Just from the envelope Harry could pick out his Hogwarts letter, and by reason of deduction he guessed the other was his OWL results. There were two reasons he was avoiding these, One was because he knew he wouldn't achieve an O in Potions, and his dreams of being an auror would be just that, a dream. But the second reason he didn't so much as glance at them was because he didn't want to re-enter that world yet. Right now he was carefree, well as carefree as he could be. He didn't worry about other peoples expectations or if he'd disappoint someone. And those letters were going to bring that all back to him. But he knew he had to open them and that's why he put them in his pocket and chose to put off on opening them until it was necessary.

Remus must have been really exhausted because he was still asleep, or it may have been jetlag, if you could get that from a phoenix so Harry shimmered to Karen leaving the sleeping figure of Remus in his hotel room.

"Well think of it as a birthday gift, Harry. Speaking of which I didn't have a chance to give you mine," Said Karen after Harry confronted her about Remus's appearance.

"I thought the play was my gift," Said Harry uncertainly as he watched her materialize a box from no where.

"Well it hindsight I do suppose I could call that a gift," she shrugged, "but I thought this a better gift, more practical." She handed him the box.

Opening the box Harry pulled out a weird trench-coat. "Er... what is this?"

"It's a special weave from a magical tailor, it's specially made for you, the fabric is a mix of leather, silk, wool, cashmere, cotton, polyester, and some other fabrics. It's a coat of all seasons, no matter when you wear it, it will keep you at the same temperature, a comfortable 73 degrees, even in negative degree temperatures. It has over 20 hidden pockets that can hold up to 20 pounds in each one, and a special compartment for a second wand, which we'll get next time we meet. The weave can block simple curses. Look at the other stuff in the box," said Karen Excitedly.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her enthusiasm and turned back to the box he thought to be empty, inside sat four holsters. Setting the coat down he picked each one up.

"This one is made of dragonskin and is the safest to carry the Ultraviolet-holy water rounds in, it goes around your waist, and there is two places for these," she pulled out two Walther P99 black guns. "This one," she said pointing to the smallest one, "Is an attachment for the waist, it clips on between the gun holders, it holds daggers." She smiled, "This one is for your ankle, it holds both a knife and an excess wand," She pulled out the fourth and last one, "And finally this one straps on to your bicep, it holds Chinese throwing stars." She took them from Harry and put them on for him, "They disappear from sight as soon as they're placed on the owners body, and you can't really feel them after a while, in fact I've forgotten I was wearing them a couple of times on a few missions," she smiled and took a step

back and watched as the holsters disappeared from sight. "Now try on the jacket, it's basically standard issue to our aurors, but yours has a few distinctions. One it doesn't have the aurors crest on it. Two it's a lot lighter than theirs, because when buttoned it cloaks itself as a standard issue robe. I stole one of your school robes to have the tailor match it, hope you don't mind," She smiled as Harry buttoned the jacket fully and watched it change, it even had the Gryffindor crest on it.

"Wicked!" Said Harry unbuttoning the topmost button and watched the jacket filter back to it's normal appearance.

"Now another feature is that as long as you're wearing the coat, you can call whatever you have on you to your hand. So if you wanted the knife in your ankle holster all you'd have to do is think about it and it will appear in your hand, well go on try it!" She waved her hand anxiously. Harry raised an eyebrow as he thought about the knife, and suddenly it appeared in his hand. "Good. Now to make it go back to it's rightful place think about where its suppose to go." Harry thought about the holster and watched the knife disappear, he bent down and felt where the holster was suppose to be and found the hilt of the knife he was just holding.

"Now, let's practice with it!" She squealed in delight as she started making targets appear. "Ok, so the Ultraviolet-holy water bullets, they're my own creation, they of course are muggle made, no magic in them, harnessing the ultraviolet rays in a liquid form was the easy part, but I had to get certified as a religious connoisseur, thank Merlin for the internet, so that I could make my own holy water, because I hated bothering the Catholic Church for it, and I was sorta running out of excuses for them, it's not like I could say I was fighting Vampires and it was vital to the magical fight against them," she shook her head, "Anyway as I was saying there coated in holy water, one bullet will kill any vampire it hits no matter where they were hit."

She pointed to his holster, "Now I've only put 5 clips in it, but it can

hold up to 150, and there are 100 bullets in each clip, that's the only magical force that the clips and guns possess. I refrain from using these unless absolutely necessary because we're trying to capture the vampires in order to locate their boss," She smiled, "Now the daggers are all stainless steel, and are of course blessed by the pope himself, he's a friend," she laughed here, "And they have a return to owner spell on them so you can't ever lose them, just say "Return" and they'll come flying, Um... I suggest ducking when they do, cause they won't stop, it's a bug I'm trying to work out still," She shrugged, "I might have a solution in my old files...if I have any old files...um...what was I talking about?" She shook her head, "Oh right, the Chinese Stars were forged with Holy Water so they're good to go, they're 90 Stainless steel, the other 10 is made out of gold, the sharp tips are the gold part, it's good for fighting Giants because they're allergic to it." She smiled here, "Not that you'll be fighting Giants anytime soon."

"Alrighty! Lets practice!" She waved at the targets.

Harry was amazed at how easily he forgot he was wearing the holsters Karen had given him, after about ten minutes of practice he wondered where he was going to get more bullets from. Which was ridiculous to him because he knew he had to release the clips from the guns and whip his arms to his back-under his coat and click the new clips into the hilts of the guns. Which Karen made him practice till he could do it with in five seconds time.

He loved the fact that the coat kept him at the same temperature no matter what weather he faced, (he asked Karen if he could incorporate a quidditch robe into it as well-which she said they'd visit the tailor when they got backup wands) She had conjured snow in order to show him this ability. She had him take off the coat and then put it back on to compare. He was amazed, what was great was that when he made it turn to the Hogwarts robe it still kept him at the same temperature which Harry thought useful for Hagrid's lessons outside.

After learning a fire shield spell, the disillusion spell, a perimeter charm, and a few spells that Harry would cover in 6th year Charms and Transfiguration Karen was staring pensively at Harry.

"Harry, on average would you say you have difficulty with learning and performing average level spells?" Asked Karen looking him over curiously.

"Er... I guess, I mean doesn't everyone?" Asked Harry curiously.

"Well yes, I suppose, but you seem to have trouble with them especially," she said thoughtfully.

"Oh," said Harry a little self consciously.

"No, Harry you misunderstand me," she shook her head, "You can perform spells most wizards and witches can't, you picked up on shimmering in less than two weeks time when it took me four months to master it so I could travel at great lengths, and what's more is you don't have to know why a spell works, you just have to know what its suppose to do. Most people, like your friends Hermione and Ron, have to know the theory behind a spell in order to grasp why it does what it does, you on the other hand accept what it is right away, and move on. That's on powerful spells, but the perimeter charm and the few basic spells I taught you are low level spells, and they took you twice as long to learn and perform accurately as the fire shield that should be almost impossible for a 16 year old to perform." She looked him in the eyes, "Would you be willing to let me run some tests on you?"

"I'm not a lab rat," scowled Harry.

"I'm not suggesting you are," replied Karen coolly, "What I am saying is that it doesn't add up, and in order to better teach you I need to see if you have a magical block or if there's a problem."

"What kind of tests?" Asked Harry hesitantly.

"A magical potency test, a level's test, a blood test, and to be safe I think I'll run a Magical grid test," she smiled happily, "Don't worry they won't hurt, well the blood test will pinch for a second, but if you can survive two piercings and a tattoo, then it shouldn't hurt a bit."

"I guess," shrugged Harry. She smiled as she grabbed his hand and led him out of the time-turner room and down the hallway, stopping once after forgetting what she was doing. Luckily they ran into a P.D. worker she told Harry where Karen was no doubt headed. Arriving at a door labeled "Laboratory for the Study of Magical Development" Harry led the somewhat confused Karen in.

"What can I do for you?" Asked a balding man who was half the height of Harry, and wore thick rimmed glasses that were somewhat overshadowed by his hairy uni-brow.

"Er... Karen wanted to run a few tests on me," Harry said uncertainly looking around the room and spotting some rather intrusive looking instruments.

"Ah, my dear sweet child, you're looking ravishing as always my dear," he bowed towards her and nearly touched the ground with his forehead.

"Ah thank you Markus," she said benignly towards the man. "Are you busy?" She asked as she seemed to return from her daze.

"For you my dear I'm free as a bird," He winked at her.

"Ah, good, could you run a few tests on my cousin here?" She flipped her hair out of her eyes.

"Which ones? We do service a lot of tests, perhaps an iteranray

test?" He looked gleefully at Harry here.

"NO!" She seemed to calm and laughed lightly, "I mean no, just a few basic tests, a magical potency test, a level's test, blood test, and a magical grid test, will be fine."

He looked a little put out, "Well if you're sure..." At her nod he continued, "Very well Follow me."

After performing small bits of magic, then difficult spells as well Harry was finished with the tests and was informed they'd receive the results the following day. So Karen had led Harry back up to her office and that's where he currently was, although at this point he had fished out his letters and was staring sadly at them.

"You should just open them and get it over with," Karen said watching Harry fiddle with the OWLs envelope.

"But, what if..." He started and trailed off.

"You won't know till you open them." She said firmly.

Sighing Harry knew she was right, setting himself resolutely he tore open the envelope and pulled out a bleach white paper and gently unfolded it.

Dear Mr. Harry James Potter,

Inclosed are your results for the Ordinary Wizarding Level tests you participated in June 1996. As a reminder the OWLs are scored as followed: O-OUTSTANDING, 2 OWLS. E-EXCEEDS EXPECTATIONS, 1 ½ OWLS, A-AVERAGE, 1 OWL, P-POOR, 0 OWLS, D-DREADFUL, 0 OWLS. Please note that in order to qualify for a NEWT level class you must meet the standards set by the teacher. At the end of your scores will be a list of classes you are eligible for. Good Luck in your future endeavors, and your NEWTs in

the coming years.

Yours Sincerely,

OWL Commissions.

ASTRONOMY:

Practical- A

CARE OF MAGICAL CREATURES:

Practical- E

CHARMS:

Practical- E

Theory- O

DEFENSE AGAINST THE DARK ARTS:

Practical- O

Theory- O

DIVINATION:

Practical- P

HERBOLOGY:

Practical-E

Theory- A

HISTORY OF MAGIC:

Theory- D "

POTIONS:

Practical- E

Theory- A

TRANSFIGURATION:

Practical- E

Theory- E

TOTAL OWLS RECEIVED:

10 ½ OUT OF 18

NOTATIONS:

Highest grade in class

Examiner recommends NEWT level class

" Did not complete test do to illness

CLASSES ELIGIBILITY:

Astronomy

Care of Magical Creatures

Charms

Defense Against the Dark Arts

Herbology

Transfiguration

Harry looked up from the paper and sighed as Karen practically ripped them from his hands.

"Harry these are great scores, no where near mine of course, but great all the same," she looked up at him, "What's wrong?"

"I didn't make the grade for Potions, I can't be an auror now," he said disappointedly.

She considered him for a second, "Well that's not entirely true."

"What? I need potions, McGonagall said so," Said Harry confused.

"Yes, in order to enter the Auror training program you must have a Newt in Potions," she nodded her head, "But, there are two ways around this problem. One is you could study the Potions course by yourself and still sit the test in your 7th year, or..." Here she steeples her fingers, "I could offer you a position right now."

"Wait, what? I'm still in school and I haven't gone through training! I don't want to get something because of my name," Harry said a little huffly.

"I wasn't offering you something because of your name Harry, I've seen what you can do, and think you'd make an excellent addition to my staff, but you're right you haven't gone through the auror school, and you're still in school," She smiled, "What I was offering you was On-The-Job training, like an apprenticeship, it's done a lot in the wizarding world. You would go on missions with me, train with me, and otherwise answer to me, now you'd have to keep up your grades,

but you wouldn't require Potions, and if you decided you didn't wish to become an auror then you wouldn't have studied for nothing. And as such you would be known as being "Employed" by the American Ministry."

"Hell yes!" Said Harry eagerly.

"Now Harry I enjoy and welcome your enthusiasm but I don't want you rushing into anything..." Karen started to caution.

"Karen, I want to be an auror, and you're giving me a way to do that where I don't have to use my name and fame, and you said that if I decided not to become an auror I would be able to leave, so I don't see the problem." Harry said Happily.

"The problem is, I have to use your real name, and that means coming clean to Minister Charles. And showing him you are qualified to be an apprentice," sighed Karen. "And with it being public of your disappearance it might make him want to contact your ministry."

"Oh," Harry deflated a little.

"But the offer is good, think about it and once you decide I'll figure out how to deal with Charles," She said genuinely.

"Karen, my mind is made up, I want to do it. What does it entail?" Asked Harry.

"Ok, you'll need to go on a few missions with me, train with me throughout the year- we can figure a schedule out when you're at Hogwarts, take an IQ test, there will be homework you'll need to complete (here Harry groaned), A few random tests will be preformed throughout your school year, and you'll have to take personality and morality tests as well," she listed them off. "Alright, now how are you going to deal with Minister Charles?" Asked Harry curiously.

"Oh I have my ways," she smiled happily, "I'll see you tonight, I'm stopping by to hear your practice."

Harry reappeared in his hotel room around three o'clock. Remus, who had awoken by then, was pacing back and forth, and immediately pounced on Harry demanding to know where he was, and as an afterthought asked when he learned how to apparate. After pacifying Remus by telling him he was with Karen, and he'd meet her tonight, and that she taught him how, Harry ordered lunch.

Taking off his new trench coat Harry did his first real mistake with Remus.

"What in bloody hell is that!" Remus practically roared. It was the first time Harry had heard him curse. And when he realized Remus was referring to his tattoo he about cursed as well.

"Er... a tattoo?" Harry replied uncertainly.

"A tattoo!" Remus was near hyperventilating. Harry should have stopped there but he really thought he should get it all out of the way.

"Er... it goes with the piercings," added Harry cautiously.

"P..piercings, as in more than one?" Remus's head was in his hands and it appeared he was crying as his shoulders shook rapidly.

"Er, yea my eyebrow and tongue," shrugged Harry.

Instead of sobs, laughter exploded into the air, "Y...y... you are so dead..." laughed Remus wiping away a tear, "If Molly doesn't kill you, Hermione will."

"I know! I was kinda drunk at the time," growled Harry. At that Remus looked up sharply. "Right, that's lunch," said Harry quitting while he was ahead as he answered the door.

"McGonagall was almost hexing me to get to these," Said Remus as he looked over Harry's OWL scores. "I have to say that Dumbledore and Molly were almost as eager. I'm glad Hermione went back to her parents house for the summer or I doubt they would have stayed secret. I caught Tonks trying to open them a few times, and Fred and George actually got them out of the envelope before I could stop them. Although my hexing skills are a little rusty I have to commend myself on stopping them from reading them."

"All that for some lousy grades?" Asked Harry starting to feel the pressure of being the-boy-who-lived start to return.

"These are some really great grades Harry, well except for Divination and History, but who needs those classes," replied Remus.

"Well I hate to disappoint McGonagall, but I didn't make the grade for Potions, so I guess I'll have to talk to her about other career choices," Harry said. Although Karen offered him an apprenticeship he took to heart he warnings that he might not want to be an auror and thought it best to have a backup if he needed it.

"I could talk to Dumbledore, I'm sure he could convince Snape to let you in the class," Said Remus sneakily.

"No, I don't want any favors," Harry shook his head, "I might not even live to get a job, so it doesn't really matter."

"Harry..." Remus started a little painfully.

"It's true, but I do plan to fight, Remus," Harry sighed as he looked at the clock. "Well time to go," Harry stood up and picked up his Jacket and threw it on.

"Where are we going?" Asked Remus for about the tenth time.

"You want to know how I've been dealing with S...Sirius's death, well I thought I'd show you." Said Harry.

The Smoothie Shop was near empty as Harry and the band started to practice. Remus and Karen were sitting at a table together talking and listening to the band. After introducing them to Remus, Trinity, Jason, Mya, and Jessica moved off to their own table and ordered a weird combination of smoothie flavors and were listening to the band practice. At another table Mya's little sister Emma sat eating a big cookie, next to her was Mark's cousin Gina who was staring intently at Harry and sorta freaking him out. Two people were sitting by themselves at random tables, both were on their cell phones, and Harry had no clue as to who they were. Paris's mom was idly washing dishes while nodding her head to the music.

(Still Waiting lyrics)

(Artist: SUM 41)

Harry noticed a few people entering the Smoothie shop and walk over to the guy sitting at the far table who was still on his cell phone. The greeted him and sat down, Paris's mom walked over and took their orders.

(Run Away Lyrics)

(Artist: Linkin Park)

A few more people started to stream in and a few joined the girl near the back of the shop who started to giggle as they ordered what looked to be cookies a round of soda.

(Weathered Lyrics)

(Artist: Creed)

(Album: Weathered)

Harry looked towards his fellow band members in astonishment as more people entered the shop.

"I thought you said hardly anyone comes in here," said Harry looking towards Paris.

"They don't," she said excitedly. "Either we're really good, or really bad. But anyway you look at it we've got ourselves an audience!"

Harry rolled his eyes as they started up the next song. It was after about ten songs that Harry heard Mark address the audience.

"We're Damnation Insinuated Existence, and thank-you for coming out tonight, we'll be doing one more song tonight before the shop closes, but we'll be back tomorrow night." At that Mark started up the intro for their last song.

(Somewhere I Belong Lyrics)

(Artist: Linkin Park)

"Well, I guess I'll see you on the first," Said Remus hugging Harry goodbye.

"Yeah, see you on the first," Said Harry actually sad to see him go.

"Oh for Merlins Sake, this isn't really good bye you'll see each other in less than a month," Karen said exasperated. "Plus you'll write to each other." She rolled her eyes as she escorted Remus to the nearby portkey station in the Customs office.

"Oh, Harry, by the way, I love your bands name!" Laughed Remus as he grasped a hold of the portkey and vanished.

Tests Confirmed

August 2nd

"Blue, Harry, Blue!" Said Trinity laughing hysterically as she looked into Harry's eyes. She had helped him learn to turn his hair anyway to his will, it was his eyes that were proving to be a problem. They refused to turn any other color, oh they changed alright, but they were always a shade of green. Currently they were Aqua.

"I'm trying," said Harry trying not to laugh as well. They were sitting in his hotel room facing each other on the couch, he was trying as hard as he could to change his eye color to something other than green.

"That's what you said for brown!" She laughed as she watched Harry struggle with this color as well.

"I got it close!" Muttered Harry.

"Yeah, it was and ugly greenish brown, but it wasn't brown!" She smirked.

"This is just like the contacts," sighed Harry shaking his head.

"Well Harry hopefully it will come with more practice," said Trinity calming down a little. "You're not a full Meta, You can't change your body to your will, so perhaps you'll have to settle for only full control over your hair, and minimal control over the eyes."

"Yeah, and no luck making this ugly thing disappear," said Harry sullenly running a finger over his scar.

"Hey there's still hope there, it faded a little..." She smiled, "But, I doubt you'd be able to hold it for more than an hour if you did manage to vanish it, it was made by a dark curse, but it would be nice to go an hour without worrying about it, right?"

"Yeah..." Harry replied as his watch beeped. "It's time for me to meet Karen, want me to drop you off anywhere?"

"Yeah, could you drop me off at Mya's?" Trinity asked grabbing her purse.

"Sure," replied Harry taking Trinity's hand and Shimmering them to Mya's apartment.

"Well your test results are in Harry," Said Karen sitting cross-legged on the floor in the weight room, as they had come to call it.

"What's the verdict doc?" Asked Harry sitting down across from her.

"There were some unusual readings in your blood test, your white blood cell count was up rather high, you've said a phoenix has healed you on a few occasions..." She looked up at him.

"Yeah, Fawkes came and healed me on my arm in second year..." said Harry a little confused.

"When you were infected with Basilisk poison?" Asked Karen.

"Er... yeah," He had told her all about his past experiences with Voldemort, and his other little adventures as well.

"Well it seems as though the poison is still in your system, Fawkes' tears only made you immune to it," Here she looked up happily, "What's great about this is that Basilisk poison is one of the most deadly around, your body built up an immense immunity to it before the tears were ever introduced, which made markers in your white blood cells!"

"And that means?" Asked Harry more confused than ever.

"It means that you're immune to most poisons, they'll have no effect on you," She smiled, "I hope you don't mind but I submitted your blood sample for some other experiments in the PA for developments in antidotes for poisons, it's not labeled so no one knows it's a sample from you."

"Er... alright, so the blood test showed I'm immune to poisons, well that's great to know, won't die by poison," nodded Harry.

"Ok now the Magical Grid test was off the chart, you have a lot of energy behind your spells," She smiled and nodded, "and the test shows that your magic is adaptive, it will protect you to a certain level without you wielding it to do as such, this is also due to your mother's blood protection, but don't get me wrong, you had a large amount of this ability without her help."

"The magical potency test shows that your magic is still growing, which is rather unusual, since most magic stops growing once you turn 16," she shook her head, "Magical maturity comes early in wizards and witches because the body can only hold so much magic, and it's predetermined how much your magic develops, your parents and bloodline do effect this greatly, that's one point the purebloods have, blood does matter," She smiled, "But they have it wrong, it's better to not be a pureblood, because the genetic makeup of the purebloods are quickly deteriorating through the generations, more and more Squibs are popping up in the old pureblooded families because the magical potency of each parent is lower than that of their parents."

"But then why are there so many Muggleborn's?" Asked Harry wondering how two non-magical parents have a child with more magical potency than that of a pureblood.

"That is the question," She nodded, "No one knows why magical children are born to muggles, some hypothesize that they had magical backgrounds in their family histories, others think that the

combination of the muggles that have some magic in their level, as I explained earlier about those, that it results in the magical child, no one knows for certain."

"So, is it dangerous that my magic's still growing?" Asked Harry concerned.

"No, well at least I don't think it is, you have plenty of room for the magic, you already have more magic than most average wizards." She smiled.

"Now the level's test was the most interesting, You have almost no magic in the 1st level," she laughed, "It's really quite fascinating, it's the lowest I've ever seen."

Harry looked down at his hands not liking this at all.

"Oh Harry, I've already said you're above average in the magic department, stop looking ashamed, besides this is easily explained, V...Voldemort caused it." She still had trouble saying his name, but Harry had insisted she call him by his name.

"He did?" Asked Harry looking up at her.

"Well, most likely he did," She shrugged. "See when he hit you with the killing curse, it reflected, how is the huge debate amongst our world. You're Mother's protection only helped along your natural abilities, it allowed a barrier to stop the curse before it hit the second level."

"What?" Asked Harry already getting another headache.

"See the Killing curse burns through a persons magic, leaving them dead. Your mother created a barrier in the first level, and your own magic fought against the curse, it burned up your 1st level of magic fighting off the curse, the small amount left over of the curse which

would have killed you if it had broken through to your second level, because it would have feed off of the magic stored there, bounced off of that barrier, and rebounded on him, and he lived because of things he's done to ensure his 1st level would be able to defend him."

"Now you're magic has been rebuilding itself since that fateful day, but it's a slow process, and the low level spells only use the magic from the 1st level, which is why you have difficulties with them, your wand absorbs most of the magic that's channeled through it, which leaves weak spells on your part, and is why you have to try it a couple dozen times before it works proficiently."

"So there is only one solution," She said Happily standing up.

"And that is?" He asked as he too stood.

"Wandless magic," she smiled and started to stretch to begin the lesson.

"Wandless?" Asked Harry looking at her as if she had grown another head.

"Yes, Harry, your wand is taking most of your magic away, without it, the spell will be full power, now I'd suggest that you learn both wand and wandless so that you have a advantage in case you ever lose your wand in a duel."

"Alright," nodded Harry, "But how can I learn wandless magic, it's not common right?"

"No, it's not, it takes a lot of concentration, so congratulations, you're learning how to meditate," Said Karen smiling as she started Harry's workout.

"I feel like I'm going to fall asleep," said Harry scrunching his nose at the incense.

"Harry, relax..." Said Karen in a soft voice.

"Relax?" Harry scoffed, "This is as helpful as Snape yelling at me to "CLEAR MY MIND" before he hit me with the spell."

"Harry, close your eyes...take a deep breath and slowly let it out, imagine all your pain and thoughts are in that breath and they're leaving your mind and body for now. All you hear is my voice and your steady breathing. You are nothing but a vessel, nothing effects you. You have no pain, no anger, no joy, not emotions at all. Take another Deep breath, this one is filled with nothing, because you are empty, Silence is around you, because you block it out, you can no longer hear my voice, it fades away into..."

Harry didn't know if she stopped talking or that he blocked her out, either way he seemed to be in a daze. The steady beating of his heart was all that tied him to the earth as his mind hung loosely in between reality and the dreamworld. He felt as though he were flying...suddenly he wasn't flying any longer. He found himself in a dark and damp place.

A light dripping noise could be heard in the distance as Harry watched in morbid fascination.

Drip.

"Bella, any progress in finding Potter?"

Drip.

"No, master, but we have eliminated Japan, China, and all of England." She bowed gracefully at his feet and kissed the hem of his robes.

Drip.

"You are not working Fast enough! Crucio!" A slight twinge of heat ran across Harry's scar but he barely felt it.

Drip.

"Severus, how goes the locating potion?" Snape bowed humbly to Voldemort.

Drip.

"It shall be done by the end of this month, master," Snape said silkily.

Drip.

"Good, then that Muggle loving fools headquarters shall soon be mine," Voldemort hissed.

Drip.

"Severus, any word on Potter from your end?"

Drip.

"No, he has a rather knack for disappearing, perhaps luck will stay with us and he'll naught return," Snape returned in a cool voice once again bowing.

Drip.

"No, I know Potter, he will return," hissed Voldemort tapping his long fingers on the armrest of his throne-like chair.

Drip.

"Master, why do you not try to locate him with your link?" Asked

Dolohov eagerly.

Drip.

"Crucio!"

Drip.

"Do not question me!"

Drip.

"Harry..."

Drip.

"I want to know where he is Bella..."

Drip.

"Harry..."

Drip.

"Yes master..."

Drip.

"HARRY!"

Shaking his head Harry opened his eyes to find Karen standing over him shaking him slightly.

"Karen?" He asked blurrily.

"Yeah, you alright?" She asked concerned.

"I think I had a vision," said Harry groaning as he stood up. "Voldemort was punishing Lestrage because she hadn't made any progress in locating me, and Snape's making a potion to locate the Order's headquarters."

"Harry, I told you to clear your mind, not leave it!" She laughed, shaking her head, "Did he know you were there?"

"Er...no I don't think he did," said Harry shaking his head slightly.

"Well that's good," she said happily, "Next time I'll have to keep you grounded with something else, don't want you flying off to his mind every time you meditate."

She threw a cloak to Harry as she put one on herself, "Alright, lets go shopping for that second wand, put up the hood, don't want anyone recognizing you, they put your picture in the paper again."

Harry smirked as he shook his head and his hair changed to a spiked look, with blue tips, the bangs just covering his scar.

Raising an eyebrow Karen made to ask something, "How... never mind, don't wanna know." As she put up her own hood and led him out of the Time turner Room and out of the PA.

"Try this one..." said the shopkeeper Handing Harry what had to be the thirtieth wand.

"Accio," said Harry lazily.

The shop keeper snatched it out of his hand.

"This one."

"Lumos," said Harry dully.

Again the shop keeper took it from him.

"How about this one."

Almost as it touched his hand a cool feeling ran through his body and he preformed lumos, the light had a touch of silver in it.

"AH! Wonderful, I knew we'd find one!" Said the shopkeeper excitedly.

"Interesting a Birch wand with a Griffin tail feather," The shopkeeper started to wrap it up, "Not many can wield a Griffin feather, too volatile, have to have immense control and concentration."

"Very good," said Karen nodded as she stretched a little when getting out of her chair. "I forgot how boring wand shopping could be," she whispered to Harry as they left the shop.

"Alright, well since the tailor won't be done with your things for a while, might as well go book shopping," Karen said leading Harry through the crowds of wizards and witches in the marketplace expertly. Harry had ended up ordering three more coats like the one he currently owned, two of them were just like his other, but the third one varied. It was dark gray and would turn into his Quidditch Robes.

A small bell rang as they entered the bookshop "Blikes and Knowle" and started to browse the somewhat busy shop. Harry, who had yet to open his Hogwarts letter, moved his way towards the Defense Section with Karen following closely.

"Alright, what books are we looking for?" She asked snatching the letter out of Harry's hand. Harry scowled a little at her as he took it back, she merely smiled and waited for him to read it.

Dear Mr. Potter,

Enclosed is the booklist for your sixth year. Please choose classes accordingly with your recent O.W.L scores. You may take a minimal of three classes and a maximum of seven classes. When you have decided on your courses please send the enclosed transform of class choices to your Head of house.

Also, I Minerva McGonagall, Head of Gryffindor House, would like to extend the offer of Quidditch Captain to the Gryffindor Seeker, Harry James Potter. If he should decline the position the next choice is Katie Helen Bell, and the badge and letter should be forwarded to her. Should he accept the position he is to contact Professor McGonagall at the start of term for further details.

Deputy Head Mistress,

Minerva McGonagall

Harry pulled out the Quidditch Captain Badge and ran a finger over the sleek shine of it, before

putting it in his pocket. Moving on to the second sheet of paper Harry unfolded it.

SIXTH YEAR BOOKLIST

Astronomy:

A Treasure Chest of Wisdom

By: H. O. Burgoyne

Ancient Runes:

Translating the Unknown

By: Penelope Thistle

Arithmancy:

The Code of Life

By: Evan Travers

Care of Magical Creatures:

Myth vs. Fact

By: O. G. Welkes

Charms:

Charming Lives

By: P. W. Smith

Divination:

Mysteries Unravled #

By: Liney McSaeth

OR

Unraveling the Stars

By: Thislethorn

Defense Against the Dark Arts:

Learn to Talk it Out

By: Samantha Liwesky

Magical Theory

By: Orion Sythetek

Defensive Avoidance

By: Penny L. Twinkle

Herbology:

Plants of Healing Natures

By: Micjel Yerki

History of Magic:

Plethora of Wizard History

By: Sinclair McGibbions

Muggle Studies:

Electricity and How it Works

By: Lou G. Tremmoe

A Guide to Muggle Life

By: T. R. Smith

Explaining the Muggle Life

By: Porter Smint

A Life Without Magic

By: Taylor Ebony

Potions:

Poisons and Antidotes

By: Walter E. Avery

Transfiguration:

Self Transfiguration

By: Annie Steller

Defensive Transfiguration

By: Ike D. Littleworth

this book is required for divination with Professor Talwreny.

this book is required for divination with Professor Firenze.

Professor Firenze has requested your presence in his class.

Harry sighed and handed the list to Karen, "Defense Against the Dark Arts, Charms, Transfiguration, and Care of Magical Creatures."

"What about Divination, the teacher requested you," said Karen looking at the list.

"I hate Divination," complained Harry.

"It'll be an easy class, and you need at least Five classes to avoid that rant from Hermione about not caring about your future, you told

me so yourself," pointed out Karen.

Harry sighed, he hated when she was right, "Fine, I guess I'll take it. And Hermione will be proud, I've already read through one of our Transfiguration books." Harry smiled, thank you Trinity, he mentally thought as he picked out the book, Self Transfiguration.

"Well whoever is Defense Teacher doesn't seem to want to teach you to actually use defense," said Karen handing Harry three books, "They're all about avoiding confrontation, and talking your way out of problems, the only one actually about magic is the theory one."

Harry sighed, "Well you're coming to the school during the year right?" At her nod Harry sighed in relief, "Then it doesn't really matter, you'll be teaching me what I need to know, it'll be another easy class."

"Easy or not, you have to keep your grades up, or I'll beat you into the ground!" She said happily piling other books into Harry's arms.

"Alright," Karen said looking at the pile of books Harry had, "Those are your school books, now for the books you require with me," she smiled evilly as she went about pulling down no less than 15 books.

"Defense Against the Odds... Concentration: A Meditative Guide... Buddhism For Beginners...Occlumency: Clearing Your Mind... Unraveling Visions... Live to Fight Another Day... War and Peace... The Art of War... Strategics For the Beginner... Rules of Engagement... Reading the Stars: A Guide for the Lost... Stealth for the Beginner... Defending Against the Unnatural... and Calculating Averages: A guide to Battles," Harry read off the titles, then looked back at Karen.

"A few of those are muggle books," she said passively, "I expect you to read through each of these in your spare time. Start with the Meditation one, Buddhism, and the Occlumency, so we can work on

you wandless magic."

"Harry, I don't see why you'd want to visit them," said Brittney not meeting Harry's eyes.

"We're doing a charity event for these kids, I think I should meet them," said Harry looking at the band who were avoiding his eyes.

"Well...see the thing about that is..." Paris trailed off.

"What about it?" Asked Harry suspiciously.

"Well, we haven't actually met them... we sort of pulled the charity out of a hat," Said Dylan sheepishly.

"You What?" Snapped Harry.

"Well, the contest was for charity, all contestants would receive \$500 for their charity and the winner would receive \$1000, and would be the opening act for Limp Bizkit at the group concert on the 28th," Said Brittney soothingly. "You had to have a charity, so we sort of Googled charities, printed them out, and put them in a hat..." She trailed off at the glare Harry was giving her.

"Contest?" Asked Harry through gritted teeth.

"Oh, did I say that out loud?" Asked Brittney shakily.

"Yeah, you did," snapped Harry, "I signed on for a charity event, not for a bloody contest!"

"Well it's still for charity!" Chimed Chad happily thinking the problem solved.

Harry's eyes snapped on to him, and Chad's smile quickly faded, "And this contest?"

"Well, there are rounds, and the band members of Limp Bizkit vote on each song the different bands play, we have to play a total of Seven Songs, should we not get eliminated in the first two rounds," Said Brittney hesitantly.

"A thousand dollars isn't much," said Harry scowling slightly.

"It is to them," said Mark shrugging.

"Do they even know you picked them?" Growled Harry, he did not like being tricked.

"Um...Brittney said she contacted them," Said Paris slowly.

"I did, the nun said it was fine," shrugged Brittney.

"I still want to visit them," said Harry, "And you've just volunteered to tag along." Said Harry looking at the teens, "Brittney, step it up will you?"

Brittney nodded, her cheeks a little red, "Yeah, sure Harry...you're not really mad are you?"

"I don't like being tricked, or manipulated," said Harry coolly, "And should I find out you're lying to me again, I won't be as accepting."

"Mr. Jameson, I told you I'd be back," Said the woman from before. Her skin was even paler this time around.

"Listen I don't even know how to play poker," said Harry tiredly in the entrance way of the hotel room.

"My employer would like a word," Said the woman.

"Well, inform him I am too tired at the moment, nor do I really

gamble," said Harry pushing past the woman.

"I am afraid you don't have a choice this time," Said the woman as she was joined by two burly, pale men, who supported rather large teeth.

"I always have a choice," said Harry looking around him at the muggles, the woman could pass as human, but these guys were defiantly vampires.

"Now Mr. Jameson, I'd hate for you or these innocent people to get hurt," she looked around at the muggles and smiled evilly, "After all I could do with a snack."

Harry sighed as he discreetly reached for his phone in his pocket, and easily hit the speed dial for Karen.

"Very well, I'll go with you," said Harry as he heard a small click to show someone picked up the other line, "But I warn you, I don't like vampires, nor do I like being force to go somewhere against my will."

"I'm terrified, Mr. Jameson," laughed the woman, "Follow me."

Well this chapter was shorter than I'd have liked. But oh well...

:) I left it off at a horrible cliffy I know!

VAMPIRE DEALINGS

August 3rd

"Thank you Brigit," Said a sickly pale man in a plaid jumpsuit that even Harry, who had no clue of fashion, could tell was out of date, and doubted if it was ever in fashion.

It was about 2 a.m., Harry was sitting currently in a black leather, high back chair in a rather spacious office. Copious amounts of similar upholstered furniture littered the room in a sporadic arrangement. A large fireplace was encompassed in the far wall, and by the look of it, hadn't been used in years. A mahogany wooden desk was in the middle of the room facing the door, which the man was currently sitting behind, there were no windows, and by the looks of the unusual brick wall near the back of the room, there probably had been one at some point in time.

"Ah, Mr. Jameson," Said the man casting a somewhat bored look in Harry's Direction, "Sorry to bring you out at the dead of night, but these are my business hours, so to speak."

"Right, Mr..." Started Harry.

"Turner,"stated the man firmly.

"Right, Mr. Turner, like I told Brigit, I don't gamble, nor do I know how to play poker," Said Harry studying the man closely. He had to be a vampire by the way he looked, but he also looked vaguely familiar, although Harry had no idea why.

"Then you better learn!" Snapped the man as his fist slammed into the table. He quickly pulled his features into calm tones. "I mean, I don't like being rejected, and I would hate to have to rectify your decision."

"I don't gamble, and I don't want to join your poker game, so find someone else," Said Harry looking Turner straight in the eye.

"Listen you little..." Turner snapped before calming down, "Mr. Jameson, I run a business so to speak," here he laughed a little, "And I like to cool off with a poker game, now the participants are either willing or unwilling it doesn't matter, as long as they're there to play, now you can either choose to play on your own, or I can persuade you to play, I hear from Brigit that you have some pretty friends, I'd hate for them to get dragged into this."

Harry scowled slightly at Turner, "I wouldn't threaten my friends, bad things tend to happen to those that do."

"I will see you on August 10th, at 7 sharp, Brigit will escort you to the game," Said Turner resolutely motioning to her.

Harry stood up and followed Brigit out of the room, and was escorted to a black sedan that would drive him back to his hotel.

"HARRY!"

Harry looked up as he entered his hotel room, but his line of vision was cut off as Karen enveloped him into a hug.

"Are you alright," She said looking him up and down.

"Yeah," said Harry nodding slowly.

"Ahem," someone cleared their throat. Looking around Karen, Harry saw Not only Minister Charles but four other unknown Aurors standing in his room. They were all wearing expressions that were akin to the kind he almost always received in public.

"So I guess they know who I am," said Harry eyeing the five people.

"I had to tell them Harry! I had too... I got your call and I couldn't help you legally..." She cast a glance at Minister Charles, "I just told Minister Charles, he informed the others."

"Well you said you were going to have to tell him eventually anyway," said Harry sighing slightly.

"So what am I suppose to do, he's threatened my friends."

"Easy we'll protect them..."

"You'll play the game..."

They had answered at the same time, but from the way Karen had turned to glare at the Minister, she did not like his answer at all.

"He will not play the game, Turner kills those who lose, let alone win! It's his own sick game, play poker before he feasts!" Snapped Karen.

"Karen, this is the first time we've had a source to get inside one of his games, we can't pass it up!" Replied Charles heatedly.

"I will not risk Harry's life for some lousy case!" She said glaring at him.

"We've been working on this case for years, Karen! This is the first time we can get a man in there without Turner's knowledge that he's working for us!" Snapped Charles.

"Harry is not an auror, he has no business being brought in on this case, and I will not allow him to die because you wanted to see if it may turn out to be beneficial to the case!" Growled Karen.

"You have submitted an application for him to join our ranks, and as I hear it, did so nearly two days ago, Scott brought it to my attention today," Smirked Charles.

"And what does that have to do with anything!" Said Karen evilly.

"He is amongst our ranks, and ministry employed!" He said Seriously.

"Yes as a apprentice to ME," she emphasized herself, "He will go on missions WITH me, train WITH me, answer to ME!" She glared. "He is not legally able or responsible for solo missions, and he will not be going on a SUICIDAL one at that! I don't care about the mission, my concern is for his safety and his safety alone!"

"Karen, listen to yourself, you've be come to emotionally attached to someone working for you," Emphasized Minister Charles, "You need to distance yourself, I can arrange for another auror to take over for you in his apprenticeship."

"HE IS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD!" Yelled Karen.

"How is that different from when you were sixteen and going on solo missions?" Asked Charles a little hesitant because of her outburst.

"BECAUSE I WAS RISKING MY LIFE, I WON'T RISK THAT OF MY BROTHER'S!" Yelled Karen, although as soon as it left her lips she snapped her hand to her mouth. Harry's mouth dropped open slightly, his eyes slightly larger than normal. Removing her hand slowly she started to try to explain that Freudian Slip, "I...I...I meant I won't risk the life of someone I consider like a brother."

Minister Charles was shaking his head while looking at her, "Karen, your judgement has been clouded by your emotions, I cannot allow you to continue to professionally interact with Mr. Potter if you can't distinguish that he is not actually your brother."

"It was as slip of the tongue, that's all Minister, I assure you my judgement has not been clouded, I am thinking not only of his safety,

but our Countries as well. Should Mr. Potter be injured, or worse killed, in a mission that he did not sign on for with his apprenticeship, we could be looking at a mass revolt against our government by the Wizarding Populace. He is very important to the peoples' spirit and morale, I would hate to think of what would happen to those who would cause his death when it could have been prevented, No doubt you've heard what has been happening to his own government since the release of the official statement that You-Know-Who has returned, and that they had been discrediting him when he was telling the truth." She took a deep breath. "I agreed to help him, keep his identity and location a secret so that he could live as normally as he could for the duration of the summer, and I do not believe that sending him on a dangerous, and suicidal mission is normal. I submitted an application for apprenticeship that would officially start in September, he is technically an employee once you sign the appropriate documents, but as stated in the bylaws of our own apprenticeship mission statements he can not go on solo missions, he is not prepared or trained and is still classified as a private citizen until he is deemed field ready. I do not discredit Harry's abilities, I would not have offered him an apprenticeship if I did, he is a fast learner and has progressed immensely fast over the past few weeks, far faster than I could have dreamed, he has nearly surpassed my own level in Karate, and his aim is far more accurate than my own, but under no circumstance is he ready to operate alone. The main difference between him and I, is that I went through Auror training, and was therefore deemed field operational, he has not. And as much as I want to take out Turner, I will not risk his life on the off chance that we may gather Intel on the inner-workings of his operation."

"As you have stated, he is a ministry employee, I signed the appropriate papers as soon as I saw his name on the application," Stated Minister Charles. "And the loophole is that he can not go on deep cover missions where he has no contact with the ministry, he will be fully backed up by a team of aurors, and yourself, as you've explained he is your apprentice. As Minister I choose the top priority

missions and Turner is a major threat. Mr. Potter has just given us an IN to Turners warehouse, and therefore his factory. Dozens of innocent lives are being taken because of OUR mistake, we shouldn't have let him live, but after 45 years of service as the Head Auror, and how close of a friend he was, we succumbed to our emotional weaknesses and allowed him to escape. Now we have a chance to stop one of the biggest Vampire threats in our country and you're telling me you don't think we should? I am over ruling you Karen! Usually you're right about these things, but this is not that time. If we had any other choice I would gladly back you up, but we are out of choices!"

"Turner was like a mentor to me, but I was the one who tried to take him out in the first place, don't you dare lay that on me!" She snapped a stray tear escaping her eye. "If it hadn't been for Jackson I would have killed him the night he was turned! She paid for that mistake with her life, and I above almost everyone want to take the son-of-a-bitch out, but risking Harry's life is not worth it!"

"I think it is," He said firmly. "We can't send someone else in for him, Turner sought Mr. Potter out on his own, he has no reason to suspect that he is actually working for us. Polyjuice Potion would take to long to make, we don't have that kind of time, we will put the entire department on this, everyone will pitch in to help prepare him for all outcomes, he will remain known as your cousin, Harry Jameson, and therefore protect his privacy so that he can remain here undisturbed, but he will go on this mission, and that is final!"

She shook her head and gave him a tear filled glare, her hands balled into fists as her arms hung at her side. "If he dies, I will kill you myself."

"I have no doubts about that, Karen, none at all," Said Charles eyeing her warily.

"Er... there might be a slight problem with your plans," Said Harry

cautiously, everyone turned to look at him, seemingly forgetting that he had been in the room, "I've no clue how to play poker."

August 5th

"Ace is high, one-eyed Jack and suicidal king are wild, Ante up," Said a 30 something auror as he flicked the cards around the table in a Vegas-style dealing, Harry had been forced to read three books in a short amount of time about percentages, card reading, poker rules, poker strategics, and most of all a muggle book about how to tell if someone was lying... Suffice it to say, he didn't get out much the past few days. Although he had to go to his band meetings and he hung out with Trinity, because according to Karen he was most likely being followed, and the only reason he had yet to be caught working with the ministry is because he had been apparating to and from the ministry via his hotel room.

"Harry, you're too tense, loosen up, this game is all about lying, and deceiving everyone at the table," said Karen as she threw two cards at the dealer.

"Yes, well I've never been too good at lying, Hermione can tell right away when I am," said Harry giving back one card, he had a flush in the works.

"You just can't lie to your friends, lying to your enemies should be relatively simple Harry, no guilt is attached," Said Karen as she raised the bet.

"It's not really guilt," replied Harry picking up the card dealt to him, "More of the fact that people can read me like an open book."

"That's not true, Harry, you let them read you, see right now I can tell you just got the card you needed," Laughed Karen raising an eyebrow at him.

"Bloody hell," said Harry tossing his hand on to the table, "How did you know that?"

"You let a grin flash across your lips," she laughed. "Alright, lets try it again. This time remember, we are watching your every move, you have to keep cool and collected the entire time, otherwise you'll develop a tell. The longer you stay in the game, the better your chances that Turner won't get bored of you."

"I don't understand why he puts on the facade of a poker game, if he wants to kill me, why doesn't he just do it?" Asked Harry frustrated as he watched the auror deal the cards.

"When Turner was alive, he had a gambling problem, it's the reason he was being forced to retire, he ahem lost some money that was not his, and was found out, they were in the middle of finding his replacement when we received word about an attack on downtown LA by a group of vampires, it was a day before his retirement," Said Karen sadly as she folded. "We lost three aurors, one by his hand, because she didn't want to kill him once he turned." She sighed as she watched Harry look at his cards, before throwing three back to the dealer. "I was team leader at the time, and was therefore put temporarily in charge until a full time replacement could be found, somehow I was suggested to take it permanently, and here we are."

"The public believes Turner retired, and moved away, they don't know the truth, a fully trained Auror, one of the best, is now a vampire, and is organizing the different assemblages of vampires in this nation under his rule. They've started a factory of sorts, they kidnap people from the streets and take them to hidden warehouses, and they're... invited to dinner so to speak." She shook her head slightly.

"Huh, I bet that's what those vampires tried to do to me," said Harry thinking back to the abrupt appearance of the two vampires back at the beginning of the summer.

"No doubt about it," Karen said nodding, "You probably peaked Turner's interest because you got away, not many do."

Harry laid down a full house, and easily won the hand.

"Huh..." said Karen looking at the other aurors, "I was watching you that time Harry, I didn't see any tell at all, perhaps you just need to be focused on something else, and not the cards you're holding... we can work with that."

"Oh, goodie..." replied Harry sarcastically, "let me guess, this involves more reading."

"Ah Harry, your beginning to be able to read me, that's good," smiled Karen enthusiastically.

Harry groaned audibly as the other aurors tried to hide their sniggers.

August 7th

"Happy Birthday Mya," Said Harry handing her a small package. Not knowing what to get her Harry had thrown himself at Karen's mercy and she had (after laughing at him) agreed to help him pick out a birthday gift. He had ended up buying her a small locket that could house up to 8 pictures. On it was an engravement of the number 16.

"Thank you Harry," said Mya giddily as she opened the package, and after insisting he put it on her, gave him a tight hug.

They were currently on Trinity's family's private plane headed to Chicago in order to see Drowning Pool Live, and according to Jason, go back stage and get their autographs.

Harry didn't like this part, and told them he would gladly go with them backstage, but would not ask for an autograph of his own, considering he hated when people bugged him for his. It was rather

fun flying in the plane, not only did it have its own small kitchen aboard, but five platinum, high-toned televisions were copiously spread around the plane, one was even in the luxurious bathroom.

The best part had to be when Karen purposed a game of poker, but to add a twist, she suggested Strip poker. Harry had a nice incentive to beat the pants off everyone, literally.

As the plane landed at O'Hare Airport in a designated lane, used for private aircrafts, the five teens exited the plane and entered the Black, stretch limo that awaited them at the airport, and were off to the concert.

The concert was filled with half-dressed teenagers, and piercing galore. Strange hair colors were as common as breathing, and it was hard to find one person without some kind of luminescent object.

Most carried light sticks, others had necklaces that strobed with different colors in alternating patterns. The music was loud and a Mosh Pit had formed near the stage. Trinity had tried to persuade everyone to join her in the pit, but only Jason had agreed.

After only five minutes Jason emerged with a black eye and a bloody nose. Luckily for him, Harry had been taught a basic healing charm by a few aurors' in case he was hurt on the mission he was about to embark on.

Harry had come across a souvenir stand for the concert, and had decided to buy some items for his friends. He had picked up several things from Disney World for them, and now that he was here he thought to buy them things from a concert as well. Buying a tee-shirt of every kind, posters, and a couple of guitar picks Harry shrunk and placed them securely in his zippered pocket.

A sudden tingling on the back of his neck, sent chills down his back and Harry looked up and surveyed around him. From what he could

see no one was watching him, but his instincts told him other wise. Thinking quickly Harry headed towards the outskirts of the concert where the bathrooms were located, a large line looped around the few porta-potties that were stationed there, making his way past the line he journeyed behind a wall near the electrical wires that were powering the lights on stage. Standing out of view he waited.

He didn't have to wait long, for not a minute had passed before a turquoise haired female rounded the corner, a wand in hand.

Harry kicked her wand out of her hand, surprising her. He easily grabbed her wrist, twisted her arm behind her back and pinned her to the wall.

"Who are you!" growled Harry into her ear.

"Wotcher, Harry," Said the woman in a somewhat pained voice. "Where'd ya learn that?"

"Tonks!" Said Harry horrified, letting her go and backing away.

She turned around and massaged her shoulder mildly as she gave him a slight grin, "Fancy meeting you here, and on my day off, no less." She bent down and retrieved her wand and quickly put it away. "I was pretty sure that it was you, though you're new look made me question it," she said happily.

"Are you here alone?" Asked Harry suspiciously looking back towards the crowd.

"No, the entire Order's here, because we just knew you'd be here," she replied cheekily. Rolling her eyes she balled her fist and gently knocked twice on Harry's head, "Hello, it's my day off, besides, I'm pretty sure Dumbledore's looking in France for you at the moment."

Harry eyed her critically, "You came all the way to America for a

concert?"

"Yeah," She replied indignantly. "What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, so what, you going to turn me in? Cause I'll be long gone before you can report back to the Order," Said Harry crossing his arms.

"And if I was to take you in on my own?" Asked Tonks crisply.

Harry Smirked, "I was able to disarm you once..."

"I wasn't ready!" She pouted.

Harry laughed, "I will fight back, like I told Remus I will not go back quietly."

"I KNEW IT!" She shouted excitedly. "I knew he knew where you were."

"I've been writing him every few days, and he came for my birthday," nodded Harry.

"That sly man, he's been telling everyone he had no clue where you were, and as soon as he found you he'd rip you a new one," laughed Tonks.

"Yeah, he tried," said Harry casually, "Tried to force me to come back to England with him. I told him, as I'll tell you, I'll be back in due time, but I will not leave before I am ready."

"Relax, I'm on your side," laughed Tonks, "Sure at first I wondered how irresponsible you could be, but after not being able to locate you after weeks of searching I realized you had put more thought into this than I guessed. If Dumbledore couldn't find you, I doubted the deatheaters could."

Harry nodded slightly, "So you're not going to tell them you ran into me?"

"Well... depends on what you can offer me," Smirked Tonks.

"Blackmailing me, are we?" Laughed Harry. "We'll you wanna meet some friends of mine, and go back stage?"

"You have passes backstage!" Said Tonks excitedly, jumping up and down. Harry nodded and grabbed a hold of her arm and dragged her off to find Trinity and the others.

August 9th

A loud knocking was what woke Harry up, he had overslept. The previous night he had been training with several aurors, they had all physically attacked him as a group, while he had to defend himself against them. Karen had been observing the whole time and had been telling him how to improve, and would tell them to begin again so Harry could take her advice, they had stayed at it for nine hours straight. Then Karen and he went about their normal routine in the time-turner room.

From there she had insisted he go back to the hotel and finish the books on meditation, which she had said would improve his abilities to stay calm during the poker game. It was this reason why he was still sleeping at 1 p.m.

Groaning as he climbed out of bed, Harry opened the door to find a distressed Mya at his door. Raising an eyebrow at her, he opened the door a little wider and she pushed past him, her little sister Emma trailing behind her.

"Thank God you're here, Harry, I need a HUGE favor," Said Mya pleadingly.

"What's up?" Asked Harry still a little half asleep.

"My mom's just been taken to the hospital, my dad's there now, and I need to be there as well, but Emma freaks out every time she's there, Trinity usually watches her for me, but she's not home, and she's not answering her phone... Jason's sick, and Jessica's on a date, can you Please, PLEASE, watch her for a few hours," Mya's eyes were shining with unshed tears.

"What's wrong with your mom?" Asked Harry mildly confused, half his mind still asleep.

"She had a temp of 103, and with her cancer it was imperative we get her to the hospital, please Harry!" She asked a small tear running down her cheek.

"I'll have to take her with me to my band practice," said Harry stifling a yawn, "But yeah, sure, go be with your mom."

She let out a huge sigh of relief, hugging Harry quickly. She disengaged herself from him, and turned towards Emma, "You behave yourself for Harry! Listen to him, and mind your manners! I'll be back in a few hours!" The small girl nodded, looking shyly towards Harry. With that Mya quickly left the hotel room, shutting the door behind her.

Great now what to do, thought Harry looking at the small five year old. "Er... hi Emma, you hungry?"

"My name is Mema!" she said kicking him in the shin, before running into the bathroom and slamming the door shut.

"Oh, yeah, this will be fun," said Harry rubbing his shin while glaring at the bathroom door. After getting dressed, Harry exited his bedroom and stared moodily towards the bathroom door, steadily

making his way towards it he let out a small sigh before knocking gently on the door.

"Emma, can you come out please?" He asked gently. No answer came.

"Emma?" He asked a little louder. Still no response came.

"Mema?" He asked questioningly.

"What?" A small voice asked from the other side of the door.

Ok, thought Harry, she wants to be called Mema, far be it from him to deny the idiotic requests from a five year old.

"Can you please come out?" He asked nicely.

"NO!" She said loudly.

"Please!" He tried again. No answer came. Sighing he thought back towards his own childhood, if he had acted this way he'd have been yelled at and thrown into his cupboard...so that was no help.

Had Dudley thrown a tantrum such as this he'd get what he wanted, but Harry really didn't know what she wanted, so that wasn't helpful either.

"If you come out I'll...get you some ice-cream," said Harry saying the first thing that came to mind.

After a few seconds of silence the door opened and the small girl appeared.

"Promise?" She asked looking at him poutingly.

"Promise." Said Harry smiling at her. She opened the door fully and

walked out, "Alright, let me brush my teeth, and then we'll go get you some ice-cream."

"What's with the squirt?" Asked Mark looking at Emma, or Mema as she liked to be called, who was sitting at the counter drinking a red fruit juice.

"Mya's mom's in the hospital, I'm watching her sister for a few hours," said Harry pulling on his guitar.

"Is this really the best place to bring her?" Asked Brittney handing a list of songs to Harry and the other band members.

"Paris' mom said she'd keep an eye on her for me, plus I can see her from up here, and I promised I'd let her watch a movie if she was good, and stayed where she is," Said Harry looking at the list.

"Brittney, what is this?" He Asked looking up at her.

"A list of all the songs you guys play, including the songs we used to play, and the few that Mark and Chad wrote..." She said Happily, "From now till the 24th the crowd will be voting on which ones you'll be playing at the concert."

"Oh," said Brittney, "Before I forget Harry, the nun said we could visit on the 14th."

August 10th

"Two pair," said Turner, setting his cards down on the table. A smirk playing at his lips.

"Straight Flush," Said Harry setting down his cards, and collecting the chips from the middle.

Turner glared at Harry slightly as the dealer collected the cards and

reshuffled them. They had been playing for about an hour now, four people sat at the table, including himself. The other two players were easy enough to read, and therefore weren't much competition. But they weren't the objective of this mission.

They were in a supposed abandoned warehouse, it had various signs throughout the perimeter declaring in different languages that the city had condemned the building, and that according to the date, would be imploded in two days, and a apartment building would be taking it's place.

"THAT'S IT!" snapped Turner upturning the table as Harry won the current hand with a flush.

"Wow, are you a bad loser..." said Harry raising an eyebrow slightly looking at the mass destruction the simple action created. The poker chips, and cards littered the ground.

"No, boy, I always win, for you won't leave this room alive!" Snapped Turner. Suddenly the two other players stood up and smiled evilly.

"So, you're all vampires?" Asked Harry looking at them, a small uncomfortable feeling of butterflies fluttering in his stomach appeared.

"Sucks, doesn't it!" Smirked Turner. "Kill him!"

A sudden musical tune entered the room, Harry's cell had begun to ring.

"Well, that's my cue," said Harry kicking an approaching vampire in the stomach, and punching another.

"Stop him you idiots," Yelled Turner.

A female vampire launched herself at Harry, who spun quickly,

removing one of his daggers from the hilt around his waist and plunged it resolutely into her head. She burst into a storm of dust.

"If you want something done right..." growled Turner as he pushed the vampire, whose nose had been broken by the force of Harry's punch, out of the way.

Turner's fist sailed towards Harry with lightning speed, ducking to the left, Harry barely avoided it, rolling to the left Harry sent a kick towards his legs in an attempt to trip him. Turner easily jumped over his leg, and landed gracefully on his feet. Harry flung his body into a spiral from the ground, and landed on his feet, facing the vampire.

"Interesting..." Said Turner observing him slightly. Lunging himself at Harry, he slammed Harry into the wall, a hand around his throat, his face mere inches from his own, "When Lori told me about how you escaped her, and killed Roger, she made you seem incompetent in martial arts, and that it had been dumb luck, that saved you."

"I've had practice," said Harry head butting Turner with a great amount of force, making him stumble backwards. Harry sent a powerful kick to his stomach, then a flying kick to the man's head.

Turner jumped to his feet quickly, spinning around in mid-jump, facing Harry.

"I recognize that move," Snarled Turner. He stepped back slightly, casting nervous glances around, "You're with the ministry!" He spat angrily.

Harry raised an eyebrow slightly, how did he figure that out.

"I know Parker's style! Hell, I taught her that move!" He growled out, though his rant was cut short as the sudden sound of glass breaking interrupted him. "This isn't over boy," he snapped as he reached over to the fireplace and pulled the dusty candle stick to the side, the brick

wall moved to the side revealing a large window. Turner took off towards it, just missing Harry's dagger that slammed into the wall inches from the window which Turner slammed through, just as Karen came storming through the door. She threw two quick daggers into the last two vampires who were trying to follow Turner outside.

"You alright?" She asked looking at Harry seriously.

"I'll be sore in the morning, but besides that, I'm fine," he replied as he moved towards the wall and forcefully removed his dagger from it. "He got away," said Harry remorsefully.

"Yes, he did," she nodded. "He has a habit of doing that," At Harry's still guilty expression she laughed, "Harry you didn't honestly think you'd bring down an ex-auror single handedly."

"Well... I would have liked too," said Harry sadly, "I mean if I can't even take out a vampire..."

"He's not a vampire, he's an ex-auror, and head of department," She laughed putting her arm around Harry's shoulders, which was kind of awkward since Harry was taller than her, since he had hit his growth spurt over the few months worth of training. "Come on we have innocents to help."

She led Harry down into the Warehouse, where the other aurors were taking out the vampires on guard duty, although it was obvious most were smart enough to flee when the ministry had shown up.

Various cages were filled with dozens of people apiece, there had to be at least 20 cages spread about. Karen, passing up the few still fighting, took out her wand and started unlocking the cages, Harry followed suit.

"Please stay calm, we're here to help you, we will have medical teams here in a few moments, please refrain from leaving, we wish to

make sure you were not infected with this disease, You will be released once medically cleared, we will provide rides home for you," Announced Karen as Harry unlocked the last cage he could see in the large area, several doors were off to the side which Harry and a two other aurors made their way over too. He first two doors led to empty rooms, but the third, and last door, opened up into a large room, that held another cage. This one was different though.

The large black bars were extra thick, the door was padlocked, and had chains securing it shut. Various crosses were zip-stripped to the inside of the cage. There were only two people present inside the cage. One was a female, in her early twenties by the looks of it, she had long blonde hair with black highlights, she wore a pair of Black vinyl pants, with a black knit top, and a black choker was around her neck that proudly stated in red rubies, Satan's Princess. The other was a male, he was in his late twenties, and wore an off-white button up shirt, a red handkerchief in it's pocket. He wore a pair of gray slacks, and an expensive gold watch around his wrist. They were both sitting on the ground playing a card game, "Slap Jack" by the looks of it.

An auror went over to the cage and tried to open it, The two people ignored him.

"UM... maybe we shouldn't let them out," said the other auror. "The vampires seemed rather adamant about them staying in the cage."

The other one looked around at him, "They're locked in a cage, prisoners, we can't just leave them to die."

"They wouldn't die," said Harry making his way over to the cage, placing his arms through the bars and casually leaning in to look closer at the two people, they finally looked up at them.

"If we left them here they would," Snapped an auror, again trying to unlock the chain. It seemed to not respond to unlocking charms.

"No, they wouldn't." Replied Harry calmly.

"Oh, yeah, why not?" Said the other auror.

"Because, they're already dead," Said Harry looking into the girls eyes. She smirked slightly, in an instant she had moved from the floor to two inches from Harry, her fangs showing. While Harry had been expecting something like this, and therefore just smiled at the girl, the two other aurors jumped back violently.

Pushing away from the cage Harry made his way to the door and pulled out of his pocket the lock picking kit that Fred and George had given him a few years ago. Easily removing the lock the chain clattered to the ground.

"What are you doing!" Snapped both aurors.

"They're vampires!"

"We should just stake them!"

"The other vampires locked them up," said Harry calmly starting to work on the padlock.

"Which means we should kill them and be done with them." Said one auror, while the other left the room, no doubt to get Karen.

"The enemy, of my enemy, is my friend," said Harry calmly as he unlocked the door, and pulled it open.

"I haven't heard that saying in quite sometime," said the woman looking untrustworthy at Harry, she did not move. The man stood up slowly and walked out of the cage and smiled nicely at Harry.

"Thank you my boy," He turned towards the girl, "You coming?"

"I do not need some human to rescue me! I could have left anytime I wanted!" She snapped at him.

"We've been in this cage for a month," He said raising his eyebrow slightly.

"Yes, and in that entire time, you never made a move, I thought locked in a cage, you'd at least try something," She said crossing her arms.

"Wait... what?" He said his eyes widening. "I could have... you would have... damn it boy, why'd you let me out! Go away..." he said moving towards the cage door.

"No too late now, you've allowed yourself to be rescued! Maybe in another millennia," She said looking away from him.

Harry shut the door, the girl still inside.

"HEY!" she snapped looking towards Harry, "Let me out!"

"You said you didn't want a human to rescue you, and that you could get out on your own!" Replied Harry smiling slightly.

"Yes, but I'm not about to preform for a human!" She huffed, "Let me out!"

"Er... no," said Harry, out the corner of his eye seeing Karen enter the room.

"Let me out!" She said whiningly, near tears.

"Get out yourself," said the other vampire smirking slightly.

"LEMME OUT! LEMME OUT!" She cried, a few tears running down

her cheeks.

And as always Harry's downfall was a girl crying, sighing he opened the door. The girl rushed past him in a blur and slammed into the other vampire, sending him flying into the wall, a small sized crater left where he had made impact.

"You were going to leave me in there!" She snapped, all tears gone. "You jerk! Is this how you treat me after 1,454 years of friendship!"

"Ouch," said the man standing up. He rubbed his head slightly. "It was only a bit of fun."

She glared at him and turned back towards Harry. "You didn't help me, I owe you nothing."

"Whatever," said Harry shrugging. "I merely opened a door."

She glared at him, "You're lucky I don't eat humans, boy! Dar, let's go!"

"Shay..." Said the Male vampire looking curiously at Harry.

"No! Let's go! Don't make me stake you!" She snapped. Her entire body suddenly disappearing into a flock of bats and flying out of the door past Karen who had pushed a fellow auror to the ground in order to avoid them.

"She's really not so bad, once you get to know her," He said sadly. "Thanks, for letting us out though, she may never admit it but we were stuck in there." Shaking his head slightly he suddenly turned into a bat, next to the girls flock, it wasn't very impressive. The bat flew out of the room and disappeared from sight.

"Congratulations Harry, you just met the oldest Vampire's I've ever seen... and they could do magic!" Said Karen happily moving closer

to Harry, while still smiling she whispered, "Let's hope it doesn't backfire letting them out, hmmm."

"I have bad impulse control?" Whispered Harry questioningly to her.

"Ya think?" She said leading him out of the room.

Ok, there that is.

I've had a few concerns raised recently that I'd like to address. I was told Karen was too perfect and good at everything. Which I hate to point out is false. Karen is far from perfect. She can't perform a good healing charm to save her life, she CAN NOT perform wandless magic, I'm sorry I didn't point that out, she's just trying the theory of it out on Harry. Karen reads books, a lot of books, and therefore knows quite a bit. And she loses her emotions most of the time, which tends to interfere with her perspective. If you have questions about her, and her abilities, you're welcome to ask either in a review, on my yahoo! Group, in an e-mail, or IM me.

This is not, and never will be a Super! Power story. I do read them, but I can't write them... Harry is learning things that will elevate himself above most of the deatheaters, and his fellow students. He isn't more powerful than Dumbledore or Voldemort, now that's not saying he won't ever be, the prophecy does imply that Harry is the only one that has power to kill Voldemort, so in a sense he would have something no other wizard, including Dumbledore and Voldemort, has. Truthfully, this training is giving him the confidence he's never had, and really needs. "He could be great," according to the sorting hat.

Now I hate to give this away, but more than one person has raised this issue, Harry will not be able to perform great magic wandlessly. He will be able to levitate things, create a ball of fire (any color he wants) -Just as Lupin did on the train in third year, he will be able to light a candle, and a few other SMALL tricks, but I did give him a

second wand for a reason ahem ahem As always I'm open to answering your questions as long as they don't effectively give away a major event. Please IM me, E-mail me, Review me, or post on my Yahoo!group.

August 12th

Sunlight streamed into the window into Harry's eyes causing him to groan slightly as he turned

onto his side to stave off waking for a few minutes longer. The warmth of Meg, her sleeping form

usually next to him, wasn't there this morning, which is what made Harry open his eyes. She never

got out of bed before him.

It was with this thought that Harry climbed out of bed and made his way into the living room of the

hotel room. The room was oddly dark. The windows were all drawn shut, which Harry could have

sworn were open the night before.

A strong smell of coffee entered his senses as he looked around the dark room. It was when the Light

flicked on when Harry wished he had stayed in bed.

"Hello." Said the woman vampire from the night before. On her lap Meg was softly purring as she

trailed her long finger nails across her back. The male vampire was drinking something out of a

mug, that Harry figured was where the coffee smell was emanating from.

"Er..." Was the only verbal response Harry was able to form.

"The polite thing to do is to greet your guests," Replied the man as he sipped softly from the mug.

"Guests would imply you were invited," Returned Harry looking wearily at the two vampires.

"True," nodded the man a small smile playing at his features.

Harry's eyes traveled towards the window, where a small bit of sunlight was streaming in through

the blinds.

"SPF2000," Smirked the girl.

"What?" Asked Harry, turning back towards the woman.

"SPF... Sun Protection Factor... sun block... oh, never mind, It was a joke," She growled, "Damn

human."

"Right," said Harry uncertainly. "Is there a reason you're here?"

"It would be proper to introduce oneself before moving onto business," Replied the man, placing his

coffee down on the table and standing up while holding his hand out to Harry. "I am Dartagnan

Dardanius Adalrico, you may call me Dar."

"Er, right, I'm Harry," He replied taking his hand and shaking it.

"And I am Shaylee Aloysia Ryann, friends call me Shay, you may call

me Shaylee," She said a

small glint in her eyes.

"Alright," said Harry receding his hand back to his side. "Her name is Megera," he said nodding to

Meg.

"Now that we are introduced, why are you here?" Asked Harry.

"Simple." Replied Shaylee standing up and depositing Meg onto the couch, "We're here to kidnap

you."

"What?" Asked Harry eyeing her critically.

But she didn't answer, instead she moved really fast and threw Harry into the wall.

"Ouch!" Said Harry as he hit the floor.

"SHAY!" Yelled Dar angrily.

"What?" She asked innocently.

"We're suppose to bring him in alive, not dead!" He snapped.

"He's fine!" She said Happily waving him off, "See he's standing up on his own and everything."

Harry had climbed to his feet and scowled at Shaylee as he wiped away a small trickle of blood from

his mouth.

"That hurt," said Harry glaring at her.

"You humans and you're concept of pain, you don't know what pain is!" She growled at him.

"Listen, we're here to take you before the council, you'll be returned here once the decision has been

reached," Explained Dar.

"What decision," snarled Harry as he glowered at them.

"Whether or not to allow you to live," Smirked the woman as she laughed. Dar came up behind

Harry and held a handkerchief over his mouth drenched in Chloroform, easily knocking him out.

"Mortals...they're such wimps," Said Shaylee rolling her eyes.

Harry awoke in a strange room. It was cold, chilling in fact. Black satin sheets were on the bed he

was occupying. Black tulle canopy hangings surrounded the bed in a Princess like setup. Blood Red

pillows littered the bed, and a black duvet cover was folded and draped across the end of the bed.

The bed itself was the most comfortable Harry had ever laid on.

The room itself was a copious space. Large bookshelves occupied each wall. The wall opposite the

bed held a large entertainment center that had a large television and

surround sound system. A black

leather couch and black leather chairs was in front of the large white marble, black cast iron

fireplace with lions claw foot jams. The walls, that were visible, were tinted a greyish black, with red

trimming. A large ivory armoire specially made for jewelry sat to the side of a ebony dresser, that

was parallel to the closet that was blocked off by beaded curtains that were common during the

1960's, and from the looks of it the closet was a walk-in. And the dresser was large and an ebony

color, that was situated next to two large, opened, widow-panned patio doors leading out to a large

balcony where a pinkish light was filtering through them.

As Harry walked over to them he noticed a woman outside sipping out of a black mug. She was

sitting curled up in a comfortable looking chair watching the sun set.
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"So, you're awake?" She asked not bothering to look towards Harry.

"Where am I?" Asked Harry deciding to put off the anger he felt towards Shaylee at being kidnaped

till he knew exactly what was happening.

"You are in the land of Czaritza," she replied simply. She looked back

at Harry who was supporting

a look of confusion.

"Czaritza, defined as the wife or widow of a Czar," Explained Shaylee setting her mug down on the

table and observed Harry critically. "Don't tell me you've never heard of it. What exactly do you

mortals learn in school."

She sighed in frustration. "Czaritza, land created by Merlin to ensure the truce between Magical

worlds, divided into four sections," She stood up and motioned to Harry to come closer. "To the

Northern hills, is Celestial Res Publica, mainly we refer to it as Elysium, the land of the Elves."

"House elves?" Asked Harry looking towards the hills surrounded by large trees. Homes made of

white stone, and wood littered the country side, what caught Harry's attention though is the grass

was a light bluish color.

"I'm sure they would be offended by that," she laughed. "No, real elves, Fucking pacifists, and

always chanting to some imaginary god." She scowled slightly as a sudden humming sounded

through the air. "See, damn elves... SHUT UP! THEY DON'T EXIST!"

She yelled loudly towards

the hills. The chanting seemed to get louder after this pronouncement.

"To the Eastern Plain, Apotheosis, otherwise known as Eden, werewolf territory. I've got no

problem with them really, they keep to themselves, don't chant, all though they have a pesky habit

of inviting the council for tea, and crap like that. That armoire in there was made by them, highly

overpriced, but well worth it. I mean I haven't lost a piece of jewelry since I bought it," she said

Picking up her mug and taking a sip.

Harry was intrigued that werewolves had their own little area away from the wizarding world where

they were isolated and discriminated against, to their own haven where they were treated as equals.

"You are currently in the Infernal Regions, we refer to it as Scheol, we teach vampires here how to

survive, and how to fight. You have to be a hundred years old to be admitted. Sadly not many make

it to that age." She said setting her mug down.

"And to the South, is the Dominus Daemon, or as I refer to it, Purgatory this is where the things

that go bump in the night reside. The creatures that monsters fear.
The things you told yourself

couldn't possibly be real or hiding under the bed and that the light of
day would scare them away.

Creatures that kill not to eat or survive, but to kill for the pleasure of
others pain. To knowingly

choose that path, and like it. To thrive on death and pain. No soul, no
emotions, just the kill. The

extinction of all living creatures is their path, striving to kill all who
dwell in the waking hours of the

day. Those who love, those who hurt, those who feel are their prey.
They are the terrors of the night,

and their numbers grow each day. Some by choice, others by force,
the armies of Dominus Daemons

grow to unmentionable numbers. And we can not keep them at bay
for very long, they'll break

through into the mortal realm, and then we will not be able to stop
them. The Clan of O-RON is the

most dangerous, they have broken through into the mortal realm
before, and a black death groped at

the humans as a plague of the gods, though humans wrote it off as a
disease," she sighed.

"This is Czaritza, welcome." She looked at him. "You will appear
before the council in 22 hours, I

suggest you prepare yourself. You are to stay in here till then." She stalked off the balcony and in a

few seconds Harry heard the door slam shut.

"Great," muttered Harry. "Just Great."

Harry laughed to himself as he put the final book into place. He had gotten so bored that he had

reached for a book only to find that Shaylee's sorting system was a little...strange. They were

arranged by category, Muggle Literature (mainly all about vampires and war), Wizarding History

Books, Magical Theory books, Defense books, and romance novels both Muggle and magical. Then

inside the categories, they were arranged by Letter, then by size. So "War Strategies and Defense"

was before "War and Peace" because it was taller.

So Harry took it upon himself to rearrange them, all by Author name, but not by category, and size

was not at all a factor. It had taken him nearly ten hours, but since he was locked in the room it kept

him entertained.

When Shaylee opened the door a few hours later it revealed Harry sitting on the couch watching

television.

"Here, thought you might be hungry," she tossed him a bag of blood with the words Los Angeles

Blood Bank, type O-neg on it.

"Bloody Hell!" Said Harry jumping off the couch away from the bag of blood.

"What?" Asked Shaylee a bit confused.

"WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!" Snapped Harry backing away from the couch.

"Finest blood I could find, even bartered it from the black market, Human O-neg is hard to come

by," She said glaring at him.

"Blood! I don't drink blood!" Said Harry looking sick just at the thought of it.

"What do you mean you don't drink blood, it's what sustains us, how else do you live?" She asked a

little put out.

"Food! What werewolves eat, and what the elves eat," He said looking at her incredulously.

"They're magical creatures, you're not, I just assumed..." She said a little downhearted.

"You assumed wrong," he said trying to hold back his mirth at the thought that she actually thought

he drank blood.

"Well I only remember dying, not my life as a mortal, and I don't hang out with mortals a lot," she

said disconcertingly. She picked up the bag of blood and disappeared out the door.

As soon as she left Harry let out the small laugh, but also felt mildly bad for the girl. It wasn't until

she returned a few minutes later did he realize she had taken his advice and gotten him something to

eat. Tossing him a foil package that he caught easily.

"The werewolf said you could eat this," she said sitting down.

"Poptarts?" Asked Harry a little miffed, "Not exactly nutritious."

"Well it's just something to tide you over, you'll appear in front of the council in a little under an

hour," she said turning the television off.

"Alright, speaking of, why exactly am I to appear in front of this council?" Asked Harry starting to

eat the strawberry poptart.

"Dar informed them you 'saved' us, though I firmly stand behind my belief that you didn't, they

wish to know why you did it," she said simply.

"I don't know why I did it, why does it matter," said Harry tiredly.

"It matters because they wish to know if we owe you, indebted to a human, unheard of, a disgrace,"

she said disgustedly.

"Why do you hate humans?" asked Harry looking at her skeptically.

"You're all selfish, leave it at that." She said as she stared at him as he ate.

Seven People, including Dar and Shaylee, sat together at a large round table. They were all talking

loudly and most were arguing over what Harry had just said.

"Well if he doesn't want anything we should just let him leave," Said a woman with short black

hair, Harry had yet to catch her name.

"LaLaine, it's not that simple," replied a man with short dirty blonde hair, and a goatee whose name

was Markus.

"There are no unselfish deeds, he claims he doesn't want anything, but he may change his mind later

and try to hold this over us," Said an African American man with black, braided dreadlocks to his

shoulders who went by the name West, though Harry some how doubted that was his real name.

"Why would he claim to not want anything, if he intended to do that,"

asked Dar solemnly. "It

doesn't make sense."

"Humans hardly do," replied Shaylee as she spun in her chair, seemingly bored with the

proceedings. The other vampires nodded and muttered in agreement at her words.

"Listen, I don't want anything, I have this savings people thing, they were in a cage, I merely opened

the door, if I thought it would be this big of a deal I wouldn't have done it," sighed Harry

exasperated. "I certainly don't think I should be arguing for my life."

"Arguing for your... SHAY!" Said Dar snapping at her suddenly, "You told me that you made it

clear that was a joke!"

"Is it my fault the human doesn't know a joke when he hears one?" She asked in a bored tone,

smirking slightly at Harry.

"You are EVIL!" Dar snapped at her, "After he saved our lives, that's how you repay him!"

"HE DIDN'T SAVE ME!" She snapped suddenly. "Here we are holding a council meeting over

some pathetic excuse of a human who didn't even try to stop us from kidnaping him! Didn't even

fight back once I hit him into a wall, and you people think he's worthy enough to grace our halls,

and even talk to us! I am insulted beyond belief. We vowed to stay out of the Wizards' lives, our

truce with Merlin is clear, no interference with the magical world, and here we sit, with a sub-par

wizard who doesn't know when to stay out of other peoples business. Dar let himself be rescued, but

I was perfectly able to leave on my own accord. I OWE HIM NOTHING!"

"Er... I didn't fight back because I didn't know what you were capable of. According to Karen

you're the first vampire she's come across that could preform magic, and plus I figured Dar was

being nice about it, you were just cranky, if you had asked I probably would have come with you,"

explained Harry. "Besides, I was content on never seeing you again, you two broke into my hotel

room, remember?"

"Yes, and you should talk to whoever erected those wards, they don't protect you against the dead, I

mean honestly it was child's play entering your room," Shay responded superiorly.

"Can we get back to why we are here?" Asked a woman of portly proportions with medium length

red hair, whose name was Ren.

"Yes, I say we just kill him and be done with it," said a medium built vampire with short brown

hair, whose name Harry didn't know and was currently sitting next to Harry.

"Oh, I second that," said Shay happily. Dar sent her a glare. "What?" She asked innocently.

"Grr... Enough of this!" Snapped the man as he moved as quick as lightning and ground his teeth

into the nape of Harry's neck, it happened so fast Harry couldn't even react, not even a sound left his

mouth.

Suddenly the man pulled away, or more so Shaylee had pulled the man off of Harry and had thrown

him into the wall.

"WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING!" She screamed at the vampire.

"I was killing him..." he was suddenly cut off as he began to look rather sick. "What the hell..." he

started to shake violently. His eyes became unfocused, and he stumbled slightly.

"Patrick?" Asked Dar worriedly. "What's wrong?"

"I...I," But whatever he was about to say didn't come about, for instead an unhuman like scream

replaced it, and with that Patrick's hand exploded into a fiery pyrotechnic blaze, that soon traveled

up his arm and across his body until the man was nothing more than ash.

"What the fuck just happened?" Asked LaLaine staring at the ash on the floor.

Harry didn't really care at the moment as he felt around in his pockets for his wand, he needed to

cast a healing charm on his now bleeding neck.

"More importantly," said Shaylee turning to face Harry, "What the hell are you."

"Excuse me?" Asked Harry pulling out his wand and performing a healing charm on himself.

"That happened after he tasted your blood, Humans' blood does not make vampires explode!" She

said accusingly, "Elves blood makes us sort of loopy, like we're on drugs for a few weeks, and

werewolves blood tastes like shit, so he would of pulled away right away, so what the hell are you!"

"Er...special?" Asked Harry uncertainly.

"Special. SPECIAL! YOU MADE A VAMPIRE EXPLODE INTO A FIERY DISPLAY!" Shaylee

snapped.

"Technically, he brought it on himself," said Dar suddenly. "And Shay two questions: why do you

care, you hated Patrick."

"I don't care that Patrick's dead I care because I thought this boy was human, not some unknown

thing!" Shaylee replied scathingly at Dar.

"Alright, next question: Why did you pull him off Harry?" Dar asked a smirk playing at his lips.

"The idiot made to kill the human without the councils permission, how dare he assume to make the

decision for us. Our decisions must be unanimous, or most importantly declared official by ME! It

had nothing to do with the human." Sneered Shaylee at the council.

"Well, he's not exactly human," Said Markus suddenly. "We define the term human as those who

vampires can feed upon. It would seem that is not the case with this... Harry."

"Well if he's not human, than we don't have a problem here," Replied Ren happily. "We don't have

anything against owing a favor to a non-human."

"I purpose that we let Harry go than, I mean, if he poses no human threat to our way of life, than

why are we having this meeting?" Said West smiling, "In fact we should show him around, let him

get the full tour of our world."

"Are you all mad! He may not be human in our terms but from his own reaction, he is still human!"

Snapped Shaylee dismayed.

"Shay, he is not a human in our terms, therefore you should be happy, a human did not rescue you!"

Dar said waving her off, "Now Harry, for some reason we can't drink your blood, so you're not a

human in our terms, Henceforth, you may call upon us if you did need a favor, we are always glad

to help fellow magical creatures, and that is what we will classify you as, considering you're blood

is lethal to us." At this he looked around at the council.

"All in favor of this," everyone raised their hands at this except for Shaylee.

"I want to know why we can't drink his blood before I agree to anything," she said crossing her

arms in a huff.

Dar sighed theatrically, "Very well, Harry, tell us about yourself."

"Harry Freaking Potter!" growled Shaylee, arms crossed glaring at him from the chair two down

from him. The chair Patrick was occupying sat empty.

"Well, now we have an idea of why we can't drink your blood," said Dar pensively.

"Basilisk poison flows in your veins," Said Ren reflectively.

"You survived the killing curse... who knows how," Added Markus.

"Phoenix tears are also in your system, they don't just disappear once you're healed," Revealed

LaLaine.

"Not to mention all the wards that protect him," said West looking excitedly towards Harry.

"Well Shay, is that good enough?" Asked Dar expectantly.

"No," she growled unhappily. "He's in a war, a favor would no doubt put us in harms way without

any incentive."

"Well than what do you purpose, Shay! We owe him!" Snapped Dar frustrated.

"An alliance, between us and him, and only him, I will not ally with humans," she said in a

disgusted tone. "We agree to help him, and he agrees to help us."

"Help us with what?" Asked Ren curiously.

"Have you forgotten we are in our own war!" Snapped Shaylee angrily towards Ren.

Ren jumped slightly and seemed to cower slightly under Shaylee's glare. "I... I know that Shay, but

how can he help?"

"I do not know, but the very concept that Harry Potter, the-boy-who-lived, has joined us will greatly

affect the Clan of O-RON, and only should the hum... I mean Harry, need us we will assist him."

Said Shaylee as if explaining it to a two year old.

"That does sound like a good idea, but we would still owe him a favor, Shay, perhaps we should

limit the favor to nothing involving the war," Suggested Dar conversationally.

"Very well," conceded Shaylee. "All in favor?" Everyone raised their hands. "Good now, Get the

fuck back to work!" Everyone but Dar and Harry scattered quickly from the room.

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"See we teach them to fight," said Dar as they watched a class doing some martial art training.

"There are seven levels to learning here. It could take someone years to move to another level, it's

all by their own pace. But everyone must fight if the armies of Dominus Daemons attacks, we could

have defeated them by now if those damn pacifistic elves got over their morals and fought with us,

but they believe that peace and neutrality is the way."

"Hrm..." Harry nodded slightly as he listened to Dar, and watched the vampires learn the basics of

martial arts.

"When they reach the sixth level is when they start to learn magic, not everyone can perform it

though. Shay was a gypsy when she was turned, so she was already predisposed to magic, she

retained it and was able to control it even after she was turned, she taught me," Said Dar as he lead

Harry around the large grounds of the castle, the grass here was a lavender color, according to Dar

Shaylee turned it different colors every few months. How she did this was still a mystery to Dar and

the other council members.

"Why is Shaylee so..." Harry thought of how to word it.

"Bitchy?" Asked Dar happily.

"Er...yeah," Laughed Harry.

"She likes people fearing her, it's mainly an act, although don't tell anyone that might make them

less suspicious when she does something nice," Said Dar smirkingly. "She doesn't hate humans, she

just distrusts them, I mean her only real memory of them isn't pleasant."

"Oh?" Asked Harry as Dar led him towards the light blue hills.

"Shay was turned into a vampire on her wedding day, she was 19, her entire tribe was gathered to

celebrate as was the rival tribe that the groom was from, it was an arranged marriage to ensure a

truce between the two tribes," He sighed, "It was her duty as the daughter of the Monarch to marry

the son of the rival Monarch, she was happy to do it."

"They were half way through the ceremony when it happened. The first vampire, Vladimir Dracula,

a beast of death, attacked them, during daylight and killed almost everyone. What Shay remembers

most though was that while she tried to save her seven year old sister, her father was abandoned by

everyone as he tried to fight the beast off, she had put up a barrier around the children of the tribe

and ran to assist her father but it was too late as he was killed in front of her, then she took on the

beast, but the cowards of her tribe didn't help her, instead they broke through her barrier and

sacrificed the children so they could escape as the beast ripped through them instead. Shay was

killed after watching her little sister die at the hands of the beast, but she punctured the strong hide of

the beast and as it mauled her, its blood entered her mouth, one of the only vampires turned by the

first vampire, she was the one who started the council. It took her nearly five hundred years, but with

the councils help she tracked him down and slaughtered the beast."

"That's horrible," said Harry shaking his head.

"Humans have a tendency to only think about themselves, or at least that's what Shay believes, if it

was your life or someone else they would choose to protect themselves," Dar shrugged. "It's the way

of life."

"I thought Dracula was suppose to be this civilised vampire who only feed on virgin women?"

Asked Harry suddenly.

"You're thinking about later vampires who have taken Vladimir Dracula's name, the one depicted

in mortal films and books, every few hundred years someone comes along and tries to pass himself

off as THE Dracula, Shay can tell you about a few of those," he laughed here, "But the real First

Vampire, was a beast, he killed only to kill, hardly to feed. He had no concept of what he was doing,

it was a beast with a thirst for death. It survived but never lived, as I understand it, it was caused by

a wizard's spell backfiring on himself, what spell no one knows, but it's that folklore that we believe

is the cause for the vampire strain, although Shay thinks it was a combination of a Gypsy curse, and

a backfired curse, although she has no proof on the matter."

"So it's a combination of different vampires that keeps the Dracula myth alive, not the fact that 'he

always comes back'," asked Harry curiously as they entered the small town of Elysium.

"That, and the fact that part of it's true, some of the vampires that end up portraying themselves as

Dracula are dropouts from School, they learn just enough magic so that they can convince younger

vampires that they are this mythical being so that they can gain

power, it's rather pathetic, but

effective, I mean not many know we actually exist, only if you are asked to attend do they even hear

about it, but I digress, the main thing people focus on is that the "Dracula" can be staked and then

revive himself," Dar laughed deeply, "That is the oldest trick in the book, any third level could do it,

you would have to have eaten at least a quart of blood within the week you were staked, which is

why "he" always has parties, but if this is the case, you just have to know the spell to bring you

back, and think it before you turn to ash, you'll return to normal almost immediately, but it

wouldn't help if they were beheaded, or drank holy water, a wooden stake isn't that effective

because of the fact that we can re-materialize after that, which is a good reason why everyone is told

to use wooden stakes." Here Dar laughed, "But I noticed you don't use wooden stakes, so whoever

your teacher is I would highly suggest thanking them, because I doubt any vampires would come

back to "life" after being staked with a blessed knife and forged with holy water," At Harry's raised

eyebrow Dar laughed, "Shay told me, said she tried to remove them

from those invisible sheaths on

your body and got a nasty burn for her trouble."

"Wait, you can see those?" Asked Harry worriedly.

"No, she gave you a pat down, wanted to make sure you didn't have any crosses or holy water on

you," Dar smiled, "Speaking of which, Shay stole your necklace, she didn't think a human deserved

such a cool mood stone." At this Harry reached up to his neck and realized for the first time that his

mood stone necklace was missing, "She was wearing it at the council meeting." Harry scowled

slightly. "I'm sure she'll give it back," laughed Dar as he ushered Harry into the nearest bookstore.

After buying about twenty books, five for Karen, five for Hermione, one for Ginny (all about beauty

spells and non-beauty spell; she was always telling Harry how she wanted to hex Lavender's hair

green), one for Ron (it was a book on how to make your own broom), one for Dumbledore, and the

rest for himself. According to Dar, Harry was the first human, well as close to a human, to enter

Czaritza since Merlin Himself, and he thought that Dumbledore might be interested in a book called

"Non-Confrontational Defenses" written by an Elf named Sitzariquin Taliquist.

It was as Harry was getting ready to leave Czaritza that Shaylee approached him, "I'm keeping your

necklace, it's too feminine for you."

Harry made to argue but was cut off as Shay handed Harry a small box made of stone, "This is

better suited for you anyway." And with that she disappeared.

Harry opened the box to find a silver cross on a long gold chain, picking it up Harry realized that the

middle twisted off revealing a small circular opening that could house a potion vial. Smiling Harry

slipped it on, the cross sat close to his heart, and the chain was almost unnoticeable.

It was then that Dar knocked him out.

Harry awoke a few hours later in his hotel room, the back of his head pounding slightly.

"Damn Vampires," growled Harry into the silence of the room.

Ok that was a hard chapter to write. Hope you liked it... and if you didn't...

Anyway please review. I've been sick also so I couldn't really type with the room spinning...

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"RYBECKI". THANK YOU :)

S.

Harry Who?

August 14th

"Welcome," Said the Nun as she ushered the teens into the Orphanage. "I am pleased to meet you

all, the children were ever so excited to hear that you would be joining us today."

"Yeah, exciting," muttered Chad quietly. A swift kick to the back of his leg, issued from Harry,

quickly silenced him.

"We're happy to be here, as well, We decided to meet the children who we are supposed to be

representing in this little contest," replied Harry, a silent glare sent at the other teens made them nod

and agree profusely to this statement.

"Wonderful, I see you brought your instruments as well, you can set them down in the living room,"

said the nun leading them into a small, dingy room. Battered furniture that had fabric from what

looked like the 50's, was slightly torn and worn from years of use. "The kids will most likely

demand a concert." She said happily, "Now if you'll follow me, I'll introduce you to the kids,

they're just sitting down to breakfast."

Leading the teens through the livingroom and through a dividing hallway they entered the rather

small dining room where about 15 kids sat around a table eating cereal. The Nun cleared her throat

in an "Umbridge" fashion which made Harry internally scowl. The children looked up towards the

nun almost immediately, several sent curious glances towards the teens.

"Children, if I could have you're attention please," Said the nun, although Harry felt this

unnecessary since the children were giving her their undivided attention anyway. "I'd like for you

all to meet the band that will be representing you in the "1996 Underground Battle of the Bands"

contest."

"On you're right is Kelly," She pointed to an girl with blonde hair and about 9 years old,

"Michael," a brown haired boy of 12 years old, "Ricardo," a Mexican American boy of about 7 with

sandy brown hair, "Tiffany," A girl of about 8 with long black hair, "Joshua," An African American

boy of 13, "Jermei," A boy with blonde hair of about 12, "Jean," A girl with short spiky blonde

hair, of about 13, "And on your left," She turned to the other side of the table, "Logan," a boy with

short dirty blonde hair and about 10 years old, "Melinda," a girl with medium length brown hair and

about 9 years old, "Shanan," a girl with long blonde hair and streaks of green that from the looks of

it were from a marker, and about 15 years old, "Taylor," an African American girl with black short

hair, of about 15, "Amanda," a girl with red shoulder length hair, about 16, "Tanner," an African

American boy with no hair of about 14, "Lee," a Chinese American boy with shaggy brown hair of

about 16, "And last but not least is Liz... Um, where is Liz?"

"She ran away, again," shrugged Tiffany, seemingly unaffected by the girl leaving.

"What?" Shrieked the Nun, "And you didn't stop her!"

"She really wanted to leave, said you were a big meany and she would be able to live on the streets

better than here," laughed Melinda.

"She's five years old, you are supposed to look out for her!" screamed the nun, running out of the

dinning room. A few seconds later the door was heard slamming shut after the nun who apparently

had gone out to look for the small child.

"Hrm, wish I had that sort of initiative when I was younger," said Harry idly looking at his friends,

"I think I would have had a better childhood than what I had, living on the streets instead of with my

aunt and uncle."

"Oh come on Harry, living on the streets would have been horrible, no way would it have been

better than living with your relatives," said Paris looking sick with worry over the small child she

had yet to even meet.

Harry snorted, "Some how I think I would have eaten better," Harry shook his head gently, "So I

take it from your reactions the little one does this a lot?" Asked Harry directing the question to the

children who were watching the teens curiously.

"Oh yeah, all the time," replied Amanda waving the question off, "She packs up her blanket, and

her favorite teddy bear and makes it to the end of the street to the playground, that's as far as she's

gotten."

"You do realize that there are horrible people out there who could take her and hurt her?" Asked

Mark looking angrily towards the children.

"Who would steal an orphan?" Scowled Logan, "When we're free to adopt?"

"There are a lot of sick and twisted people out and about," said Brittney crossing her arms, "How

would you feel if she did go missing and you did nothing to stop it?"

"More room in this God-forsaken house," shrugged Ricardo. Almost everyone laughed at this.

"There's a lot more than sicko's out there looking to hurt kids," said Harry in a cold voice, "You'd

be surprised what vial creatures stalk the night."

The front door opened loudly and a small girl was heard screaming as loud falling footsteps

approached the dining room.

"Let me go! Lemme go you big meany! I hate you!" her high pitched voice reached the level only

dogs could hear at the moment she crossed the threshold of the room. A small girl with blonde hair,

pulled into pigtails, was being carried into the room by the nun.

"You are in so much trouble Elizabeth Michelle," Said the nun fiercely. A snort from one of the

other children directed the nun's attention to them, "Don't think you

are out of the woods, as soon as

these nice teens leave you all are grounded!" At this the Nun turned and left the dining room.

They all groaned in annoyance, before shooting angry looks at the small girl, "Nice one, loser," said

Tanner growling angrily towards the small girl.

"I don't see how it's her fault that none of you have a conscience," scowled Brittney.

"She's the one that ran away," Muttered Lee quietly.

"Maybe if you didn't call her names," returned Harry coolly bending down to eye level with the

small girl, "You're name is Elizabeth?"

"Liz," said the girl shyly wiping the few tears away from her eyes.

"Hi Liz, I'm Harry," He said smiling.

"You sound funny," she said clutching the battered brown teddy bear in her arms.

"Do I?" Asked Harry curiously.

"I think she means your accent," said Dylan snorting slightly.

Harry sent him a look that clearly showed that he was stating the obvious. Turning back to Liz he

smiled, "That's because I'm not from around here, I'm from Britain."

"Where's that?" Asked Liz curiously.

"Across the ocean," supplied Paris happily, "Well, now Harry we came here to visit the kids at your

insistence, any clue what we're going to do now? I mean from the way the nun just left us, I would

say we're suppose to entertain them."

"Wait, are you expecting us to just drop everything to hang out with people we don't know?"

Scowled Logan.

"Well, you lot are a bunch of cheeky buggers aren't ya?" Asked Harry standing up raising an

eyebrow slightly at them.

"Well you're a bunch of arrogant jerks, who expect us to drop everything so you can feel better

about yourselves, why don't you go home to your families and leave us poor, pitiful charity cases

alone," Said Jean turning back to her cereal.

"Well, you heard em, Harry, time to go," Said Mark turning to leave. Chad Smiled happily and tried

to follow him, but Harry sent a glare at them that had Mark backing up.

"I..It was only a joke Harry, I wasn't actually consider leaving," he laughed nervously, "So I saw a

basketball court down the street, who wants to play?"

"H...How t..the H.. H... Hell are you so good at this game Harry,"
Asked Chad breathlessly

collapsing on the blacktop next to the spectators of the game.

"No clue, this is the first time I've ever played it," Laughed Harry
throwing a three pointer, and

sinking it.

Brittney, who was acting as referee, sent a Dubious look towards
Harry as she retrieved the ball

from his second penalty shot, before checking it to the center, where
Logan and Jeremy stood

waiting.

"If I had known you were this good," laughed Mark, "I would have
insisted on being on your

team!"

"Haha, sucks to be you," called Dylan as he guarded Lee, "Never
underestimate the god-like being

that is Harry!"

"Shut up!" Laughed Harry tossing his water bottle at Dylan, who
laughed it off. "Next point wins!"

"Easy for you to say," growled Paris, who hadn't wanted to play, but
was rather forced into it when

the teams were uneven, and the fact that Chad had laughed and replied she couldn't make a basket

to save her life, was what got her on His team, much to both their disgust. Although, once Paris

"Accidentally" elbowed Chad in the face, he knew to hold his tongue. "After all you have your own

Cheerleaders!"

Liz had taken an almost immediate shining to Harry and had been cheering for him the entire time,

even when he missed a shot she jumped up and down. Amanda, Shanan, Melinda, Jean, and Tiffany

had all decided not to play and had joined in on the cheering, although they were making up dances,

and as Chad, Mark, and Dylan had come to realize only did them when Harry scored, which made

them scowl in annoyance at Harry. But after Dylan had received a rather hard pass of the ball that

was a "bad throw" to the head, the guys learned to keep their scowls to themselves.

It was a basket made by Ricardo, the youngest one playing, assisted by Harry who had lifted him up

to the basket, that won the game.

"Okay, you guys have two choices, We can either have a rematch, or

we can go have some ice-

cream, my treat," said Harry to the group at hand. Mark, Dylan, and Chad had immediately yelled

rematch, but shut up as soon as they saw the scowls from the children that wanted ice-cream, which

incidentally enough was all of them, including Paris and Brittney.

"Sorry, mates, you're outnumbered," laughed Harry as he turned back to the group at hand. "Okay,

we'll have to tell Nun Christine, because we have to take the bus."

Five bus stops later, and 27 dollars later (bus fee was 1.25 a person) they arrived at Dairy Queen.

The look on the D.Q. workers faces as 21 kids (including Harry and Friends) entered the restaurant

was priceless.

At first the kids were discussing getting some of the cheaper items on the menu, and to Harry some

of the more unappetizing sounding deserts for sale. Sighing, Harry remembered how happy he was

to get a lemon icicle when he was younger, "Guys, it's my treat, order what ever you want."

Chad and Dylan made use of this, ordering as much as they could before Harry smacked them both

on the back of their heads. "Let the kids order first."

About a hundred dollars lighter, and the kids happily chatting around Harry, he sat eating a small sundae.

"You're rich," said Liz in a matter-of-fact tone, sitting down next to Harry.

"To a point," said Harry shrugging slightly.

"How rich?" She asked curiously.

"Well aren't we the curious one, you know it's not polite to ask that," said Harry with a quirk of an

eyebrow.

Liz let out a small giggle as she piled some melting ice-cream into her mouth, "I 'now, 'ow 'ich?"

"Enough to buy you some more ice-cream," Said Harry smiling at the little girl, and handing her a

napkin, "Although it would be better to get the majority in your mouth, not outside it."

"Yo, Harry," called Mark from across the room.

"Yeah," replied Harry turning to face him.

"I'm being attacked over here! They want to hear us play, and I'm afraid I'm about to get slammed

with ice-cream," laughed Mark pretending to cower in fear.

Smiling slightly at Mark, Harry picked up the remainder of his sundae, "You don't say?"

"You wouldn't," said Mark sobering immediately.

A smirk was the only warning Mark received before Paris snuck up behind Mark and dumped a

scoop of ice-cream down his shirt. A high pitched scream escaped his mouth.

"Mate, did you just scream like a girl?" Asked Harry trying to hold back his amusement. An evil

glare was the only warning Harry got before ice-cream was flying his way.

Easily pulling himself and Liz out of the way in a swift motion, Harry scowled at Mark, "Mate,

you're going to have to clean that up! If you want to throw things, go outside! Or are you less

mature than Liz here, who actually knows better?"

That earned Harry some more dodging from flying ice-cream.

August 17th

A spinning kick sent Harry flying into the non-padded wall. A large crater was left, a small trickle

of blood running out the corner of his mouth. Pushing himself off the ground Harry sent a sweeping

kick at Karen's feet that she easily jumped over, but was knocked off

balance as he kicked her in the

stomach as she landed on the ground, as she doubled over Harry pushed himself into his feet in a

crouching handstand flip from his elevated position on the ground, leveling himself onto his feet in a

crouching position. Another backhand spring from the crouch allowed him to avoid Karen's

sidekick aimed at his abdomen.

"I'm glad to see you've finally gotten over that stigma of hitting me," said Karen cartwheeling to

her feet. "But it doesn't mean you'll beat me!"

"We shall see," laughed Harry blocking a punch she had sent his way, twirling so his back was

pressed against her chest, he elbowed her in the face and twisted her arm behind her back.

"OW!" She said before bringing her leg up to hit Harry in the face, he stumbled back slightly, before

Karen sent an upper cut to his chin.

Falling backwards Harry managed to catch himself fast enough to backflip, and send another

sweeping kick towards Karen who was caught by it and fell to the ground hard.

"I'm in pain," said Harry morosely staring at his friends gathered

around the room from his position

on the couch.

"What did you do?" Asked Brittney, as she watched Harry struggling to find a comfortable position

in the backroom of Paris's mother's shop.

"Got beat up by a girl," said Harry closing his eyes as Mark, Chad, and Dylan began to laugh."My

sensei," glowered Harry.

"You're sensei?" Asked Mark sobering up almost instantly, "As in martial arts?"

"Yeah I'm almost a black belt, today she tested me for advancement, it was a full contact fight, and

she said two to three more lessons would allow me the status of black belt," replied Harry.

"Whoa, you must have been studying for years," replied Mark, "I've always wanted to learn Karate,

but my parents think it promotes violence."

"Love is the way of life, man," Said Dylan holding up his hand in a peace sign and in a far-off voice.

"War is just an idealism, man, brute force over talking, man, a way for war mongers to have their

sadistic views spread," Replied Chad in the same tone. Both cracked up as he finished.

"Shut up," growled Mark angrily, "My dad isn't that bad."

"Dude, he wouldn't let you have a cell phone because he thought you were conforming," Snorted

Chad.

"And you didn't have a television when you were younger because he believed the government was

recording you through it." laughed Dylan.

"Mark, I hate to agree with these dunderheads," Said Paris scowling at the two guys, "But he made

you drink wheat grass shakes for years because he was convinced they rendered the government

satellites useless when tracking you."

"He's a little weird, I admit," scowled Mark, "But he's not insane."

"We're not saying he is," conceded Brittney. "He's just a bit... eccentric."

"I know quite a few people like that," said Harry sitting up, the pain relief potion just starting to

kick in. "So what's on the agenda for tonight?"

"Tonight we will be narrowing down the list of songs to the top 10 songs," replied Brittney. "Oh,

Harry, I've had a few comments that said if you lost your shirt during the performance, that you'd

make quite a bit of extra money." Her and Paris laughed together at Harry's slight scowl at them.

888888888

(Simple Plan, Shut up)

888888888888888888

"Good, set tonight, Harry," Said Paris as she locked the door to her mother's shop. The band

congregated outside, waiting for her to finish up closing the shop so they could get something to eat

at the Denny's down the street.

"Yeah, I guess," replied Harry shoving his hands in the pockets of his jeans. "Did you guys notice

those teenagers near the back of the shop? They didn't order anything, didn't dance, just sat there

and every few minutes would scribble something down on a notepad?"

"No," answered Chad, Dylan, Paris, and Mark simultaneously.

"I did," said Brittney sighing slightly, "That was the band, 'Mainstream Propaganda', they're feeling

out the competition."

"How do you know that?" Asked Mark curiously.

"I met their manager at the 'U.B.B.C.'signups, and he must have heard that we got a new Lead

guitarist and Singer," She replied crossing her arms, "And from the looks of it they didn't like what

they heard."

"What?" Asked Chad raising an eyebrow, "I like Harry's songs, they rock."

"I think she means, they thought we were good, too good, considering we are competing against

each other," said Harry shaking his head smiling at Chad's clueless look.

"Exactly, I'm afraid of what they might have been writing down, I mean, I have to submit a list of

songs that you'll be singing by this weekend, and I already alerted the judges that we picked up

Harry, so they really can't try to get us disqualified, and they can't steal your songs Harry, I mean

they would have to be able to figure them out in a little over a week's time," sighed Brittney shaking

her head, "But I do know that they were commenting on Harry, said it wasn't fair bringing in a

foreigner, especially since we'd be playing for a bunch of single, teenage girls."

"Shut up," growled Harry as Brittney laughed and winked slightly.

"I can help you with that Jameson," growled a new voice, "I'll rip out their vocal cords, solve your

problem." Turner dropped down from the sky in front of Harry, a handful of vampires followed suit

surrounding the teenagers.

"Who the fuck are you?" Asked Dylan hotly.

"Where the hell did you guys come from?" Asked Mark curiously looking towards the sky.

"Aren't you guys a little old to be Goth?" Snorted Paris looking distastefully at the group.

"Er... guys, this would be a good time to shut up," said Harry Watching Turner's every move, or

lack there of.

"Dude, what..." started Chad but Turner's laughter cut across him.

"What's the matter, Jameson, not so cocky when the aurors aren't around," laughed Turner smiling

broadly, baring his fangs clearly to the muggle band-members.

"What's wrong with his teeth?" Asked Brittney quietly. She was ignored.

"What do you want Turner?" Asked Harry, a level glare directed at the vampire.

"Revenge, I told you we weren't finished," he growled evilly. "And I

think I'll start by Killing your

little friends."

"You'll have to go through me first," snarled Harry.

"All in good time, wizard, but I like to play with my food," replied one of the woman vampires

huskily.

"You'll go hungry tonight, vampire." Said Harry throwing one of his knives swiftly through the air

and into one of the vampires chest that had made a grab for Paris. A shocked collective gasp came

from his friends, thinking he had just killed someone, when suddenly the woman burst into flames,

and turned to ash with an anguished scream.

"Time to die, Jameson!" Screamed Turner leaping at Harry. Harry did a backflip, kicking Turner

in the process, and landed in front of his friends, His wand flying to his hand, he erected a shield

around him and his friends.

Turner growled in annoyance, "That won't hold us off for long!"

"What the hell are those people?" Shrieked Paris in fear.

"Vampires," growled Harry trying to think of a way to get them out of this.

"That's crazy vampires, don't exist!" Said Mark near hyperventilating.

"Yeah, neither do witches and wizards," said Harry recasting the shield charm to strengthen it.

"Listen, forget everything you've ever been told about magic, and monsters, its all real, and we are

in major danger here, he will kill you, just to get to me."

"Why, what did you do?" Asked Dylan wide-eyed.

"Helped free several dozen of his hostages, and beat him at poker, not sure which pissed him off

more," growled Harry, a faint yelling could be heard outside the reinforced shield. "I'll hold them

off, as soon as I drop the shield, run as quick as you can."

"We can't just leave you here," said Chad incredulously.

"I can protect myself," Said Harry, "But if I have to protect you as well..." he trailed off here, "Just

run, alright. Trust me!"

With that Harry threw the shield off, and pulled his guns and started emptying his clips.

"...And then you ran?" Asked the young auror while interrogating the young teenagers.

"Yes, how many times do we have to go over this?" Growled Mark, "Harry told us to run, so we

did."

"You just left him to fight on his own?" Asked the aurors partner.

"He said he could take care of himself, and he did, didn't he, I mean he kicked the crap outta them,"

growled Dylan in an annoyed manner.

"And you saw Turner run away?" Asked the first auror.

"More like fly, or glide away..." said Brittney in a bored tone.

"Alright, Rodgers, Backisten, that's enough, these muggles need to get home," Said Karen draping

an arm over Harry's shoulders, "Should we erase their memories? It's your call to make, Harry,

they're your friends."

"No, you're right, they're my friends, they deserve the truth," said Harry sighing heavily. "The

whole truth."

"Alright Harry, be careful getting home, and good luck with all that," Karen kissed him on the

cheek, "Good job, tonight, Don't do it again," she cuffed him on the back of the head.

The auror's apparated away leaving Harry and the members of the band alone. "Time to come clean

I guess, I guess I'll start with my real name..."

There ya'll go ;)

Deceitful Trickery

August 23rd

"This is bloody impossible," said Harry turning away from the statue he was trying to wandlessly

blow up. Harry had been successful in only a few of the spells Karen had asked him to try. He

couldn't get any spell over a first year to work with out a wand. And so far only a handful of them

were successful. He was able to conjure a small bit of fire in his hand, that would rest an inch above

his palm, this had been what 'Lumos' had ended up, and to that effect he could change it any color

he wanted, Black was his favorite because it allowed him to see in the dark without giving away his

position like a regular wand 'Lumos' would. He remembered that Remus had done the same thing

on the train in 3rd year. He never did ask how he had accomplished it. Harry was able to light a

candle by concentrating on it, he didn't have to make a move or anything, he would just need to

focus entirely on it to spark the candle into life. And Harry's favorite had to be that he could cast a

levitating charm wandlessly, now that will freak out Dudley! Some other low level spells were able

to be cast, a simple unlocking and locking spell (although wand cast it would be stronger), and

Harry was able to conjure a small bit of wind, Karen said this was progress and perhaps eventually

he could conjure a full Storm wandlessly.

"Well if it's not working then we move on," said Karen shrugging. "It's all theoretical as it is, Harry.

No need to get frustrated, besides, I can't do any wandless magic," she scowled slightly at him, "I

wouldn't mind that fire trick, it would scare the new recruits during 'Hell Week'," she laughed

while moving her hand as though trying to conjure the flames.

"Hell week?" Asked Harry curiously.

"Yeah, it's the week those who graduated from 'Auror School' enter our ranks, the first week

they're here they have to basically watch, listen, and do as they are told. The older Aurors make it a

habit to make them work on the most embarrassing and menial jobs, and there is always a bet to see

who can make one cry first," She smiled at Harry as she stood up from her position on the floor,

"I've won the last two years."

"Erm, I'm not going to have to go through that, am I?" Asked Harry uncertainly.

"No, well unless you want to," she laughed stretching her arm over her head, "But you've already

proven your worth on a couple missions, even if you go through Auror training they wouldn't hassle

you, plus the fact that you're so close to the Head Auror doesn't hurt."

"So have your friends gotten over their shock yet?" Karen asked seriously turning to look Harry in

the eye.

"Paris has, she wants me to show her everything, and she's taken almost all of my Care of Magical

Creature books home to read, Brittney accepts it but doesn't want to be apart of it considering we

have vampires, she'd rather think that if you turn on your light all the monsters go away, she still

wants to be my friend though..." Harry sighed.

"That's understandable, but you explained to Paris that she's not a witch?" She asked curiously.

"Yes, but she's hopeful that one day she'll see Hogwarts," Harry shook his head, "But with all those

Anti-Muggle charms I don't see it happening."

Karen seemed pensive at that, but nodded for Harry to continue.

"Chad and Dylan accepted it, but make fun of me every so often..."
He trailed off.

"How so?" She returned.

"Like, 'Oh no Harry's mad, careful he'll go make a potion to turn you into a bat', or 'Double,

Double, Toil and trouble, Fire burn and Cauldron bubble' then enter a maniac laughter, did I

mention its all in front of strangers?" Harry laughed slightly. "It's rather entertaining."

"I bet," laughed Karen. "What about Mark?"

"He's having more difficulties accepting it than the others, but its not as bad as it could be, at least

he's talking to me, and doesn't run out of the room when I enter it,"
Said Harry shrugging.

"Who would do that?" Asked Karen before she laughed slightly, "Oh right, Dudley."

"Yeah, the summer after first year had to be the best I had spent with them," Sighed Harry, "Even

with Dob..." Harry screamed in pain as his scar exploded into white-hot stabbing pains, falling to

his knees his hand flew to his scar, a cool wet feeling met his palm as he felt his stomach turning

over, begging to release his breakfast. Images flew across his mind,

Karen's voice far away was

barely audible.

"Harry...clear...okay?"

Harry was standing at the ticket counter, asking the woman when the first flight out of the

country was...

"... Are... mind... bleeding!"

Harry was in the Gap looking at the Do and Don't clothes...

"Harry Clear your mind!"

The pain was overpowering as more memories flew to his minds eye, he tried to clear his mind...

"Harry... hear me?"

Harry was hitting a punching bag, the gym trainer smiling while talking to him...

"Harry! Stupify!"

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Harry awoke on his back a few minutes later. Small dots of various colors swimming in front of his

vision. He moaned slightly.

"Shh... don't move Harry," said Karen moistening a washcloth and dabbing his forehead lightly

around his scar.

"What happened?" Asked Harry warily closing his eyes to quell the dizziness.

"Well from the screaming and the fact that your scar's bleeding, I would say you were attacked

mentally," Karen said taking care around his scar, when pulled back it was drenched in blood.

"Bleeding?" asked Harry warily. "It's never done that before."

"It hasn't?" She asked curiously.

"No, it's only ever hurt, or when almost possessed, hurt like hell," said Harry trying to sit up again,

and only with Karen's help was it achieved.

"Well, what do you remember? Did you fight back at all?" She asked worriedly.

"Just some random memories, I was in the Gap, buying my plane ticket, working out... What?"

Harry noticed Karen pause in her cleaning of his scar which had stopped bleeding, and her pale face

and a panic in her eyes.

"He knows where you are?" Her voice was a deadly whisper.

"Er..." thinking back to the memory he didn't hear or see his destination, but did that mean neither

did Voldemort. Snape had said he only saw bits and pieces of the memory's when in Harry's mind,

so was that true for Voldemort as well?

"Harry?" Her voice had a slight hysteria in it.

"N... no, I don't think he does, he just knows I bought a ticket somewhere," said Harry trying to

stand up.

"So he knows you're not in England," she still looked paler than usual.

"I guess, why did he stop?" Asked Harry rubbing his scar slightly.

"I tried to stun you, it shuts off the brain except for the necessary functions, but you shouldn't have

been able to get up until I revived you, but you did," she said uncertainly.

"Strange," said Harry shaking his head a little.

"Yeah, are you sure he doesn't know?" She insisted.

"No, but I'm almost sure," he said. "I mean there was the gap, but those are in quite a few countries,

the signs were in English though."

"Well, then we just have to make sure he doesn't figure out where you are!" Said Karen decisively.

"Yeah! Er... wait how are we going to do that?" He asked suspiciously.

She smiled evilly at him.

"Oh, this can't be good."

Ireland, a town called Waterford City. It was a sea-based town, and a handful of pubs that housed a

vast amount of varying patrons. It was in a pub called Distilled Water, roughly translated that is,

that a excited conversation was quickly rising in volume.

New York, New York, the shopping center The N.Y.W.S.C, was a buzz with excited rumors flying

around.

Sierra Leone, a pub was in the outskirts of the capital in the main wizarding shopping center,

TreLanca Lane, a witch reporter was in the loud commotion of the less than drunk civilians.

Trinidad and Tobago had similar events. The tumult chatter spreading quicker than any rumor at

Hogwarts ever did.

Diagon Alley would soon be experiencing the same thing.

It was mid-afternoon in Diagon Alley. People were hurriedly doing their shopping, it was very busy

although signs were posted in every window declaring they would be closing early, some as early as

3 p.m.

Madam Malkin's wasn't any different. A large sign declared that she was closing at 4 p.m., no

exceptions scribbled largely at the bottom. So a large crowd was gathered in the store, many were

waiting in line to be measured, and by the looks of it they had enlarged the store to accommodate the

vast crowd, Many were students waiting to be measured for their school robes. Among them were

Dean Thomas, Neville Longbottom, Lavender Brown, Susan Bones, and a few fifth years Harry

recognized as Gryffindors but didn't know their names. It was this shop that Karen, dressed in a

black mini-skirt with a white spaghetti strap shirt, black trench coat and knee high black boots, her

hair was spelled to Blonde with pick flaming tips, decided to enter. Trinity who had come along for

the trips, was wearing a pair of black strapped sandals equipped with a ½ in heel, her black shorts

were almost indecent in their shortness showing off her tanned legs, her black tube-top showed off

her midriff, her pierced bellybutton, and her moon tattoo. On her

arms were separate sleeves made

out of nylon. She had changed her hair to short spiky blonde with blue highlights, she had done this

joking to Harry that he now had two hot blondes on his arms.

Entering the shop, Harry spotted his fellow Gryffindors talking animatedly together. Trinity and

Karen who had bonded almost immediately went over to the clothing racks and started looking

through them.

"So me mum says, I don't care if all your friends are going," scoffed Dean. "It's ridiculous really,

Diagon Alley isn't going to be attacked."

"It could be," said Harry, "But Voldemort's a little busy looking for me at the moment." Harry was

near the four sixth years, who hadn't noticed him looking at some robes on a rack. Or rather didn't

know it was Harry because Susan and Lavender had been watching him and giggling quietly to each

other.

They all flinched slightly, but Dean turned around and scowled slightly at Harry, "Do you mind this

is a private conversation."

Harry raised an eyebrow, "A little testy this morning, are we Dean?"

At Deans confused look he turned to Neville who was brightly smiling and pushed past the confused

Dean and enveloped Harry in a friendly hug, "Mate, we thought you were dead, or worse!"

Getting out of the hug Harry raised an eyebrow at Neville but before he could speak Dean

interrupted, "Neville, you know this guy?"

Neville turned to Dean and gave him a look to clearly state he was an idiot, "Well lets see, we've

only shared a room at Hogwarts for five years, watched him play Quidditch, and were taught Defense

against the Dark Arts by him!"

"Harry?" Shrieked Lavender, her mouth dropped slightly and her eyes wide open.

"Er... hey Lavender, whats up?" The shop had gone quiet, every eye had turned towards the five

teenagers.

"God Potter, didn't recognize you," Said Dean shaking his head. Dean had done it on purpose

calling him by his last name. But it had the desired effect the shop broke out into excited whispers.

"Amazing what some sun and relaxation can do for one," said Karen

coming up from behind Harry,

"They didn't have anything I liked."

Trinity came up behind her and laughed, "Well they did, they just didn't have her size."

"Well, I'm not about to wait in line for a pair of dress robes when I have 30 at home," shrugged

Karen, "You ready to go?"

"Er... yeah," Shrugged Harry, "Oh, Karen, Trinity, these are some friends of mine, Neville, Dean,

Lavender, and Susan."

"Hi, nice to meet you," said Karen smiling at them.

Dean and Neville were in shock as Trinity kissed them both on the cheeks, "Any friend of Harry's is

a friend of mine, Nice to meet you," she said nodding to the two girls.

"I'll see you guys on the first," said Harry nodding to them before following the two girls out of the

shop, and disappearing out of Diagon Alley.

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August 24th

"Well it had the desired effect." Said Karen sighing heavily as she pushed the stack of different

newspapers towards Harry.

HARRY POTTER SPOTTED!

For the duration of the summer Harry Potter has been missing from his relatives home. His

disappearance was discovered by Minister Fudge when he went to visit our young hero.

Distressed the Minister sought out Albus Dumbledore in hopes he would know where the-boy-

who-lived was currently residing. When the Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and

Wizardry replied that he was unaware of Harry Potter's location the Minister took swift action

and alerted the public in hopes of locating him.

Yesterday Afternoon Harry Potter, the-boy-who-lived, was spotted in Diagon Alley. Not only

did he make an appearance, but he had company. According to various witnesses he was

accompanied by two blonde, very attractive, teenage girls. Who they were is a mystery, but

according to Trina DisAple, 34, "They were very close, if you know what I mean"...

"They're all basically like that, but not one had a picture," sighed Karen massaging her temples

slowly.

Harry scowled as he looked up at Karen, "I didn't realize we were out to make a rumor that I was

dating two girls at the same time."

"Well, that was unexpected!" Snapped Karen.

At Harry's shock at her snapping at him she sighed, "The auror's here were aware of our little scam,

they know I was one of those girls."

Harry studied her for a minute, "Don't tell me they believe this rubbish?"

"Some do, others think it's funny and are just teasing me about it, Either way the laughing and

talking stop when I enter a room, it's very frustrating!" She scowled slightly.

"I'm sorry..." Started Harry but Karen cut sharply across him.

"It's not your fault! Don't apologize for something you had nothing to do with. I have to deal with

the press all the time. Sometimes its flattering, most times it's not. It's just a way to sell papers," She

shook her head slightly, "They'll get over it in a day or so," she laughed evilly here, "I'll make sure

of it!"

"Care to elaborate?" Asked Harry slightly worried at that gleam in her eyes.

"No, because you're going to be on the receiving end as well. You are technically an Auror," she smirked.

"Great," sighed Harry he didn't like that at all.

"Oh, Before I forget Harry, what time does this concert of yours start on Monday?" She asked while reaching for her day planner.

"Er... 7, why?" Asked Harry curiously.

"I want to get there early to ensure a good view," She said scribbling down the time in it.

"Your going?" Asked Harry astounded. "Y...You don't have to."

"Of course I'm going," She said observing him slightly. "If I had to go to my Brother's 3rd grade

President's Day Pageant, Where they sang stupid songs and danced around like idiots, why wouldn't

I go to your concert?"

Harry pursed his lips, "Is that a crack at my songs?"

She smiled slightly, "Maybe."

"I don't dance," huffed Harry.

"Sure ya don't." She laughed and motioned him to follow her.

"Welcome, and Good Morning!" Screamed Karen enthusiastically to the gathered witches and

wizards on the large field. It was 5 a.m. and the sun had yet to rise. Even the birds were still asleep.

A grumbled response came back from the crowd.

"Oh come on now, you can do better than that!" She said perkily.

Again a mumbled response met her words. She crossed her arms and observed the crowd, "Fine lets

wake you up!" She took her wand and pointed it at the crowd, a jet of icy water flew out and

drenched everyone it hit. Cries of shock sounded throughout the crowd, Except from those around

Harry who were protected by the shield he erected to stop the water from hitting him, she had done

the same thing to him to many times to count.

"There we are," she laughed, "Now I said GOOD MORNING!"

"Good Morning!" responded the crowd, most scowling at her.

"GREAT!" she said Happily. "Now welcome to what I will call Gehenna Day!"

The Auror's looked at each other slowly before turning their attention back to Karen.

"It's come to my attention that a lot of you have too much time on your hands!" Here she glared

around the group, "So I thought to rectify the situation!" Smiling evilly she continued. "So I've

gathered the entire Department, including my apprentice, and the entire Auror school!" She waved

her hand lazily at a group of thirty-five people, all ranging from ages 18-34. They were mainly those

surrounding Harry. Most of them were eagerly watching Karen.

"Now my brother, Peter Markus Parker, who works in the Charms Department will alert us if we

are needed," she said happily.

"Peter Parker?" whispered one of the younger male trainees.

"He must have been made fun of a lot!" Laughed another trainee, a girl of 20.

"Perhaps his nickname was Spiderman," Karen said glaring at the trainees.

The trainees looked abashed at having been caught. "Right, lets go I want 20 laps from everyone!"

She looked towards Harry and over the disbelieving moans of the Aurors addressed him, "Except

you Harry. I want our normal 30, no need to give you a light day." Harry scowled slightly, before

taking off at a run.

"Well don't just stand there watching him! MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!"

The trainees were the next to follow, then the older Aurors. Harry had made it around the field three

times before the first trainee made their first lap. Karen wasn't running yet, instead she was

conjuring various items and placing them in the middle of the field. It was on Harry's 12th lap,

against everyone else's 5th, that Karen joined in the running. It wasn't long before she settled into a

stride next to Harry.

"So, how you doing?" She asked Happily.

"Better than them," Harry nodded towards the group who was coughing and walking around the

pitch.

"To right you are, Lawson, Matters, Twestle, MiGinny, go sit down!" Called Karen as she and

Harry Passed them. They were in their forties maybe early fifties and didn't look to good. They

slowed down to a walk, nodded, waved at Karen, and moved over to the middle of the field where

there was water waiting for them.

It wasn't long before Karen had instructed most of the older aurors to retire to the middle of the

pitch. Most had only made it to 8 laps, and a few made it to 10. The trainees however were forced to

continue on, considering they were Less than half their betters' ages. Although Karen soon took pity

on them and allowed them to stop after they reached 15 laps. Harry however was forced to do his

30. He had finished before the trainees had gotten to their 13th lap. Which made Karen rather angry.

"That was pathetic! You call yourselves aurors?" She addressed the older aurors, before turning

towards the trainees, "When I was in Auror school they made us run 10 laps everyday! I was under

the impression that was still a requirement, so anyone care to explain why you looked winded after

the FIRST lap?"

No one made to comment. Most were still too winded to talk, others looked to ashamed at

disappointing the Head Auror, and hopefully their future boss.

"I see, and what's even more pathetic is that Harry had to do twice as many laps as you and he

finished BEFORE you!" She scathed.

"Karen to be fair, I've been running all summer, and I'm use to your... training," said Harry calmly.

"I did not ask your opinion," she snapped at him.

Harry shrugged his shoulders slightly and walked over to the table housing the water, leaving Karen

left to yell at the trainees some more.

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"No, I heard he was in New York, my pen-pal said she was in the N.Y.W.S.C. that day, swears she

saw him," said one of the auror's-in-training.

"That's ridiculous, how could he jump from New York to Britian? His friends identified him," said

a female near the age of 20.

"A portkey could have transported someone easily," said Harry nonchalantly. He had just finished

the obstacle course that Karen had set up and was drinking a Gatorade.

"See, it's possible," said another male around 22.

"Yo, Harry! Stop making friends and get your ass on the next course!" Screamed Karen.

Harry waved mildly at her as he took another sip from the Gatorade Bottle.

"Merlin, she's hard on you," said a girl, probably 19 or 20, "You're her apprentice? How'd you get

that?"

"Got sucked into a case," shrugged Harry. "And she's not that bad, she just likes to make me hate

her."

"Five minutes with her yelling like that at me and I'd hate her," said the girl flipping her ponytail

behind her.

"Oh, you haven't seen anything yet," laughed Harry. "Good luck, you're gonna need it before the

day is through." And with that Harry took off at a sprint towards the next course.

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"So, you're in pain?" Asked Trinity sorting through the clothes rack closest to her.

"Yeah, she was brutal," sighed Harry pulling out a pair of jeans he liked.

"Oh I like those," she said tossing a shirt at him. "How bout these, do you think Pink would look

weird on me?"

"Er... considering you usually stick to neutrals, a little," shrugged Harry. They were currently back-

to-school clothes shopping. Mya, Jason, and Jessica had retired to the food court to rest while Harry

and Trinity had headed over to another store.

"Well, you have to remember about that dress code of yours," she smirked a little here.

"Wait, how do you know about the dress code?" Asked Harry raising an eyebrow slightly.

"Karen called me up, said I should remind you of it, don't want you getting in trouble now do we?"

She laughed, "She sounds like a mom, more than the Head Auror."

Harry frowned at Trinity, "I don't think she does."

"Okay," said Trinity rolling her eyes. "Whatever, but what is this dress code, anyway?"

"It's nothing overbearing really. I got away with my old clothes." Sighed Harry, "But I have to have

a few dressier pants and shirts to wear underneath my school robes, Jeans are okay, and I need

dressier shoes, not tennis shoes."

"We are NOT going to the Gap," said Trinity pausing in her search of the discount rack she was

currently sifting through.

"I wasn't suggesting we do," said Harry tossing a pair of jeans her

way.

"Good, Now honest opinion, If I slit this shirt here, here, here, and here, and wear this under it, how

would it look?" She held up two shirts and indicated to different places on the shirt.

"Have to see it to judge properly," said Harry mildly, "Besides I'm a guy remember, not really a

fashion expert over here."

"I wanted to know if it was hot, not fashionable."

"Definitely," Was Harry's response.

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The band was taking a quick break. The place was filled to max as Paris's mom was happy to report

to the crowd. Turning people away at the door, because the fire code deemed it unsafe.

"Okay, so everyone ready for the big concert?" Asked Brittney as she sipped her strawberry

smoothie.

"Yes! I can't wait," giggled Paris excitedly.

"Dude, It's going to be Awesome!" Said Chad giving Dylan a high-five.

"Did you find out what that band was writing?" Asked Harry seriously.

"Yes, it was a petition to disqualify us, they purposed our songs were stolen, and that you were not a

real member of the band," Said Brittney shrugging. "The contest officials ruled they had no proof to

stolen songs, and that I had already filed a claim to you as a member of our band. It was over in a

matter of minutes."

"Why weren't we told?" Asked Mark curiously.

"It worked itself out, besides you guys seem to overreact to these kinds of things." Sighed Brittney.

"I resent that, we do not overreact," said Dylan.

"You guys beat up my ex-boyfriend when he slapped me," Said Paris idly.

"We had every right to do that!" Said Chad hotly.

"You egged and tee-peed our Principal's house when he suspended Mark," sighed Brittney.

"It was a frame Job, Mark didn't deserve to be suspended!" replied Dylan huffily.

"Okay, what about the time you broke into the school to plant stink-bombs in every part of the gym

because ONE Basketball player called me a skank?" Asked Paris.

"Or how you dug up the entire football field and place fake

headstones with the team members

names around the field when the Varsity Quarterback accidentally knocked me over in the hall and

didn't stop to help me up?" Asked Brittney.

Harry laughed to himself, "You guys did that?"

The guys looked guiltily at him, "Wicked," he laughed. "I have some friends who have a joke shop

that you Have to meet. Those pranks would be nothing compared to what those two could come up

with."

"Are they... like you?" Asked Mark.

"Yes," said Harry withdrawing from Mark slightly. He suddenly felt like he was facing the

Dursleys.

"Mark, would you get over this stupid fear of yours?" Scathed Brittney.

"Harry, don't take it personally, he's afraid because of something that happened when he was 6,"

scowled Paris. "Stop making Harry feel like you hate him!" She smacked him lightly.

"What Happened?" Asked Harry. A quick glance around the table showed noone eager to tell the

story.

"Eh, fine, I went to a magic show when I was 6," said Mark sighing,
"The one time my parents let

me have a party, and to do something normal." He ran a hand
through his hair. "I was invited on

stage to help with a trick, considering it was my birthday. I was
suppose to say the magic word to lift

this caged tiger into the air. But when I said the word the tiger went
nuts and somehow broke out of

the cage..." He trailed off there.

"Bloody Hell," said Harry trying to hold back his shock.

"Well noone was seriously hurt, but I don't like magic! Its wrong and
just dangerous," scowled

Mark.

"Er... well that was illusions, not real magic," sighed Harry.

"Yeah, but you have Vampires in your world! Whats next Werewolves,
Zombies, Hags?" Shivered

Mark.

"Well..." trailed off Harry.

Mark's eyes became rather round, "Don't get me wrong, every
werewolf I've met has been decent,

although I've only met 2, but my friend Remus, you met him, he's a

werewolf."

"He was?" Asked Paris excitedly.

"Yeah, has been since he was a little kid. Hags aren't common, and I'm not sure about zombies, that

has yet to come up in any Defense Against the Dark Arts Class." Said Harry shrugging slightly.

"I don't like magic, no offense Harry, you're great, but its not something I can just be okay with,"

sighed Mark.

"Okay, as long as we're still friends," said Harry a little nervously.

"Yeah, we're cool, as long as you don't turn me into a frog or anything," laughed Mark.

"Amphibians are hard, how about a dog instead?" Asked Harry half serious, half joking.

Mark looked rather sick at the idea.

"Come on, your break was over 3 minutes ago," said Paris's mom, "The customers are getting

antsy." She said as she got close to the band. And with that the band returned to stage.

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OKAY LONG LONG LONG WAIT FOR THAT CHAPTER!

Sorry!

Contests Crashed

August 26th

Indistinguishable rock music blared in the background of the small music shop, Flip Side Records, as Harry perused the stacks of CDs in some last minute shopping. Today was the last day of his vacation. Tomorrow, he would be leaving for Britain. It was with mixed feelings that Harry dwindled the time away before the 'contest' at the mall. It was a strange feeling being able to walk around in freedom without having to deal with people whispering about him in either the Dursley induced paranoia or the star struck frenzy.

Tomorrow he would return to a world where he was either loved or hated because of his name, not because of who he was. This summer was the best of his life, and he doubted he'd have survived the depression of Sirius' death without the knowledge that he had went out and gotten the training he needed, and made the discovery of just who he was. He was a normal teenager in America. He was worried about normal things here. Occasionally his other life leaked into this one, but it was still separate to a point. Karen had been a major help in the past few months. She had become like a sister to him, and he knew she felt the same way for she had told him on many occasions that he was her brother in everyway but blood, and if she had a choice she'd kick her real brother out of the family and take Harry instead.

Harry was just finishing picking out around twenty CD's when he spotted Trinity walking over to him.

"Hey Trinity," said Harry smiling as he picked up his pile and moved towards the register."

"Hey," she said trying to smile, but failing.

"What's wrong?" Asked Harry a little concerned, Trinity always had a

smile on her face.

"I don't want you to leave," she said sadly. "I know it's weird because we've only known each other for a month and a half, but you're one of my best friends."

Harry laughed, "Well you're one of mine as well, and it's not like we'll never see each other again. Karen wants me to come back for Christmas Break, some kind of training she was a little vague on the details, and I might sneak out for Halloween, Trick-or-Treating sounds fun, and we can always write each other. My cell won't work at Hogwarts."

"Yeah, I know but we can't just hang, And what's more is that you'll miss my rave!" She pouted.

"What rave?" Asked Harry as he passed the CD's he was purchasing to Lou.

"I didn't tell you?" She asked perking up a bit, "It's my turn to host a rave. I get to find the entertainment, the location, refreshments, and make the directions."

"What's hard about Directions?" Asked Harry he had only been to one rave before and it didn't end to well, but it had been relatively simple to get there.

"Yeah, I always make it a puzzle, so only if you really deserve to be there do you get to go. Also makes it exclusive, mine are always looked forward to. Last year I had 'Slayer' play a 30 minute set to open the rave; it was in an abandoned cave in Roswell, New Mexico. Everyone wore green and silver." She smiled, "It was fun."

"Sounds fun," said Harry nodding to Lou as he left the store.

"Yeah, this year I have Equilibrium playing a couple songs, they just

got signed to a record Label, I have a feeling they're going to sell out, and so I wanted to get one more performance while I still like them." Sighed Trinity, "Problem is I don't know where to have it."

"I want this theme to be dark and mysterious; everyone will be wearing Black and metallic blue. I don't want it to be in another cave, but I don't know where to have it. Do you have any ideas?" She asked hopefully.

"I've never thrown a party before, but I'll think about it, when is it?" Asked Harry as he led her towards the exit where his motorcycle was parked.

"September 6th, the Saturday before school starts," she said, "but the invites have to go out on the 3rd."

"Alright, I'll think about it, see you tonight?" Asked Harry.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world!" Trinity laughed as she waved goodbye to him.

"So are you guys excited for the concert?" Asked Harry smiling at the kids.

"Yeah!" They shouted together as Harry passed out the concert passes.

"Alright, now you're going to stay out of the Mosh Pit right?" Harry laughed as most of the kids shook their heads no.

"Liz you're going backstage with me so you don't get crushed or lost, is that alright?" He asked the small girl.

She nodded her head happily as she held onto the pass as if her life depended on it.

"Alright, I arranged to have a bus pick you up at 5:30 don't be late," As they chorused that they wouldn't be Harry left the small orphanage.

"Well congratulations Harry," Said Karen smiling at him, "You made Black Belt!" She said handing him a small black belt in a frame.

"I thought you'd like to have proof, I have your other ones too, I had them framed together, this one is separate with a certificate to show your status. When you make different degrees you get more." She said smiling. "Mine are in my parents house, they seemed to intimidate guys when they came over, so I gave them to my Mom."

"Wow, these are great," said Harry smiling as he looked at the simple yet elegant belt that showed he wasn't helpless.

"I'm glad you think so," she said happily. "Now, as for your training during school I would like to keep it between just us. My government has just ruled that we aren't entering the war effort against V...Voldemort, and I'd rather not deal with politics because of it. I want you to call me with your schedule so we can figure out when we can meet and where."

"Er... my phone won't work at Hogwarts," said Harry uncertainly.

"Oh, right." She sighed dejectedly. "Well we'll figure something out. But," she smiled here, "You get to chose what we do on our last time-traveling training session."

"Can we work on how to create spells?" Asked Harry happily, "We discussed it at the beginning of the summer, but never got to it."

"Ah," she laughed, "Yeah, your wandless magic took precedent, but since we've moved as far as I think we can in that area for now, I don't see why we can't start this, although," she said smirking slightly, "We need to go over a mass amount of theory, before any practical application."

"How much theory?" Asked Harry already dreading her answer.

"Enough so you don't blow yourself up," she said seriously. Harry's mind immediately jumped to Luna's mother who died because of her own spell creation.

"Sounds like a good plan," said Harry nodding to himself.

"Good," Karen nodded, "You'll need paper and pen."

It was with great sadness that Harry closed his school trunk. It had been retrieved from the closet where it had lain unused for the last six weeks while he had been in America. While it had been a normal size trunk when he had arrived in America, it now was expanded to eight times its normal size. Karen had offered to help him make it large enough to house Meg comfortably during the long plane ride home. The trunk was now similar to the last compartment of Madeye Moody's trunk. A small fireplace, in a comfortable living area, adorned the wall. A few well placed charms allowed the fire to burn, yet never leave the small grate, to ensure the trunk wouldn't accidentally catch on fire.

The expanded size also allowed Harry to store all of the possessions he now owned. It was amazing how much he had accumulated over the past few weeks. While for the past 15 years of his life he had only the clothes his Aunt gave him, his photo album, his broom, invisibility cloak, his 2-way mirror, and his school books/books, and a few other odds and ends given to him by his friends. As he was packing He found out that his book collection had grown to a sizable amount, nearly a hundred books were arranged around the small room, not counting the dozen books he was giving away. His clothes filled up an enlarged closet that had surprised him when Karen and he had been creating the room. It was unthinkable that merely a few weeks ago all of his clothes were too big, and worn from having belonged to Dudley first. Those pants Harry used to own had been thrown away,

while the large shirts were donated to the orphanage for the children to use as paint shirts.

Now his clothes fit him perfectly and while he had about 4 pairs of pants, two pairs of shoes (his decaying tennis shoes and his school shoes) and perhaps 10 shirts. He now had 20 pairs of jeans, 5 pairs of khakis, and 4 pairs of dressier pants; he had a grand total of 15 band tee-shirts, 20 regular tee-shirts, 10 long sleeve shirts, 5 muscle tees, 6 button up shirts, 10 hoodies, and 4 different pairs of tennis shoes. Not to mention all of his belts, chains, and various necklaces and earrings for both his piercings.

The only possessions that were not in his trunk were his clothes for the concert and the following day, and his electric guitar. His motorcycle was already shrunk and placed inside the trunk for safety. He would be traveling by apparition to the concert. Levitating the trunk into the small front room of his suite, he made another round to make sure nothing was left behind; he would be leaving early the following day and did not want to be trying to pack at the last moment. Meg, who was currently sleeping on the couch, would be loaded into the trunk before he left in the morning. The trunk would then be shrunk and put into his pocket. He had reservations about placing the small kitten into a trunk then shrinking it, but after Karen assured him the cat wouldn't be hurt or even realize the difference- this was of course what Harry guessed she said since she went into a long technical explanation of size perception and the dynamics of the different spells that ensured that nothing was damaged when shrunk- did Harry agree to put his pet into the trunk.

"Alright Meg, I'll see you later tonight," said Harry petting the small ball of fluff after he had changed for the concert. "And tomorrow we'll be leaving to go home, where you'll meet Hedwig, and other people who wish to kill me." Harry sighed before muttering to himself as he ran a hand through his hair, "And I don't mean the death eaters."

He knew very well that his homecoming would NOT be as easy as

walking into headquarters and saying "Hey, what's for dinner?" Slinging his guitar over his shoulder he apparated away.

"Harry, oh thank God, we were worried you weren't going to make it," said Brittney in a panic.

"Sorry," Replied Harry, "I had to find Liz." He said indicating to the small girl, small rivulets of tears were still running down her cheeks from when she was crying.

"Did she get lost?" Chad asked. His eyebrow rose slightly towards the small girl.

"Not exactly," said Harry sighing slightly, "She had lost her ticket, tore her room apart looking for it, and missed the bus here. We had to take a taxi here."

"And the others didn't wait for her?" Paris asked angrily.

"They claim they didn't notice that she wasn't on the bus," said Harry growling slightly.

"I swear those kids have no feelings! Little sociopaths!" Paris said in a huff of anger.

"Who is a little sociopath?" Asked Karen approaching the band.

"No one Karen, she just thinks they are," said Harry smiling at her.

"Alright," she said Happily.

"Harry, we're going to go get ready, I'll take Liz with us," Said Paris, as Brittney ushered the band to the right.

"I just came to wish you luck before the show," Said Karen as she leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek.

"Wait, I thought that was why we were here," came a new voice in mock outrage.

Groaning slightly Harry turned and found two very familiar people.

"Tonks, Remus, what are you doing here?" He asked sending a sharp glance towards Karen who was trying to look completely innocent.

"We can leave if you don't want us here," Said Remus solemnly.

"Of course he wants us here!" Tonks said sharply, before hitting Remus lightly on the shoulder. "Don't you Harry?"

"No not really," muttered Harry. Although seeing the affronted look on her face at that Harry explained further, "Well I don't want to be here either... I was tricked into it!" He sent a look towards the band who looked sheepish, except for Mark and Chad who tried to whistle innocently, but failing miserably because they couldn't stop smiling. Rolling his eyes at the two he turned back to Remus and Tonks, "But as long as you're here... might as well stay, but one word of this to anybody, especially Dumbledore, and I will have purple werewolf stew." It's not that he didn't want Remus and Tonks there, it was more of he didn't want anyone from his old life there, so he could take it to the grave with him. How else was he ever going to live this down? Especially if the press got wind of it.

Before either could reply Karen spoke, "You don't have to worry about them telling Dumbledore."

"And why is that?" Harry asked suspiciously.

"Because he's here," she said nodding towards the large crowd. And true to her word was not only Dumbledore, But professor McGonagall as well. Both were dressed in wizarding robes, although

in this crowd they blended in, and were looking around as if they were searching for someone.

"Oh no, they must have followed us!" Said Tonks burying her head in her hands! "We are going to be in so much trouble!"

"You're going to be in trouble? He'll tear threw you to get to me!" Harry said a little louder than he had intended.

"I knew I shouldn't have gone through official channels to get a portkey arranged for you two," Karen sighed to herself.

"You arranged?" Tonks asked, her head snapping up immediately. "MERLIN'S GHOST! You're Karen Parker? I read your book on Auror training techniques; it's what finally helped me pass the Auror's exam." Tonks was absolutely bubbling, her hair changing colors as she talked excitedly. "Your take on incorporating both Muggle and magical defense methods to improve our war strategies was astounding. Although my instructor disagreed," she added apologetically.

"Yes, most older aurors disagree on combining the Muggle and magical worlds defenses. And most of them have been censured to years of Muggle hating and have submerged themselves into magic to avoid it. Even Muggleborns have lost contact with even the simplest Muggle convinces." Replied Karen.

"Could we Focus on the problem at hand!" Snapped Harry.

"Don't get your knickers in a twist Harry," Karen laughed, "Oh I've been waiting all summer to say that!" Harry scowled at her.

"Relax, I cast a repelling charm, Dumbledore won't come this way, besides he's to busy following that replica of Mr. Lupin here," she said happily.

"I would prefer Remus, as I told you before," said Remus nodding his head slightly towards her.

"Harry!" A voice called happily before he was enveloped in a hug.

"Hey Trinity," Harry said getting out of the hug. "Mya, Jason, Jessica."

"That's a HUGE crowd out there!" Jason said looking out again into the crowd. "...Is that Albus Dumbledore?"

"WHAT? Where!" Asked Jessica frantically searching the crowd.

"Over by the concessions stand," He said pointing.

"Oh my GOD! That is him! Do you think he'd sign an autograph?" She asked excitedly!

"Oh!" Said Karen enthusiastically, "They can distract him by asking for autographs!"

"Distract him?" Asked Trinity pulling a face, "Why would I want to get an autograph? I'm not Jessica."

"Hey!" Said Jessica indignantly.

"Oh come on Trinity, you have to admit that it would be an honor meeting THE Albus Dumbledore," said Mya.

"If she was impressed by names, it would be a bigger honor to meet THE Harry Potter," said Jason.

Trinity nodded towards Jason, "A valid point."

"Trinity just do it, please! Just keep him from heading backstage," said Harry.

"Oh fine," she said sticking out her tongue slightly, "Good luck tonight," she kissed him lightly on the cheek. "Come on cutie," she looped her arm threw Remus's and began to drag him towards the Crowd that was dancing to the current band on stage.

Jason did the same to Tonks and with Mya and Jessica (who had been chatting rather to friendly with Brittney) trailing behind them entered the crowd. A sudden beeping sound echoed from Karen's belt.

"I told them to only page me if it were an emergency!" She growled, "Someone better have lost an appendage, or else someone WILL lose an appendage." She took out her cell and excused herself in search of somewhere private to make her call.

"Harry you're on in 5 minutes!" Said Brittney as she left to tell the other band members the same thing.

"Geesh, I thought they'd never leave!" Scowled Shaylee as she and Dar dropped down in front of him. It took Harry everything he had not to jump at their sudden appearance.

"Oh Merlin, not you as well!" Moaned Harry in embarrassment.

Shaylee smirked broadly. "Ah, I do love embarrassing people, it's so much fun... and Dar was getting a little to easy to embarrass."

"Shay," said Dar in a warning tone, however Shaylee merely ignored him.

"The world doesn't revolve around you human," Said Shaylee slightly scowling at Harry.

"Shay, he's not classified as human, as we've gone over countless times, please stop calling him that," Said Dar in an exasperated tone.

Again he was ignored.

"We are not here to see you, human, I am here to boo these bands off stage, I do it every year," she said proudly, "You would think you humans would learn not to perform without talent."

"Speaking of which, did I hear correctly? You're to perform tonight?" Asked Shaylee with a maniacal gleam in her eye.

"It doesn't bother you that this is for charity, and that those who perform are doing it out of the kindness of their hearts?" Asked Harry a little miffed.

"I left the tomatoes at home," she said shrugging slightly, "does that count?"

Dar laughed, "You only left them at home because they threatened to ban you if you brought them again this year."

"I hate posing as a human," Shaylee replied scowling, "They have such ridiculous rules!"

"Well, you could always take out those contacts and come as yourself, then again the aurors in the crowd might try to kill you," shrugged Dar.

For the first time since they appeared in front of him Harry noticed their appearance. It was a subtle difference that allowed the two ancient vampires to pass for human. Where their normal golden eyes laid, were colored contacts that tinted them into a brownish color that could pass for normal. Their normal pale skin was tinted a light-brownish color, most-likely a faux tan- however Shay was able to withstand the sunlight in Czaritza so perhaps it was not false.

"Why are aurors here?" Asked Harry curiously. Karen hadn't mentioned bringing any with her.

"They're here every year," Said Shay conversationally. "This is a feeding ground for vampires and demons. Really, all these healthy teenagers packed into a small place, working up a sweat. If I wasn't so appalled by Humans, I would be in heaven."

"Shay's never been one to feed off humans, and even when she did she barely ate enough to survive," said Dar frowning.

"They taste funny!" Shay insisted.

"I always found them to be rather delectable," He replied shrugging slightly.

"Well you do have horrible taste, I can't fault you for that," she scowled crossing her arms.

"Well I have to agree with you there. After all I'm interested in you," Said Dar smiling slightly.

"And you wonder why you've gotten nowhere with me in 1,454 years," She said glaring at him. "It's a wonder you were ever married, less than twice!" And with that she stormed off in a huff.

"No matter what I do she won't let me get anywhere with her," sighed Dar. "At least this way I get to watch her walk away." He said checking Shay out as she stomped out of sight.

Harry laughed as he turned toward the stage, "You remind me of my friend Ron..." He had turned back to find Karen where Dar had been standing.

"Talking to yourself?" She asked raising an eyebrow slightly.

"No, I was talking to..." Harry trailed off, he had yet to tell her about the Council or Czaritza.

"Yourself."

"No, I was talking to someone, and I turned away, and they disappeared," he said helplessly.

"Sure you were," she said in a non-believing tone. "Perhaps you're finally having some side-effects to those pills I've been slipping in your food." She added in a barely audible tone.

"What Pills?" Snapped Harry sharply at Karen.

"What? Oh it's nothing Harry, forget I mentioned it," she said waving him off.

"Forget that you've been slipping pills into my food without my knowledge?" Harry asked her disbelievingly.

"Oh it's really nothing, they were just a mix of growth hormones, vitamins, and weight pills so you would gain some weight, you were really skinny when you first came here," she said offhandedly.

Harry stared at her in disbelief.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have combined them, next time I'll read the labels." She said smirking, "Although the Viagra I slipped in shouldn't have any unwanted side effects."

Harry knew she was joking, she wasn't very good at delivering hooded jokes, "Well that explains a lot," he muttered, "Trinity and I have been going at it like rabbits."

"WHAT!"

Harry smirked at her, it was so fun getting a rise out of her. However, he should have known a joke like that would get him in trouble,

because as it turned out Remus's hearing was better than he thought. For as both Tonks and Remus arrived they overheard his comment, and by the pale look on Remus' face, he didn't realize it was a joke.

"Oh dear," said Karen barely controlling her laughter. "Are we too late for the Birds and the Bees talk?"

"And if so," added Tonks with an evil smirk, "Are you open to dating older women?"

"I try to be funny, and look where it gets me," scowled Harry. Remus, who was slowly returning to his normal color let out a slow steady breath.

"Well, you can't be cute and funny," said Karen smiling, "Why the girls wouldn't be able to keep their hands off you... then again that Viagra would be useful then."

"Ha Ha, very funny," Harry replied sarcastically.

"Harry!" A fierce whisper called. "Get On Stage!" Harry turned to the voice to find a frantic Brittney motioning to him. The rest of the band was already on stage, and by the looks of it had been for a few minutes.

"I can't go on stage!" Said Harry frantically towards them. "Dumbledore will recognize me!"

Another loud beeping sound issued from Karen's belt. "Damn it!" She said angrily. "They beep me, yet when I call them back they don't answer! Why beep me if you're not going to answer the phone!"

"Wait, I got an idea!" Said Tonks happily pointing her wand at the stage where a large explosion of fireworks went off obscuring the stage in a blinding light, the band who had begun the intro to the song, "Out of Control" (Out of Control, Hoobastank) was mildly

stunned at the display, however were able to keep playing if only out of shock.

"How is that suppose to help?" screamed Harry over the even louder explosion that followed, "That's attracting attention TO the stage not AWAY from it!"

"Oops?" She said in a questioning tone.

"Harry, now or never!" Said Brittney shoving his guitar in his hand.

He let out a frustrated growl of irritation before apparating on stage (thoroughly freaking out the rest of the band) before the pyrotechnics disappeared. However, Chad seemed more freaked out by the change in Harry's hair then his sudden appearance.

As almost like a defense mechanism, Harry's Hair had grown nearly four inches, and added a few streaks of both red and blue colors to it, almost completely obscuring his face from the crowd.

Harry barely made out Chad mouthing "What the Hell happened to your hair," before he had to begin playing the guitar and beginning the first verse. However, Harry did notice out of the corner of his eye Karen talking to a very shocked Liz.

"I want to thank the bands who participated in tonight's contest," declared the announcer. "Porcelain dolls, Kamikaze Pilots, Drunk But Sober, Litehouse, Instant Gratification, Mystic Spiral, The Grilled Cheese, ForkSpoonKnife and Plate, Coulrophobia, Bitches of Eastwick, Soccer in the Sky, Pop Star Vinyl, Damnation Insinuated Existence, Mainstream Propaganda, Bloody Rain and Brick Wall Meets Car."

"Now band members of Limp Bisket," A loud roar sounded from the crowd as they stood up and waved from their table across from the stage, "has voted for the best band here tonight, As everyone knows

it came down to three great bands, Give it up one more time for Pop Star Vinyl, Mainstream Propaganda, and Damnation... Insinuated... Existence," The announcer had paused between each word, and the crowd grew louder and louder.

"Oh crap," said Harry realizing just what that meant.

"Wait, does that mean we..." Started Paris.

"No, it couldn't..." Replied Mark.

"Pop Star Vinyl was way better then we were," Said Chad.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Brittney, "We haven't won anything until they say we won, and you were way better then Pop Star Vinyl!"

"And now for your Winners of the Best Band, and the Opening Act of Limp Bisket! And the winner is..." The mad took out a small envelope and broke the seal as he unfolded the results a smile broke out on his face, "Damnation Insinuated Existence!"

A loud roar from the crowd drowned out the full name of the band, but for the band behind stage an argument had broken out.

"No, I'm not going out there!" Said Harry shaking his head vigorously.

"Harry, you have to! They'll want to interview the entire band," said Brittney trying to push him on stage.

"Exactly!" He said restraining her. "If I go out there I will be recognized, I can't disguise my voice!"

"It appears one of the band members has stage fright," laughed the announcer.

Harry scowled at him, "Oh yes, that's why I was able to perform

tonight in front of hundreds of people," Harry's voice carried enough for the announcer and people close to the stage to hear him. A few twitters of laughter could be heard.

"Let's all give him a round of applause to encourage him to return to the stage," said the announcer with a slight venom to his voice.

The crowd erupted in a thunderous applause that was deafening, a few cat calls accompanied the noise, although they were hard to hear over the applause.

It also made the struggle behind stage impossible to hear, as two large stage hands literally picked Harry up and threw him on stage. Stumbling slightly Harry turned a glare towards the stagehands whom were high-fiving Brittney who had an evil smile on her face.

The applause started to die down as Harry walked towards the announcer and the rest of the band.

"Well, now that we have the whole band present, why don't you tell us about yourselves," said the announcer smiling.

"Well," started Paris excitedly, "I'm Paris I play keyboard, this is Chad our bass guitarist, Dylan on electric guitar and our technical genius for when we use DJ equipment, Mark our drummer, and Harry our lead guitarist and singer. We're of course Damnation Insinuated Existence, DIE for short."

"And how old are each of you?" Asked the announcer smiling at Paris.

"I'm 16, Mark's 17, Chad's 16, Dylan's 17, and Harry's 16," she said Happily.

"Are the others mute?" Joked the announcer.

"Perhaps if you asked a question that required a brain," muttered Harry, although the microphone picked it up. The entire band, par Paris laughed, various members of the audience did as well.

"Well it seems we have a joker among the band members," said the announcer sourly. "Why don't you tell us a bit more about the band... your songs are interesting, a lot of angst, care to tell us where the inspiration came from?"

"Not particularly," said Harry a slight glare at the man.

"What he means," said Paris stepping between them, "is the songs are rather personal, drawn from bad experiences he doesn't wish to relive."

"He's not as articulate as you," said the announcer with a flirty smile towards her.

"Try not as nice," laughed Dylan.

"Dude, keep pushing him, he'll kick your ass," laughed Chad.

"He's tougher than he looks," laughed Mark, "No offense," he added towards Harry.

Harry rolled his eyes at them. "I'm sure he is, why don't you tell us about the charity you're supporting..."

Harry's focus wavered from the questioning to backstage where it was obvious Karen was trying to capture his attention. Her hands were flailing in obvious panic in order to draw his undivided attention to her.

She was mouthing something, however Harry had no clue to what it was. Obviously she realized she was getting nowhere as she gave a suffering sigh before holding one of her fingers up to tell him to wait

just one second. She disappeared for nearly a minute before returning. However, she wasn't alone.

Deatheaters.

It was now obvious what she had been trying to tell him as a bloodied man in a robe and white mask hanging loosely around his neck was thrust in front of her, tied and gagged. He was barely conscious from what he could tell.

Karen gave Harry a dubious glance before pointing towards the crowd and raising her fingers up to indicate nearly a dozen were still in the crowd.

Harry gave her a dumbfounded glance, wondering if the deatheaters could be really stupid enough to wear their robes in such a public place. Not to mention the thought of whether or not Dumbledore and McGonagall were aware of their presence quickly infiltrated his mind. Not to mention his worry of whether or not Trinity, Mya, Jason, and Jessica, along with Remus and Tonks were alright.

"I'm sorry are we boring you Harry?" Asked the announcer snidely.

Harry's eyes scanned the crowd slowly, the lights were dimmed just enough to pick out a few people he knew, Mad Eye Moody was surveying the crowd near the port-a-potties, Shacklebot was talking to the muggle security guards and had a picture, no doubt on of Harry, displayed to them. Then his eyes traveled to another figure he recognized, she was not decked out in deatheater garb, nor was she wearing her normal autocratic wizarding robes. Instead she was wearing muggle clothes, in an obvious attempt to fit in. But Harry would never forget the sneering face of Bella Lestrage, and it was obvious that once their eyes met, she would never fail to recognize the hate filled eyes of the boy-who-lived.

She drew her wand quickly and the green light sailed rapidly threw

the air. However, it was headed for Harry but the members of the band instead. It was only thanks to the intense training of Karen that he was able to move fast enough to pull Paris out of the way before the spell could hit her. Mark's Drums however were not as lucky as the spell slammed into them and exploded in a green fire. Harry was quick to retaliate as a stunner and disarming charm flew towards Bella.

"LESTRANGE!" Harry screamed as he jumped into the stunned crowd, quickly followed by Karen who had grabbed the microphone from the announcer.

"Code Black, Code Black! Aurors into formation NOW! Get the muggles out of here!" She screamed loudly as she started blocking curses from several black cloaked individuals. It would seem only a few deatheaters were trying to blend in.

Pandemonium rang out as several Aurors apparated on stage and started screaming at the crowd to get out of the area via the exits. An auror Harry recognized from the poker game personally grabbed Liz, and lead the band members and Brittney backstage.

Harry pushed past several confused muggles in pursuit of Bella whom had dived out of the way of Harry's spells. He had lost her in the crowd. However, he had given away his position to the other deatheaters.

"Avada..." the deatheater never finished as Shaylee appeared out of nowhere and clearly ripped the poor man's head off, large gusts of blood spurted from where a head once stood. The deatheater never knew what hit him. Later Harry would find out that that Death Eater was Jugson, but right now Harry only cared about finding Bella. The whole reason he was in America, the reason Sirius was dead, she was here in this crowd somewhere, and he wasn't about to let her get away.

"Stupify!" A spell came flying at him, but Harry was far too fast for the spell as he raised his shield and reflected the spell back on the caster. The deatheater, a new recruit by the looks of it, didn't have time to move and was duly knocked unconscious. The crowd was nearly gone by this time, the aurors main concern being to avoid muggle casualties, before engaging the deatheaters. However, that didn't mean no one was fighting. It turned out that both the Order and the Deatheaters had sent approximately the same amount of people to search for him.

Karen, who was dueling four or five deatheaters at the moment was still issuing orders via a 'snorous' charm to the handful of aurors still around the park.

"Potter!" A familiar voice yelled as a handful of spells flew over Harry's head. Mad Eye Moody quickly made his way over to him. "We've got to get you out of here!"

"I'm not leaving till I find Lestrage!" Shouted Harry scanning the deatheater's around him currently battling Order Members, Shaylee was being pulled out of the park by Dar, but not before throwing a deatheater nearly 20 feet after he had attempted to slay Shay. Several Aurors were now entering the fray as the Muggles had all but disappeared. Trinity and the others were nowhere to be found, and Harry prayed that they had been able to leave the park.

"Now is not the time to settle grudges, You're in danger!" He growled at Harry grabbing his arm.

Harry yanked free before he turned his wand on Mad Eye, "I'm always in danger!" Harry snapped angrily. "But, I won't let Sirius's killer get away with it! Nor will I give her the satisfaction of making me run and hide again!"

And with that, Harry apparated onto the stage in order to have a better view of the crowd. The stage lights had been turned off,

however the park was illuminated in a bright, unnatural light cast most likely by Dumbledore. It took little to no time to locate Bella Lestrangle, she was near the center of the park fighting Trinity. Mya, Jason, and Jessica were nowhere to be found. From the blood trail running down her cheek, it was obvious Trinity was losing the fight.

Harry tried to apparate, however he found that nothing happened.

"Damn it!" He said Angrily realizing someone must have cast an anti-apparation ward. Not wanting to reveal his 'shimmering' ability before he had to, Harry jumped from the stage and took off at a dead run towards Trinity and Bella's fight. Spells of every color flew at him as he conjured various shields to block them, the echoing screams of both deatheaters and light wizards alike filled his ears. But at the moment none of that matter, his only goal was to reach Trinity before it was too late, he was not about to let someone else die, merely because they were friends with him.

He saw it in slow motion, Bella's mouth forming the words, the green light forming at the tip of her wand and then the unspeakable cold that filled him when the spell entered the air, sailing towards Trinity who was in no shape to dodge or even try to block it.

"NO!" Screamed Harry as a large :CRACK: sounded in the air causing everyone to turn and stare; despite themselves and the ongoing fights they were engaged in, as the anti-apparation wards fell and Harry disappeared, and reappeared directly in front of Trinity. The green light hitting Harry square in the chest.

The entire park was dead silent as Harry dropped to his knees...

The seconds ticked by like hours before a single sound was made, "You're going to have to do better than that, Lestrangle!" Harry's head snapped up as did his wand as he cast "Crystialis" towards her, a jet of icy blue color sailed towards the shocked woman, she barely had time to move when she left her stupor, her hand was all that was hit.

It quickly froze, leaving a look as if it were crystallized.

"Don't attack my friends!" Growled Harry sending another spell towards her.

"How are you still alive?" she screamed as he sent her own spell towards him.

"Voldemort's asking the same question!" He screamed back as he threw a few stunner's her way.

"How dare you say his name!" she screamed in fury as she threw a black colored spell his way. Harry spun into the air and flew over the spell before landing in a martial art crouch. The Black spell flew into a deatheater spectator. He collapsed in painful screams.

"Oh, looks like baby Potter learned a few new tricks!" she said with venom in her voice.

"More than a few," said Harry holstering his wand and apparating two feet away from her. She was surprised far to much to react any quicker than she did, Harry had grabbed her non-crystallized hand, and conveniently enough her wand hand and twisted it behind her back until there was a loud crack.

"I usually don't hit women," growled Harry, "But seeing as how you're trying to kill me... I think I'll bend that rule!" He flipped her to the ground painfully hard. Several Deatheaters had shaken themselves from their shock at Harry surviving the Killing Curse, yet again, to send various curses his way. A overpowering pain overtook Harry in his scar as if Voldemort was trying to claw his way out, which caused Harry not dodge out of the way or raise any defense towards the oncoming spells. Luckily only a slashing curse was able to make contact with him, slicing a large cut in his right bicep, across his stomach, and a couple of places on his left leg.

Harry retaliated by sending a teal colored spell Karen had taught him that tore through shields like tissue paper, and inflicted multiple lesions upon the recipient. It was mainly used to bring down people who hid behind shields during a fight. If the lesions weren't tended to quickly they would begin to expand causing mass amounts of pain to the inflicted.

Lestrangle had disappeared, no doubt apparating away so that she could lick her wounds and fight another day, but that still left a large amount of deatheaters behind. The fighting had started up again as the bloodshed grew. Harry had still no clue where Dumbledore, or McGonagall had disappeared to, all he knew was that Trinity needed medical attention. Raising the most powerful shield around them Harry raced over to her.

"Trinity!" Harry said catching her as she dropped to her knees.

"Harry," she said breathlessly, "I...I w..wouldn't leave you behind."

"Trinity," Harry said again a little calmer. Taking a deep breath as he cast several cleaning charms on her wounds, the few healing spells he knew wouldn't do much good on them, however they would help a little.

"Where are the others?" He asked trying to keep his voice from shaking as he cast the strongest healing charm he knew.

"R..Remus forced them to leave, they tried to stay and help, but Dumbledore..." she stopped as it was too hard to talk. "She tried to kill a child..."

"Yeah, that's what they do," scowled Harry picking her up, all the while thanking his efforts and Karen's training in lifting weights, he doubted he would have been able to pick her up at the beginning of this summer.

"Parents... deatheaters... didn't know... sorry," she said as she passed out.

"Harry!" Karen called as she appeared by his side.

"Karen! Thank Merlin, Trinity needs a healer!" he said not giving much thought to what she had said before passing out.

"Give her to Jacobson," she said as she reflected a spell back on a deatheater.

Jacobson, who had been following Karen grabbed Trinity as Harry's shield gave out, and quickly apparated away. The fighting was dieing down and only a few deatheaters remained, It would appear that Dumbledore and McGonagall had re-arrived and upon their arrivals the deatheaters fled.

"V...Voldemort showed up!" She said as Harry sent a stunner at an open deatheater. "Dumbledore made him retreat!"

"That explains the headache!" Said Harry a little woozy from the blood loss from the gaping holes in his body. Karen had to literally hold him up by draping his arm over her shoulders.

"Harry!" called a voice.

He froze as he looked up. By now the fighting had ceased, and only the aurors and Order members were left. The few deatheaters that were captured were being gagged and handcuffed by the American aurors, and as such were being read their rights. The unfortunate ones that met Shaylee and Dar were lying on stretchers being covered by white sheets.

Nearly a dozen Order members were looking at him, some in awe, others in anger, but most were in shock, not only because he fought and survived the killing curse again, but because he looked so

different from the last time they had seen him.

"Harry," Dumbledore repeated. A conflicted look was dancing in his eyes, one of joy and the other of anger, neither out weighed by the other.

Harry looked into each of the Order Members eyes slowly before again meeting Dumbldores. He pushed himself away from Karen and stood up as straight as he could.

"I think I hear my courage calling me, better go see what it wants," and with that he apparated away.

Karen let out an irritated sigh, "Healer Harry! You need to see a healer." She apparated away as well.

Leaving the Order members to turn accusing eyes on Tonks and Remus. "What?" They asked in unison both looking as guilty as they felt.

Home again

August 26th evening Harry's perspective:

"Damn it!" He said angrily realizing someone must have cast an anti-apparation ward. Not wanting to reveal his 'shimmering' ability before he had to, Harry jumped from the stage and took off at a dead run towards Trinity and Bella's fight. Spells of every color flew at him as he conjured various shields to block them, the echoing screams of both deatheaters and light wizards alike filled his ears. But at the moment none of that matter, his only goal was to reach Trinity before it was too late, he was not about to let someone else die, merely because they were friends with him.

He saw it in slow motion, Bella's mouth forming the words, the green light forming at the tip of her wand and then the unspeakable cold that filled him when the spell entered the air, sailing towards Trinity who was in no shape to dodge or even try to block it.

"NO!" Screamed Harry as a large :CRACK: sounded in the air causing everyone to turn and stare; despite themselves and the ongoing fights they were engaged in, as the anti-apparation wards fell and Harry disappeared, and reappeared directly in front of Trinity. The green light hitting Harry square in the chest.

The entire park was dead silent as Harry dropped to his knees...

COLD.

When Harry was asked later on that would be the way he would describe the spell. The green light seemed to wash over him. Seconds felt like hours as he watched it absorb into the slightly tanned skin of his arms, and disappeared into the black tee-shirt he wore. It felt like he had walked through a ghost, only the feeling didn't go away, and it was colder. What had Shaylee said to him, "There is no cold, like the chill of death." Was he dead?

PAIN. SCREAMING.

No he couldn't be dead; there was no pain when one died. Who was screaming? He wasn't, yet the voice sounded familiar. Not that of his father or Sirius. It was far too deep to be his mothers as well. Yet, so familiar an echo from the past. The pain and screaming was not coming from where the killing curse had hit him, but from where all the pain in his life stemmed from, the scar upon his forehead.

The screaming stopped and the cold started to leave his body as Harry realized he had yet to breathe. Taking a deep breath he realized. I'm alive.

"You're going to have to do better than that, Lestrangle!"

Harry felt wonderful. No, Harry felt powerful.

"Harry, I know you just proved the laws of magic wrong, yet again, but you have to stay still!" Admonished Karen as she and the man known as Marcus ran their wands around him in sporadic circles, occasionally giving each other a meaningful look, before continuing on.

"I know. But still, I think it's because I'm alive that I feel so good," said Harry Buoyantly. He didn't care if he looked foolish in front of them, frankly he felt invincible at the moment and a little embarrassment wouldn't send him ducking out of sight as it normally would have. Confidence that was his new word to describe this elated feeling.

"No, it's not." Karen said, looking rather shocked as Marcus pulled out layers of parchment from beneath several long, black feathered quills that were scribbling furiously on their own accord, and handed them to her shaking his head in amazement.

"What'd I miss?" Harry asked, the elated feeling slightly dissipating,

however still present... he oddly had an urge to do a cartwheel.

"Your first level has increased dramatically from the last time we tested you, and it would seem your other levels increased by 2, which is very strange, not unheard of, but very rare." Marcus said rocking happily on the balls of his feet.

"I should get hit with the killing curse more often," said Harry happily jumping off the slightly raised platform he had been standing on.

"No, you shouldn't. I don't think you actually survived the killing curse," said Karen frowning slightly.

"So now I'm dead?" asked Harry slightly confused.

"No, that's not what I'm saying," she said slightly furrowing her brow. "You said you heard screaming..."

"Yes, but that's not unusual, It could have been on Old Snake face's end of the link," shrugged Harry smiling, "Old Snake Face, I like that!"

"Riddle, you're a boy, go to Hogwarts
Study in the school, gonna be a great wizard some day
Got your muggle dad's face
You big disgrace
Castin' your spells all over the place
Singin'
'Tom will, Tom will shock you!
Tom will, Tom will shock you!'

Riddle, you're a young man, bad man
Got a new name, gonna take on the world some day
Opened Slytherin's place
You big disgrace
Wavin' your wand all over the place

'Tom will, Tom will shock you!'
Singin'
'Tom will, Tom will shock you!'

Riddle, you're an old man, weak man
Killing for some life, gonna cheat even death some day
You ain't got no face
You big disgrace
A baby went and put you back into your place

'Tom will, Tom will shock you!'
Singin'
'Tom will, Tom will shock you!'
Everybody
'Tom will, Tom will shock you!'
Tom will, Tom will shock you!'
Alright!"
(sung to we will, we will, rock you!)

"Is he going to be okay?" Asked Karen raising an eyebrow slightly at a Harry who was starting to sing the song again as he twirled around in circles like a 5 year old.

"Just some residual side effects from losing a soul fragment, should be back to normal in a couple hours," said Marcus happily.

"Soul fragment?" Harry asked sobering up immediately. "I lost part of my soul?"

"No dear boy, according to the tests, your soul is quite intact... at least I think so, I mean we've never been able to precisely locate ones soul, but compared to the test results to that of wizards that were 'Kissed' by a dementor, your relatively in perfect health, though you're a little underweight," said Markus as he handed Karen more parchments that she seemed to have permanently glued to her hand

as she rapidly read them.

"Wait, I don't understa...."

"It relatively simple, actually, Your lack of magic in your level one was not due to the killing curse as we had originally thought, and this black taint on your aura reading was apparently not remnants of that curse..." Said Marcus as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Wait, what?" Harry asked more confused then before.

"On your first test Harry," began Karen looking up from the papers slightly to meet his eyes briefly before turning back to his test results, "We ran into several oddities. Having never examined a survivor of the Killing Curse, and you reporting no ill effects, we had noted them as possibly caused by the Killing Curse... however it would seem our hypothesis was rather wrong."

"All very exciting really!" Exclaimed Marcus exuberantly. "I say, this could open wonders for research into..."

"Obliviate," Karen said in a bored tone. She waved her wand at the long, black quills which immediately started on fire, taking any record of the tests with them.

"Karen dear, how marvelous to see you!" Exclaimed Marcus as he recovered from the daze-like state he had entered after the memory charm hit him.

"You as well," said Karen nodding slightly to the fire at hand.

"OH DEAR!" He shouted before puling out his wand and extinguishing the flames. "Now how did that happen?"

"Faulty thing, weren't you due for a new one soon?" Asked Karen politely. Harry trying to keep the straight expression had to bite on his

tongue hard not to openly gape at her.

"Yes, Yes, although I don't see why it would catch on fire," he said perplexed.

"Well, we'll let you get to it, Harry just wanted to say goodbye, he leaves for Brittan tomorrow," said Karen smoothly. "He wanted to also thank you for helping him earlier this summer."

"Oh, no problem my boy, no problem, pity we couldn't perform the iteranray test," he licked his lips at the prospect, "I have time now if you would like..."

"No thank you Markus," said Karen scowling slightly.

He sighed loudly, "Very well," and he turned back to the scorched feathered quills, as Karen grabbed Harry and pulled him out of the lab.

"Okay, what the hell is an iteranray test!" Asked Harry a little perturbed at Marcus' want of performing it.

"Trust me, Harry; you do not want to know!" Said Karen shaking her head slightly.

"Oh come on tell me," Harry pleaded, a slight elation feeling returning to him.

"Let's just say it involves you turning your head and coughing." Said Karen smirking at Harry.

"Alright, so you're saying that the test you originally took, had a black spot representing a taint on my aura, one you had never seen before, and that you assumed that it was a result of the killing curse, and the link between myself and Voldemort supported this theory," said Harry summing up a half an hour conversation they had been having in his

hotel room.

"Yes," Karen replied nodding slightly. "However, the new tests prove us wrong."

"Okay, how?" Harry asked perplexed.

"Alright, the black spot is no longer present. Now this, according to the first theory would be impossible, for if the first were correct the black spot would have expanded, not dissipated. Therefore, it was not created by the killing curse, which means you had something darkening your aura before, or after the killing Curse. Now, to have such a spot is in direct relation to the Darkest of Magic," Karen explained.

"Which is why you thought it was caused by the killing curse." Said Harry understanding her reasoning.

"Exactly, however I now have a new theory," said Karen drawing a steadying breath while looking at Harry assessingly.

"Which is?" Harry asked leaning forward slightly.

"Do you remember the Diary you told me about, from your second year," she asked hesitantly.

"Not something I'd likely forget," scoffed Harry.

"Right, well since you told me about it, I've been trying to find out how it was created. That's an impressive bit of magic, and it's bothered me ever since you told me. How could it create life?" She paused only to meet Harry's own confused look. "Magic can't create life. No matter how you spin it..."

"But Voldemort..."

"Was alive when Wormtail helped create a body for him," she said cutting him off. "Magic can not create a soul. Every living thing from the smallest blade of grass, to even the vilest wizard alive has a soul. It ties us to the Earth and our bodies. You can't survive long without it, When 'kissed' those who are lucky die right away, but a few are left with their vital functions, their bodies are just there... essentially alive, but without a soul they can't feel, they can't think, they just are."

"So here's my dilemma, how was the diary creating one?" She paused her, letting it sink in to Harry's thoughts.

"It wasn't," said Harry in a monotone, a cold feeling rapped through his body. "It already had one. Voldemort placed his soul into the diary?"

"Close," said Karen slightly, "He wouldn't have been able to survive without a soul..."

"But then..."

"Pieces Harry, soul fragments, Voldemort found a way to split his soul into pieces. And you found one," she said. Despite her calming tones Harry saw an excitement in her eyes.

"Do you realize what this means? He stopped death! That's how he survived the killing curse when it rebounded," She stood up and seemed to be smiling.

Aaah ... pain beyond pain, my friends; nothing could have prepared me for it. I was ripped from my body, I was less than spirit, less than the meanest ghost ... but still, I was alive. What I was, even I do not know ... I, who have gone further than anybody along the path that leads to immortality. You know my goal - to conquer death. And now, I was tested, and it appeared that one or more of my experiments worked ... for I had not been killed, though the curse should have done it. Nevertheless, I was as powerless as the weakest creature alive..." (GF33)

The words echoed in Harry's mind. Dozens of nightmares had permanently etched those words into his memory. Every detail of that night was fresh in his mind, nothing short a memory charm would erase it.

"Voldemort is truly immortal then." Harry said, all elation gone, replaced by a cold far worse than the killing curse had brought.

"No, Harry!" Said Karen bouncing happily, as if Christmas had come early. "He's not, he can and will be defeated! If he has done that, split his soul, he is nothing but an essence of his true self. You can't split your soul and walk away unscathed. Those who have been partially 'kissed' end up mentally unbalanced, they can't cope with the loss."

"I agree he's mentally unbalanced, but he seems to be coping just fine," said Harry the cold feeling slightly lifting.

"That's because he meant to do it! He knew what he was doing, and probably the risks, and went ahead with it anyway." She said smiling, "Don't you get it, this is the way to defeating him! He let his fear of death control him! And in the end it's what will get him killed."

"What do you mean?" Asked Harry a little light headed.

"He's given you the very way to destroy him. All those years ago he came to kill you, because he feared you. You were prophesied to be the one and only one to have 'the power he knows not' in order to defeat him. He slipped up; we wouldn't know this, what he did, if he hadn't tried to kill you. You showed us the truth by living!" She said excitedly.

"What truth?"

"That he can and will be defeated. He split his soul, at least three times as far as we know, the one that died on that fateful night, the

one he currently holds, and the one in that diary, the one that was finally destroyed, tonight." She smiled. "Some how, when you destroyed the diary, the soul fragment, as weak as it was, connected with you, with your scar, and why not, it is in essence Voldemort. It would allow it to regenerate, a slow process no doubt, the small link connecting it to its original core. But the link was there, so it survived, and fed off your magic!"

"My magic? Is that why I had little to no magic in my first level?" Asked Harry suddenly understanding what she was saying.

"Evidently, your magic is returning faster than it would have if you had been depleted entirely like I had thought, it's almost as if we stopped a pinhole leak and now you're refilling. Years of this drain is what caused the shortage in the first level. Although, it would have been impossible to have determined the exact cause, I bet that's why no one ever told you about it, you were having no ill effects and could still do impressive magic, so any healer that would find it, would think the same as I first had, that it was due to the killing curse. It wouldn't be that surprising if you were to become a squib." She said smiling and sitting back down.

"Why didn't anyone ever tell me? And a squib?" Asked Harry a slight anger building in his chest.

"They probably didn't want to worry you, it would have been years before you were completely drained of magic, around the age of 20 you would have probably started to feel the drain, by the age of 30 you would have been reduced to the weakest of spells, and before the age of 40 you would have lost all magical talent," she sighed no doubt seeing the look of anger and horror on Harry's face. "Listen, I didn't tell you either and I knew." She placed a gentle hand on his shoulder and continued, "I knew and didn't tell you because, well, you're the number one person on Voldemorts 'kill at all cost' list. No matter what I taught you it would still be a teenager against a fully trained, evil, sadistic, and powerful wizard. Would you have

continued training and had any hope if I would have told you?"

"I know now you probably would have," she said not missing a beat as he tried to answer, "But at the time you were just a 16 year old kid, looking for any way you could to deal with the loss of your godfather, and the utter helplessness that comes in times of war. I should have told you, but I didn't and I am truly sorry. But, silver lining is we were wrong. With this drain gone, you'll be at full power soon. Low level spells will start to come easier, and your wandless magic might increase!"

"Alright, I understand," Harry said slowly, "But, why did you obliviate Marcus?"

"Why I thought that was obvious," said Karen smiling, "He's not the most tight-lipped person in the world, and knowing that Harry Potter had a soul fragment of Voldemort's not only alive and growing, but a connection to him as well, it would be all over the papers, and even I can't protect you from the press." She smiled evilly.

"Well I convinced Dumbledore and the rest that we put you on a plane to Britain yesterday morning, and that you would be arriving in two days," Said Karen kissing Harry on the cheek for luck.

"How about the muggles?" Asked Harry looking out at the crowd from behind stage.

"Obliviated, they know you won and that a gang war broke out and you, in all your heroic glory, tried and succeeded to save a little girl who was about to get shot," said Karen innocently.

"You're joking," he said scowling slightly.

She smiled evilly, "Nope. The aurors felt it fair punishment for leaving them to deal with Dumbledore and the mass amount of angry witches and wizards last night."

"How about the kids?" Asked Harry.

"All were found and unharmed, they were obliviated, well all but the little one, we can't obliviate a witch or wizard minor without the approval of his or her guardian," said Karen.

"Witch? Are you sure? I thought you couldn't test for that," Harry said in a shocked tone.

"Oh we can't. However Hopkins pink hair and shattered car windows were all the proof we needed," said Karen laughing.

"But she's an orphan," said Harry picking up his guitar.

"The nun is her guardian until she's adopted, and she refused to allow us to use a memory charm on her," Karen shook her head slightly.

"Good," said Harry smiling as he joined his band on stage to open the Limp Bisket concert.

"Harry, are you sure you want to do this? I mean you freaked out over the one on your arm," Said Trinity smiling a little at Harry's bare back as he laid flat on his stomach at the tattoo parlor, the tattoo artist preparing the needle.

"I didn't expect to find it, besides it has grown on me, I like it, and besides this one I'm fully cognitive for," Harry replied turning his head towards her.

"Careful, they are addictive, don't want to end up looking like him," she nodded towards the tattoo artist who was tattooed in more places on his body than should be possible. "No offense," she added as the man looked at her.

The man shrugged slightly, before rising from his seat to retrieve a different green dye.

"Relax Trinity, this will be my last one," Said Harry smiling innocently.

"Uh huh, but why did you choose this one?" She asked looking at the picture lying on the small metal plate that housed the different colored dyes.

A red and gold oriental Chinese Dragon wrapped around a black with red trimming Chinese Symbol, more specifically the symbol for love, and the dragon was surrounded by green fire it was breathing.

"Karen explained what the dragon stands for in the Chinese culture and she thought it fit my personality, and the dragon colors represent my house, and the green flames represent both the killing curse and the 'Slytherin' side of my personality. And the love symbol represents my mother's protection, and to remind me no matter what happens my parents loved me," said Harry sighing slightly.

"Are we ready?" The man asked re-entering the room with a darker green to outline the fire with.

"As I ever will be," Harry replied.

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"Oh, this is so sad; I don't want you to go!" Cried Mya launching herself on Harry in a bone crushing hug.

"I really don't have a choice," said Harry. "If I don't return, Hermione will have to hunt me down to kill me, and it'll be a lot worse. The girl's vicious when she wants to be."

They laughed. "Dude, on behalf of Damnation Insinuated Existence, we present you with... this thing we made." Mark said as he handed

Harry a troll doll with Blue and Black striped hair that was holding a guitar, and was standing on a small 12" metal trophy.

"Thanks, er... I've always wanted one of these..." Harry said uncertainly.

"You said you're coming back for Christmas, Right?" Asked Trinity for the tenth time that day.

"Voldemort couldn't keep me away," said Harry hugging her.

"Okay little one," said Harry bending down to hug the little girl, "Time for me to go."

"Promise you'll write?" Asked Liz shyly.

"Only if you do," He said smiling. He had given her Mya's address and she had promised to get it to the Owl Post Office so that he could receive mail from both Liz and the members of the band.

"Now, Harry I know you didn't want to join the band, but I thought you'd like to know that we could never replace you and no matter what you're always our lead... and here I made you these," Brittney handed him four CD's hugging him.

"What are all of these?" Asked Harry who already had an impressive CD collection.

"CDs of all our songs, and a few live performances," Replied Paris as she hugged him.

"Thank you," replied Harry as he tucked the CDs into his side back pack.

"I'll miss you Harry," Brittney said hugging him.

"We'll see you soon dude," said Dylan.

"Yeah December is only 4 months away," Chad said smiling.

"You are coming back for Christmas, right?" Trinity asked again.

"Yes, Trinity," Harry laughed.

"It won't be the same without you, you know, who'll scare away the Therapists when we get arrested?" Laughed Jason.

Harry laughed good heartily, "Take care you guys, remember to write."

"Oh we will," Said Trinity picking up Liz, "You remember to respond."

"Later," Harry smiled before picking up his guitar case and apparating to the American Ministry.

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"Alright Harry, it took me a few turns back in the time turner room but I think I've finally come up with a spell that will erect a dampening field around your phone that will allow it to work at Hogwarts," Karen said motioning to Harry to hand over his phone.

"Really?" Asked Harry removing his cell from his pocket.

"Well... theoretically it should, or it will fry your phone rendering it un-usable," She said tapping it twice with her wand and enveloping it in a lavender haze for a few seconds before returning to looking normal.

"Guess we'll find out when I get to Hogwarts," Said Harry retaking his phone and replacing it in his pocket.

"Alright, give me a hug!" She said in a bossy tone.

"We'll be seeing each other in a few days," Laughed Harry.

"Yeah, but I won't see you for a few days, plus you leaving relinquishes my responsibility over you to someone else," she pouted, "And I was just getting use to having a little brother to boss around, so hug!" Harry laughed as he entwined his arms around her.

"Alright, well your supposed flight will be arriving in London in an hour, coincidently the exact time it will take for you to arrive by portkey inside the British Ministry," she smiled evilly, "I heard from our sources that quite a few people would be awaiting you at the planes gate."

"You're evil, you know that right?" Smiled Harry.

"Oh don't I know," she laughed, "I picked out the portkey after all." She laughed as she produced a purple, feather boa.

"Cute, not funny, but cute," scowled Harry as she wrapped it around his neck.

"Actually, I've found that 4 out of 5 aurors found it funny!"

Harry rolled his eyes, "I'll send you my schedule as soon as I can."

"Later," Called Harry as he felt the familiar pull behind his navel.

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The British Ministry of Magic

Department of travel

September 1st 7:48 A.M

Aden Perkins was not having a good morning at all. No indeed. Not only did he have to get up 3 hours early because a bleeding insensitive American was arriving in the early hours when his department wasn't even open yet, but also because he wasn't invited to greet young Mr. Potter at the muggle transport office... called an airport... or something to that effect. He was the junior associate of foreign travel, after all, that didn't warrant an invitation?

He was currently sipping his coffee out of his favorite coffee cup with his logo Praise be to Fudge! It never hurt to have a few items around in case the Minister was to enter the office; after all they were currently removing traitorous personnel from the ranks of the ministry. Never could be too careful when it came to your career after all. Not to mention he had over heard his boss criticize some of the Minister's most recent policy changes, and happened to mention them to the ministers secretary, an office gossip if anything, so he should be having a new boss soon, or perhaps he would be the new boss.

The familiar pull behind Harry's navel began to dissipate as he soon found himself in an unfamiliar alcove of the Ministry of Magic, it was a dimly lit room as big as one of the Hogwarts classrooms, but far from as welcoming as one, it housed a large L shaped desk where a man was sitting. The man, who had yet to notice Harry's arrival, was currently holding a mug of what Harry assumed to be coffee, and looking slightly dazed as though he were day dreaming.

Harry cleared his throat as softly as he could manage, effectively alerting the man to his arrival.

"Ah, you must be the American who doesn't realize our office doesn't open for another 3 hours," he grumbled puffing slightly as he reached out to some papers to his left.

Harry was about to respond, however the man started in on what

sounded like a very well rehearsed speech.

"Welcome to Britain, My name is Aden Perkins," here he looked up, "Mr. Perkins to you."

Harry raised an eyebrow slightly, what had he done to piss off this guy he wondered idly as Perkins, or Mr. Perkins, continued on.

"I will need to test your wand, and confiscate any and all fruits or vegetables you may have brought in from the States, any contraband items, such as muggle drugs, potions, and/or dark items," Harry handed over his wand allowing it to be weighed.

"Please walk through that," he said pointing towards the end of the desk where an archway, much like a muggle metal detector, was positioned. Harry hesitated slightly, Karen had said his weapons were undetectable by such machines, but he had yet to actually test it.

"Come along, we haven't got all day," said Aden impatiently, Harry could swear he heard him mutter 'damn American', which propelled Harry to walk defiantly through the archway hoping that it did go off so the man would suddenly wish he was nicer to him, however, as he walked through the archway nothing happened.

"Passport," he said slightly irritated. Harry smirked slightly to himself as he opened it, the man didn't even look at it as he stamped it. "Sign here, and on that line there." He said distracted as he started pulling out several pamphlets.

Harry signed where he was instructed to as the man began to talk again.

"Diagon Alley is located behind the Leaky Cauldron, in downtown London, located here," he circled a place on the map he produced from the left. "Although they don't open till 9," scowled Perkins.

"Actually," said Harry, "I've lived in Britain all of my life, and have frequented Diagon Alley on more than a few occasions."

"Then I guess you won't be needing a map," said the man slightly surprised.

"Oh, I'll take a map," said Harry smiling innocently.

The man scowled slightly at him. Harry picked up the map from the desk and proceeded to leave the office. He approached the lifts, and as the doors began to close he heard a slightly hysterical call of, "Wait, Mr. Potter." However, the doors to the lift closed before Aden could even leave his office.

Harry exited the lift on the Atrium floor and proceeded to the phonebooth that would take him to the muggle streets of London. He entered the phonebooth at the same time as a woman in her mid 30s who was scowling in a very good impression of Snape.

"Aren't you suppose to be at home, kid? School starts today," She said climbing into the booth next to him.

"Just got back from vacation," Said Harry smiling, "thought I'd kill sometime before getting to the train by visiting downtown London."

"Where'd you go on vacation, Mars? The Minister has cancelled the Hogwarts express this year, he's arranged for Ministry cars, and almost every auror in the department to ride along to ensure the students safety," she said Her scowl which had somewhat disappeared had quickly returned as she finished.

"Oh," said Harry not really sure what to make of that. "Won't that be a lot of cars?"

"Nearly 150 of them, the ministry had to acquire them and make

specialized additions to them to accomodate the vast majority of the students, a few muggleborns, mainly first years, have been allowed to be driven by their parents, of course the Ministry had to 'inspect' their cars and ask if fellow class members could be driven by them as well. An auror, teacher, or High Ministry Official will be in every car," she said as the booths doors closed.

"Of course, all of this has been plastered all over the Profit for the past 4 weeks," she said crossing her arms.

"Wouldn't the train have been a lot easier, it's not like Voldemort would seriously attack it," Said Harry scowling slightly, ignoring the woman's violent shudder at the name, "He's not about to endanger the kids of his deatheaters, it would make them question him, and he needs all the support he can get until he's back to full power, besides Dumbledore would merely need to ride the train and Voldemort would stay as far away from it as possible."

"Don't talk of things you know nothing about," scowled the woman.

Harry rolled his eyes as the booth came to a stop on the muggle street, "I know more than you think."

"Doubtful." The woman said opening the doors, as she disappeared to the left disappearing away.

Harry smirked slightly as he lingered in the booth while eyeing the directory hanging haphazardly from a metallic metal cord. He really had few choices now that he wasn't to ride the train. He could write to Dumbledore, however he didn't have Hedwig with him, he could head to the Leaky Cauldron, however that might cause trouble by drawing attention to himself. He could go to Grimauld place, although he still didn't think he could handle being there.

Sighing, he picked up the directory and flipped the pages till he found what he was looking for, opening the map he had taken he found the

location and traced his path along the small lines, and finally emerged from the booth and into the muggle streets of downtown London. Entering an obscured alleyway he enlarged his motorcycle that had been shrunk and held in his pocket, and began his journey.

Harry leaned against his parked motorcycle outside a middle size brownstone, unlike the identical houses of Privet Drive, every home in this neighborhood held a touch of individuality that most likely reflected that of its owner.

The one Harry was currently staring at in trepidation held various rose bushes, and a large trellis that had grape vines intermingling with ivy climbing up the left side of the house, giving the house a quaint, welcoming look.

It was nearly 10:00 am, the ride had taken longer than Harry had expected. However, he hadn't realized how hard it would be to actually knock, let alone approach the house. This is why he was still standing next to his bike even after arriving nearly ten minutes ago.

His presence had not gone unnoticed, actually it had been rather obvious almost the entire neighborhood had been alerted to his arrival, especially those few children, close to ten or eleven, who had ventured from their homes to get a better look at the strange teenager who had arrived on such a noisy motorcycle, unlike their parents who had stayed in the relative secrecy of their homes in order to spy on him... some things, thought Harry, seemed to be universal no matter where you were.

The house in which he was currently watching was not an exception, he had seen a man in his late forties peak out the window when Harry had first arrived, and as the front door opened he noticed the same man leave the house headed straight for Harry.

"Can I help you son?" Asked the man in a deep voice, it held no

anger just curiosity.

"Er... only if you can prevent you daughter from killing me, sir," Harry said trying to keep the slight quiver out of his voice. "I'd say she's rather upset with me."

The man raised an eyebrow at that before giving Harry another look, one that seemed to take him in far more than he would have liked.

"Harry?" The man asked hesitantly.

"Yes, sir," replied Harry sticking out his hand to shake Hermione's fathers in greeting.

"Great Scotts, I didn't recognize you," he said astonished. "And I'm afraid I can't help you as to the predicament you've found yourself in... come in to the house, no need to wait out here."

Harry looked apprehensively towards the house, not moving any closer.

"That's a nice motorcycle." Hermione's father said after a minute of tense silence.

"Oh thanks, I just got it this summer," said Harry relieved a new topic had come up, and that he hadn't tried to force Harry to get any closer to the house.

"I used to have one, but the wife made me get rid of it once we had Hermione," He said looking longingly at the bike, "She's a beauty, how fast does she go?"

"130, but if you hit that button it switches to the magical reserves and allows you to travel nearly 400 miles an hour, its like the ministry cars, buildings and cars literally jump out of the way, and the charms prevent you from crashing," said Harry.

"How high have you gotten her?" He asked running a hand down the bike.

"110, never had a reason to go higher," laughed Harry.

"Would you mind if I..." trailed off Mr. Granger.

"If you took it for a spin?" asked Harry smirking slightly, at his nod Harry laughed. "Sure, but wear the helmet," he said pointing toward the helmet strapped to the back of the bike, "Since your wife's no doubt about."

Mr. Granger laughed and wasted no time in securing the helmet to his head. The sound of the motorcycle roaring to life and the squeal of the tires on the pavement was no doubt what brought Mrs. Granger out of the house.

"Hello, can I help you?" Came her voice as she dried her hands on a small blue dish towel.

"Er..." Came Harry's reply but what ever 'brilliant' thing he would have eventually come up with was cut off as Mr. Granger came blazing around the corner, and yell of "100" reached Harry's ears.

"Was that my husband?" Asked Mrs. Granger as Mr. Granger disappeared around the corner.

"Yep." Replied Harry evenly.

"Was that a motorcycle?" She asked through thin lips.

"Yep."

"Was he speeding?"

"Yep."

"So now I'm going to have to kill him?"

"Yep."

"! 150!" Came Mr. Granger's voice as he made another lap around the neighborhood.

A sudden siren entered the air, as a door slammed shut behind them.

"Mom, is the car here yet?" Came the familiar voice of Hermione as she neared, "Was that dad?" She asked as Mr. Granger rolled to a stop and pulled off the helmet, a police car pulling up behind him, the red and blue lights flashing.

"I've had it all summer and haven't gotten a ticket," sighed Harry looking towards her, "Your dad has it for 5 minutes and he... Hermione. Can't breathe." Harry was cut off as Hermione threw herself at him in an all-encompassing hug.

"Where have you been?" She sobbed into his shoulder as her grip tightened around him.

"The States," gasped Harry, "Really Hermione, can't breathe!"

"Oh sorry," she said letting go, and taking a step back. She eyed him critically for a few seconds before smacking him hard on the chest, "How DARE you run away!"

"I didn't run..."

"Don't interrupt me!" She practically yelled at him smacking him hard on the chest again. "You did run away! You left, told no one where you were going, nor when you would return. That is the very definition of running away!"

"Can I talk now?" Harry asked rubbing the now red spot on his chest.

"Oh, it had better be good," she said crossing her arms across her chest and leveling a glare at him.

"I didn't run away, I took an unauthorized vacation..." He said hesitantly.

"Don't spout that crap at me, we both know that's just a round-about way of saying you ran away!" She snapped.

Harry growled, "FINE! I ran, wouldn't you?" He ran a hand through his hair absent-mindedly. "But I had every intention of returning! I said that in my letter. I couldn't go back to that house Hermione. I couldn't be around everyone that knew him, who missed him, who blames me."

"Oh, Harry, no one blames you," said Hermione dropping her glare and reaching a gentle hand towards Harry.

He wretched out of her reach, "I blame me!"

"But you shouldn't." She said sympathetically.

"But I do. And I would rather not have to go day in and day out hating myself but pretending I'm alright because I'd rather die bit by bit inside then have to deal with the pity," he said crossing his arms. "So I left, I'm sorry you feel that was the wrong thing to do, but I would do it again in a heart beat."

"... You look different," she said after a few seconds of silence.

Harry laughed, "That's what Lupin said when I saw him on my birthday. Though his exact words were, 'you're taller.' Though I don't see it."

"You are taller," she smiled, "Not as tall as Ron, but taller then you were."

"Excuse me young man, but is this your motorcycle?" Asked a tall police officer.

"Er, yes sir." Said Harry turning to face him.

"I'll need to see your registration and proof of insurance," He intoned in a slightly condescending tone.

"Sure thing," Harry said happily walking over to the bike and opening the seat. It looked like a regular motorcycle compartment until he tapped it twice with his wand to reveal the large room created by magic, where Meg was currently napping. "Here yeh go."

"Sorry bout this Harry," whispered Mr. Granger as the office wrote a ticket and tore it off his pad and handed to Harry. "I'll pay for it... how much is it?"

"210 pounds," said Harry idly, "Don't worry about it," said Harry waving him to put away his wallet. The police office drove away, "I'll have Griphook take care of it."

"Harry?" Called Hermione questioningly.

"Er, yeah, Hermione?" Asked Harry, slightly fearing what she had to ask.

"How do you have a motorcycle? The law requires you to be 17, and you're only...16," She said accusingly.

"Funny story that," he laughed tentatively.

After a minute of tense silence, she raised an eyebrow and asked,

"Are you going to tell me this story?"

"I have no time to explain now," said Harry. "It is a thrilling tale; I wish to do it justice."

"What do you mean you have no---," but she was cut off as the ministry car pulled up and the door went flying open.

The dark blond head of Dennis Creevey practically flew out of the car as he vomited onto the Grangers lawn. A chorus of 'Ewwws' was heard from the cabin of the car.

"My lawn!" said Hermione in a disgusted voice.

Harry made a face of disgust as he moved closer to Dennis, "Alright there Dennis?"

"Motion sickness," said Dennis as he threw up again.

Another round of 'ewws' issued forth.

"I can't believe I'm stuck here with these... people," said a female voice Harry recognized as Pansy Parkinson.

"You could always walk," suggested Ernie Macmillan, "It would improve everyone's ride."

"Must we fight?" Hannah Abbot cried in frustration.

"Maybe they like each other, my mom says that's a sign of a crush," an unknown first years' voice said cheerfully.

"Your mum's an idiot," scowled Blaise Zabini.

"That's not nice," Colin Creevey said forcefully.

"Well I'm not nice," Blaise sneered.

"What a fun car you're in," Harry said sarcastically to Hermione. She sighed heavily before joining the driver near the front door of her house.

"You also have horrible manners," laughed Daphne Moon, a Slytherin who usually kept quiet, in fact this was the first time he had ever heard her speak.

"Shut up, Daph, I have impeccable manners," he said pompously.

Daphne rolled her eyes before extending her hand, "Enchanté, I am Daphne Marissa Moon," she fluttered her eyelashes flirtatiously, "And you are?"

It took Harry a few seconds before he realized she was talking to him. He laughed slightly.

"Hermione, do I really look that different?" He called to her; she was currently showing the driver which bags to place in the enlarged trunk.

"It took me a few moments to realize it was you, Harry," Hermione said walking up.

"Well I know my hair is longer," said Harry running a hand absently through it. "But other than that I don't see much of a difference."

"It's mainly the clothes, you look like an American," she said frowning slightly. "Is that where you were, America?"

"Nice try," laughed Harry, "Like I said before, I'll tell you later."

"You can't even tell me the country?" she said crossing her arms annoyed.

"No, I can," smiled Harry. "I just don't want to."

"Harry James---," started Hermione huffily.

"Now Hermione, you're going to be late if you stand here and yell at me, I'm sure you're already behind schedule, how would that look to the headmaster, a late prefect, not really Headgirl material."

Hermione glared angrily at him before smiling, "I've missed you."

Harry laughed, "And I will never understand you."

"You get in first," she said to Harry as Dennis, who accepted the peppermint offered to him by Mrs. Granger, and had already settled back into his seat.

"Me?" Asked Harry amused, "I'm not getting in there."

"You said you were coming back to school!" Hermione exclaimed.

"I am, but I refuse to have anything to do with Fudge," shrugged Harry. "I'm taking my bike," he said nodding towards his motorcycle.

"You can't possibly ride that all the way to Scotland," she said as if talking to small child.

"I can and will," said Harry smiling as Mr. Granger came walking over with Hedwig and her cage.

"You won't get there at the same time as us, Ministry cars travel up to 400 miles an hour," Hermione tried again slightly irked at Harry's refusal to see reason.

"So does his bike," said Mr. Granger, handing the cage to Harry. "If it hadn't been for that officer, I would have made it to 250," he laughed,

"think I could convince your mother to let me buy one? Harry here says there are charms on it to prevent crashes, it'd be safer than the one I use to have."

"Mom won't care, they're still dangerous, and Dumbledore won't let Harry keep it for that very reason," Hermione said. "Not to mention its illegal to charm muggle items."

"One, I didn't charm it. Two, I bought it in a country that allows charming muggle items. Three, Dumbledore doesn't have a say in what I do or what I buy," Harry said slightly irritated.

"It doesn't make it any less illegal Harry," she said knowingly.

"It's illegal to charm muggle items, not to possess them, Mr. Weasley told me that," smirked Harry.

"You're basing your future on a loophole?" Hermione nearly shrieked.

"Calm down, Hermione," Said Mr. Granger, "Harry knows what he's doing. The kid is alright."

"You're only saying that because he let you ride it!" she snapped, before sheepishly apologizing.

"How would you even know how to get to Hogwarts, Harry?" she said calmly.

"Got a map," said Harry pulling the folded map out of his back pocket, "and I have a Wizarding/Muggle Global Positioning System on my bike, I've already programmed in the directions. I just came by to pick up Hedwig."

"Speaking of which, Colin, mind holding on to her until you get to Hogwarts?" Harry asked turning to the car cabin, "I was going to put her with everything else I own, but with all these muggles about I

can't use magic."

"Sure thing, Harry!" Exclaimed Colin excitedly, and Harry wondered if the Creevey brothers would ever grow out of their worshipping of him.

"Wonderful, Have a fun ride," said Harry to Hermione and the students in the cabin. Hermione seemed to be debating something quietly as Harry went over to his bike and removed one of the helmets from the compartment below the seat. Mr. Granger had been using the spare one that Trinity had often used, which was now sitting on the rearview mirror. Harry reached to put it away when it was taken from his hand.

"What are you doing Hermione?" Asked Harry curiously as he watched her walk back over to the car and ask Dennis to watch Crookshanks, who agreed taking the cat's carrying case.

"Going with you," she said simply.

"What?" He asked shocked.

"I'm not about to let you go gallivanting off, and no doubt get lost... do you remember the last time you drove to Hogwarts?" She asked raising an eyebrow.

"Ron drove, I was a mere passenger," smirked Harry.

"Nevertheless, you'll stay out of trouble if I'm with you," she said nodding to herself.

"That theory has never proven accurate," said Harry contritely.

"Stop arguing, and let's go, the car has already left, and we don't want to be late," she said strapping on her helmet. Harry looked back and realized that the car had in fact pulled away.

"Fine," Said Harry putting his own helmet on and climbed on the bike before reaching back and helping Hermione climb on, "hold on tight."

Harry raced through the streets of London, his speed nearing 350. Hermione's arms wrapped firmly around his body. Her head was pressed against his shoulder, and he had no doubt that her eyes were closed. The wind whipped around them, and Harry was thankful for the coat he still wore, and barely took off, that Karen had given him.

It wasn't until they stopped in Edinburgh, for a bathroom break, that Hermione revealed that she was cold. Procuring one of his many hoodies from the magical compartment, they were off again.

Draco Malfoy was in hell, with worse company. He was currently stuck in the back of a ministry car with not one Slytherin, and people he detested. There was a stony silence only one person seemed to be willing to break and that was a bubbly first year he was sure would be a Hufflepuff.

Draco was currently sitting next to the window, and on his right were the Patil twins, both flipping through that trash magazine 'Witch Weekly', which was according to the front cover featuring a story on Potter.

Really, he thought, you would think people would be tired of stories that deal with Potter. So what if he somehow keeps avoiding death, and is a good quidditch player, good not great.

Next to Pavarti sat Lavender Brown, who was breaking the silence only with the sound of her nail file running across her perfectly manicured nails. Across from Draco sat Severus Snape, who Draco noticed had similar thoughts regarding their company.

Next to Snape sat the bubbly first year that was excitedly bouncing in

her seat, much to the annoyance of Snape whose glare seemed ineffective against the small girl. A second year he guessed was in Ravenclaw, due to the fact the young boy had yet to raise his head from the book he was reading throughout the long car ride.

But worst of all sat Ron Weasley, or Weasel as Draco preferred to call him, next to the second year.

"Who chose who would ride with who?" Asked the little first year curiously towards Snape.

"Whom," corrected Snape snappily.

"Well if you didn't know either all you had to do was say so," she said beginning to bounce excitedly again.

"No, I was... nevermind," scowled Snape. "The Headmaster chose the arrangements, seemingly randomly if you ask me."

"Oh," said the small girl frowning. "Why does your hair look like that?"

Snape's eyed the girl evilly, "Look like what?"

"Like you haven't ever washed it," she said knowingly.

Several snorts of laughter were heard, and Draco had to hold his own back, even as he heard one escape the drivers own lips.

"You would do well to learn your manners," Snape replied coolly, "After all I am your teacher."

"Oh." Said the small girl shutting up.

"I hate him." Lavender Brown suddenly growled out in a harsh whisper as she violently attacked her nails.

Everyone turned towards her. "So does everyone else, but the headmaster continues to keep him on as a teacher," said Ron idly.

Lavender glared at him, "I wasn't talking about Snape."

"Professor Snape," corrected Snape snappily, a glare sent towards Ron promised repercussions about his comment later. However, all attention returned to Lavender as she began to hysterically cry.

"You'll have to forgive her professor," intervened Padma, "her boyfriend just broke up with her."

"I broke up with him," she snapped through a sob.

"Sure you did sweetie," Parvati said patting her consolingly on the back.

"He was a jerk," said Padma.

"And you deserve a lot better," continued Parvati.

"You really think so?" She asked sobering slightly.

"Definetly," the both replied in the odd unison most twins had.

"Like who?" she asked looking towards the two girls, wiping her eyes.

"What about Dean?" Padma said after a few seconds.

"No, he's dating Ginny," said Parvati. "Seamus?"

"You can barely understand him with that accent," replied Padma, "Ernie?"

"Pretty sure he and Hannah are a thing," Parvati returned, "Neville?"

"Are you kidding?" laughed Padma, "Blaise?"

"Zabaini? Ha, not bleeding likely, he's a Slytherin!" Scowled Parvarti.

"Well whose left in our class?" Asked Padma returning her own scowl.

"Everyone else is taken, or not worth mentioning," sighed Parvarti.

"What about Harry?" snapped Lavender. "You don't think he's good enough? Or is it I'm not good enough for him?"

They looked at each other, "No you could get him, he'd be perfect for you, but Hermione..." started Parvarti.

"What about Hermione," snapped Ron.

"Oh, we forgot you were there, Ron," said Parvarti.

"Obviously." He scowled.

"It's not that hard to forget you're there Weasel," said Draco idly. "Especially without Potter drawing attention."

"Shut up Malfoy, you weren't mentioned either," snapped Weasel. Draco smirked slightly, "That's because I wouldn't date a Gryffindor, as they all very well know. They simply didn't mention you."

The weasel glared at him, before turning back to the girls, "What about Hermione?"

"Well, it's obvious there's something going on between them," said Parvarti slowly.

"No there's not," said Ron relaxing slightly. "I'm their best friend I would know."

"Maybe they don't want to hurt your feelings, I mean it's pretty obvious you like Hermione," said Lavender resuming filing her nails. "But it's not like it matters, they aren't dating, I mean Chang said they dated right?" The question was directed towards Padma.

"Oh yeah, all last year it was all she could talk about, Harry this, and Harry that," said Padma smiling. "They broke up though."

"Wait, Potter dated Cho Chang?" Asked Draco a little shocked. "I don't remember hearing about that."

"Well, they kept it quiet," said Padma. "According to Cho they wanted to avoid the press, or something like that, personally I think it was his choice, I mean he's a very private person isn't he? I didn't even know he liked Cho, did you?"

"It came as a complete surprise really," Said Parvarti. "He completely ignored her in the Hogshead, I remember because she seemed really upset about it afterwards."

"He could like anyone," said Lavender excitedly.

"Why'd they break up?" asked the bubbly first year.

"Cho refused to say," said Padma when all the girls looked towards her. "But I remember they had a fight on Valentines day, but she said she brought up Cedric and she was stupid to do that," Padma said pensively, "And then he said he needed to meet Granger in the middle of their date, and that's when she left. Turns out later that's when he did the article for the Quibbler, she couldn't believe she acted the way she did."

"Barmy that one is," said Ron suddenly. "Always crying, glad Harry broke up with her."

"Cho said it was mutual," said Padma excitedly, "Do you know why they broke up?"

"Harry said they were always fighting," Ron said shrugging. "Also she had a problem with Hermione, something about her being jealous or something, you'd have to ask Hermione, Harry told her everything," said Ron, but hurriedly added as Draco was about to comment, "I chose not to ask."

"Granger does have her claws in him," nodded Padma, "I mean Cho was always complaining about how close they were."

"Well what do you expect, we've been friends for over 5 years, he'd dated her for a couple months, not really a tough choice when it was between the two of them," said Ron rolling his eyes.

"So you're saying if I want to date Harry I have to be friends with Hermione," Lavender said contemplatively. "She's not that bad," said Lavender suddenly, "I could deal with her for a few minutes everyday, how much time could they actually spend together."

"Nearly 15 hours a day," said Snape suddenly turning from looking out the window. "Give or take." At everyone's shocked look he smiled evilly. "The Headmaster figured it out, Potter spends 15 hours with Granger, and 10 hours with Weasley, there's a bet amongst the teachers."

"What bet?" Asked Draco when no one else dared.

"On when they'll start to date," Snape said picking a piece of lint off his robes, "Minerva has the month of December, Albus has marked up October of their 7th year, and Hagrid has June."

"When do you have?" asked Draco snarikily.

"I have better things to do with my time then to waste it contemplating

Potter's love life," Snape said coolly. "Besides neither of them will make a move till after graduation."

"You're all wrong," scowled Ron. "They don't fancy each other."

"You're so blind Weasel. I've seen it since first year," said Draco rolling his eyes.

"What have you seen," scowled Ron.

"You mean besides the fact that they both try to protect each other above themselves, or how about last year when Granger made up that story to stop Umbridge from casting the Crutatioous curse on Potter?" Draco said.

"What?" Asked Snape in a tone one might construe as shock, if they weren't familiar with him.

Ignoring him Ron snapped a reply, "If I'm not mistaken Malfoy, you wanted that to happen, right? I was there I saw the look of eagerness in your eyes."

"Shut up Weasel, I'll take a page out of Potter's book, and kick your arse," snapped Draco angrily.

"Threatening a prefect, that's a detention, after all you lost your badge," said Ron smirking slightly.

"If I'm not mistaken Mr. Weasley you lost your prefect badge as well, 'not performing your duties', was on the form I believe," Snape said raising an eyebrow genially.

A slight scowl crossed his features, "Hermione completed them before I could, it's not my fault. Besides I never wanted to be a prefect anyway, but since Harry was passed over I decided to try it since the Headmaster and McGonagall thought more of my abilities

to lead than Harry's." He said smugly.

"You know Weasel if your head got any bigger... What's that?" Asked Draco turning in his seat towards the sound of an engine.

"Bloody Muggle, I hate motorcycle's, they think they own the road," said the driver annoyed. "He's got to be doing at least 200! I didn't think they got up that high, he's going to kill himself."

Draco looked out the window and watched as a large machine, red with a wicked looking emblem on the side, sidled up next to them. He wasn't sure what it was, a motorbike did the driver call it? However, what he did know was he wanted one!

"Look the girl on the back is wearing a Hogwarts uniform," said Lavender pointing to her.

"Isn't it a little cold to be on one of those?" Asked the second year boy who hadn't spoken the entire trip.

"They're wearing jackets," said Padma. "But their helmets are blocking their faces, I can't tell who it is."

"Well we're pulling up to Hogwarts gates in a matter of moments," said the driver, and true to his word the long line of Ministry cars were slowing down, and would soon be letting out their passengers at the gates of Hogwarts where a procession of Ministry officials and no doubt Reporters were lined up awaiting them.

Draco looked out the window just in time to see the red machine pull a wheelie and speed off in front of them, a loud scream of a girl was heard.

"That sounded like Hermione," said Ron trying to follow the motorcycle's route as it disappeared into the sea of black sedans.

"Harry!" Hermione shouted as she pulled her helmet off and climbed off the bike, "Was it necessary to go that fast!"

Harry smiled as he removed his own helmet and turned off the bike, "I was just going with the traffic."

"What traffic, there was no one in front of us!" she scowled trying to get her barrings after such a long ride, the cars letting out the students who began milling about listening in on Hermione's tirade, along with the reporters, ministry workers; including the minster himself, and the teachers.

"That's how far ahead of us they were Hermione, I had to catch up," said Harry climbing off his bike and opening the compartment, tapping it twice with his wand.

"We wouldn't have been behind if we had taken the Ministry car!" she said hotly.

"You could have, remember, you chose not to, besides, we wouldn't have been able to stop in Edinburg if we had taken the car," he said idly as he removed two large dufflebags from the compartment, and Meg who meowed happily before jumping from his arms and running through the crowd.

"Harry you're only allowed one animal at Hogwarts!" Hermione said huffly, "And when did you get a kitten?"

"That's a long and drawnout story..."

"That you want to do justice... I know, I know," she said irritably. "I actually think its not and you're only saying that to annoy me!"

Harry laughed, "Oh dear you've found me out." He pulled a large electric guitar from the compartment.

"Whats that?" asked Hermione slightly shocked.

"A signed guitar," smiled Harry, "Isn't it cool?"

"Cool?" Asked Hermione as though the word was foreign.

"Yes, cool, as in wicked, trendy, hip, shall I go on?" He asked laughing.

"Who signed it?" she asked slightly curiously.

"Limp Bisket." He said shrugging slightly.

"They just gave you a guitar?" she asked skeptically.

"Yeah, they were going to break it at their concert, but ran out of time, so they gave it to me," shrugged Harry closing the compartment and shrinking his motorcycle.

"Harry, Mate, where have you been?" Asked Ron as he came over towards them.

"Long story..." started Harry only to have Hermione cut in.

"That he wants to do justice," she scowled. "He refuses to tell me."

"Nice Hair," scoffed Ron. Harry laughed he had a couple blue streaks running idly through his hair.

"Thanks Dude," said Harry smiling.

"Dude?" Asked Ron raising an eyebrow. "And why are you dressed like an American?"

"Mr. Potter!" A shout came out of the crowd, Harry turned towards it, which was a mistake as a half dozen reporters swarmed around him.

"Where have you been?" Asked one.

"Vacation."

"How do you feel about the Ministry after they called you unstable for a year?" another shouted.

"How would you?"

More questions fired around that Harry couldn't distinguish. But one caught his ears.

"Why didn't you ride in the ministry car?"

"I refuse to trust my safety to Fudge," scoffed Harry. "After all he's done a bang up job with the countries."

This in return made the reporters shout more questions, however he was soon being directed out of the mob of reporters by Kingsley Shacklebot who lead him towards Dumbledore all the while repeating in his deep voice 'No comment.'

"So," Dumbledore said looking serenely over his steepled fingers. "You weren't on the plane."

"Nope," said Harry crossing his arms, staring defiantly at Dumbledore from the chair he was seated in.

"What do you have to say for yourself," Asked Dumbledore.

"I don't know what do you?" Harry returned.

"I'm not the one who disappeared and endangered his and countless others lives, simply because you didn't want to be pitied," Dumbledore said sternly.

"When were you going to tell me?" Asked Harry snidely. "Before or after, if there was an after, I went to face Voldemort?"

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow, "What are you talking about Harry. I've told you everything I've been hiding about your past."

"That's funny, I'm sure I would have remembered this," said Harry coolly.

"You'll have to be more specific, or are you just trying to distract me from punishing you," said Dumbledore.

"You have no right to punish me, this isn't a school related manner," scowled Harry.

"You are right in that regard," sighed Dumbledore. "What have I done to make you hate me Harry?"

"I want to be told things that involve my life," snapped Harry, "You have no right to keep them from me, no matter how bad they are, I deserve to know."

"I told you at the end of last year I wouldn't keep anymore secrets from you," sighed Dumbledore.

"And yet you failed to mention I was dying?" Said Harry shaking slightly.

Dumbledore's eyes widened slightly. "If that's your way of being honest, how do you lie?" Asked Harry standing from his chair. "Yes I endangered my own life, but I have an excuse, I'm 16, what's yours?"

And with that Harry stormed from the Headmasters office.

"So who spilt the beans?" Said one of the Portraits after a few

moments of shocked silence.

After a few winding staircases and a secret passage later Harry found himself passing through the open portrait door of the Gryffindor Common Room and without looking around he headed up to the 6th year dorms, and opened the door.

"Get off my bed Malfoy!" Harry shouted without registering what he said, before stopping and looking around at the enlarged room filled with both the 6th year Gryffindors, and the 6th year Slytherins.

"Did I miss something?" Asked Harry to the room at large.

Sorry for the long wait!

song from

Peeves' Mischief

"Did I miss something?" Harry repeated to the room at large. The Slytherins did not answer instead they stood glaring at the Gryffindors whom glared back just as tautly. The room was full of tension, and no one seemed willing to break the silence. It reminded Harry oddly of the incident in the Department of Mysteries right before Harry and his friends tried to make a break for it.

"Fine don't tell me," scowled Harry walking towards his bed that Malfoy still sat upon. "Get off my bed, ferret boy."

"I don't see your name on it Scar head," Malfoy replied languidly.

"If I carve my name into your forehead would I own you?" asked Harry raising an eyebrow, pulling out a small knife from his back pocket.

Malfoy's eyes widened slightly when Harry produced the knife, "Threatening me, Potter?"

"No, I was just curious of the going rate of a Malfoy slave, I mean your father got a tattoo, so does a scar have the same effect?" Harry asked.

"My father is not a slave," Malfoy growled standing up to his full height, and to Harry's amusement falling an inch shorter than Harry.

"Your right, what could I be thinking, after all slaves don't bow and kiss the hem of their masters robe like your father does then get crucioed, so does that make him less than a slave?" Asked Harry pensively flicking his wand towards his bags that lay on the floor next to his bed, as if they had been pushed off of the mattress, and guided them onto the bed.

"You don't know what you're talking about," spat Malfoy throwing his

things onto the bed to the left of Harry's bed.

Harry shrugged his shoulders as he removed his motorcycle from his pocket and set it on the floor before enlarging it. "Whatever, dude," Harry said without realizing his slip of American slang.

"Dude?" Malfoy asked at the same time as Nott exclaimed, "The rooms small enough, you can't keep that in here!"

Both Harry and Malfoy turned to the rest of the room, both seemingly had forgotten they were a room with other people, The Slytherins and the Gryffindors had stopped glaring at each other and had instead been watching the exchange between the two 'leaders' of their year.

"Relax," Harry said scoffing slightly, "I'm just getting my things." Harry tapped the seat twice with his wand opening the compartment. "Besides this is the Gryffindors dorm room, anyone going to tell me why the Deatheater spawn is occupying it as well?"

"McGonagall said they would explain it at the feast in a few hours," stated Ron walking into the room.

"Find that out at the prefect meeting?" Asked Harry idly looking around the room.

Several snorts of laughter were heard around the room, "Oh you don't know." said Ron his ears coloring slightly.

"Know what?" Asked Harry turning back towards Ron.

"The weasel lost his badge," laughed Malfoy.

"So did you," scowled Ron.

"Why did you lose it?" Asked Harry curiously.

"Do we have to discuss this now?" Ron snapped in an irritated tone.

Harry shrugged. "Is there a reason why I'm the only one without a bookcase?"

"You've never cared before," laughed Dean as he started placing various wizard comic books on his own bookcase.

"Never really had books to put out," said Harry as he turned towards the blank wall between his and the bed Malfoy was currently occupying. "Anyone care if I claim this wall?"

Malfoy seemed about to speak when Harry corrected his last statement, "Any Gryffindor against it?"

A chorus of "no's" was heard as Harry unsheathed his wand and traced a large chalk outline of a badly drawn bookcase taking up the entirety of the once blank wall.

"Well I never claimed to be artistic," laughed Harry.

Dean laughed as he came over to critique his work, "I've never met anyone who couldn't draw a straight line."

Harry smirked as he held out his hand to Dean, "Harry Potter, artistically challenged."

Dean laughed as he shook his hand, "you could have just conjured a bookcase."

"I'm not done," laughed Harry. "This was just to see how big I wanted it." Harry turned back to the wall before clearing his mind and trying to remember the charm Karen had taught him.

After a few moments he wove his wand in a crescent shape pattern

as a yellow spell escaped the tip of his wand and crashed into the wall. The wall seemed to melt away in the box Harry had drawn, several inches inward the concave hole grew. After the wall had stopped losing mass, several shelves began to grow outward before settling into a perfectly shaped bookcase.

"How'd you do that?" Asked Neville after a few seconds of silence in the room.

"Learned it this summer," shrugged Harry. "It's in our transfiguration books." He said lightly as he wove his wand at the small compartment of his motorcycle; books began rising out of it and arranging themselves on the shelf.

"Alphabetically, please." Harry said distractedly. The books, which were arranging themselves by subject, stopped moving for a few moments before rearranging themselves. Harry, whom was enlarging his wardrobe to accommodate his clothing, missed the looks of wonder between the room's occupants.

"Mate?" Ron finally voiced watching a few books fighting over whom would get to be first, Dangerous Creatures and How to Avoid Them had lost several pages when Dangerous Creatures and How to capture Them had attacked it.

"Yeah Ron," asked Harry stepping back from his wardrobe happy with its size.

"Your books are fighting," Ron said in a slight shocked tone. Harry turned towards the almost full brawl between the books, Harry scowled slightly.

"Alphabetically by Author," Harry snapped impatiently. The books stopped fighting and started to calmly stack themselves, "She just had to give them personality." Scowled Harry disdainfully towards the books, "Come on Harry, charming them will allow them to unpack

themselves and you'll never lose one, What could possibly go wrong," Harry mocked Karen's earlier words.

Harry waved his wand at his bike again; his clothes began to fly towards his mattress and settle upon it, awaiting Harry to put them away.

"Who charmed them? Hermione?" Asked Dean uncertainly.

"No, Karen," scowled Harry grabbing a stack of clothes and shoving them into the drawers of his wardrobe. At Dean's blank stare Harry rolled his eyes, "One of the blondes you met."

"The hot one or the other hot one that kissed me," asked Neville.

Harry rolled his eyes, "Trinity kissed you on the cheek, and she kisses everyone on the cheek, blame it on being raised as a pureblood."

"I'm pureblooded, and I don't do that," Neville said looking slightly disgusted.

"What pureblooded family is she from?" Asked Seamus interestedly, "Dean told me about those girls, they were extremely hot."

"Mason," said Harry shrugging slightly.

"You know the heiress to the Mason Family!?" Nott practically screamed.

Harry finished putting away his clothes ignoring Nott, "Here, this is Karen." Said Harry opening the duffle bag on his bed and pulling out a framed picture of him and Karen.

"I thought she had blonde hair," said Ron taking the picture from Harry.

"Spelled it that way," Harry said unpacking several other pictures.

"I know her," said Seamus suddenly.

"Oh yeah you know the hot girl," said Dean rolling his eyes.

"I do," he said pulling out his Chocolate frog cards. After a few moments of flipping through the cards he pulled one out. "See, Karen Parker, Head Auror for the American Ministry, Potions Master, and Defense Master, Creator of the Yuri Spell the only known block for the Querietra Spell, Currently the youngest Auror in the world."

"So you were in America?" Asked Ron looking at the picture more closely.

"Of course, where else would I be? It's not like I can speak other languages. Well not normal ones anyway, and I told Hermione where I was, she just didn't hear me," Harry smirked in Ron's direction. "And I'm not as smart as Luna made me out to be."

A snort came from Malfoy's direction, which Harry pointedly ignored. He picked up the photos each framed and set them on his nightstand. "How many friends did you make this summer!?" Ron scowled looking at them.

"Err... far less then enemies," Laughed Harry. "Sorta pissed off some vampires. But that's a story for another time, this is Liz." Said Harry handing Ron one of the pictures.

"Cute." Ron deadpanned.

"Yeah, poor thing lives in an orphanage with a bunch of muggles," Harry said taking the picture back. "There really should be Wizard Orphanages."

"Might have prevented Riddle from turning into Voldemort," Harry said sighing slightly, ignoring the flinches of everyone in the room including Ron. "Here, this is Trinity, Jason, Mya, and Jessica."

"She doesn't have blonde hair either," said Dean looking at the picture as well.

"She's a metamorphmagus," explained Harry. At Dean's blank look Harry clarified, "She can change her looks at will."

"And this is Mark, Chad, Dylan, Paris, and Brittany," said Harry handing Ron another picture. "In that order."

"Why aren't they moving?" Asked Neville poking the picture with the tip of his wand.

"It's a muggle photo, they don't move," explained Harry.

"Weird," said Neville. Harry laughed slightly as he picked up the signed guitar and hung it on the wall.

"They flipped out when they saw the picture move," said Harry.

"Who's Limp Bisket?" Asked Ron looking at the guitar sullenly.

"Just a muggle band," shrugged Harry. "I saw them in concert this summer, they were pretty good."

"Strange name," Ron said.

"Yeah, and they would say the same for the weird sisters," said Harry. "Only difference is that Limp Bisket is actually good."

"Oy!" came the offended boy's cries from around the room.

Harry laughed to himself as he pulled out various posters from the

final bag upon his bed. "I know the truth is hard to accept."

A pillow hit the blank wall next to Harry's head, coming from the direction of Seamus's bed. "You're right mate; my poster would look great there!"

"I was aiming for your head," Seamus said chucking another pillow.

"Thank Merlin you're not on the Quidditch team then. We'd lose for sure." Harry said unrolling the poster of Madonna and applying a sticking charm to the wall. A sudden ringing filled the room. Harry idly removed his cell from his pocket. And hit the speaker phone button and placed the phone on the bed side table.

"Speak." Said Harry unrolling a poster of No Doubt.

"Harry?" Came Trinity's familiar voice over the roaring of traffic.

"Trinity?" Asked Harry as a loud honking was heard.

"Hey, did you give anymore thought to where I could throw my rave? I am out of ideas. Everything's been done before!" Said Trinity.

"Err- kind of forgot actually," said Harry.

"Well think boy!" Said Trinity honking her horn, "Move your S.U.V ass!"

"You're driving!" Said Harry stopping from unrolling a poster, "Trinity you drive like a maniac when you have your full attention on the road, I'd hate to see how you fair with only half your attention focused on the road."

"I do not drive like a maniac!" Trinity snapped. A squealing of breaks was heard, "What the hell, that guy just slammed on his brakes and swerved into the cement divider." She laughed. "Fender Bender by

the looks of it."

"God Trinity get off the phone before you kill someone," Said Harry returning to his poster.

"Not until you think up a place for my ra- hold on that's my other line," Trinity said before a click was heard. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Harry?" came Trinity's voice.

"Yeah."

"Mya?" She asked.

"Yo."

"Jason?" she questioned.

"Hey."

"Jessica?" she inquired.

"Trinity where the hell are you, school started 3 hours ago!" Snapped Jessica.

"Yeah, Principle Rahland has asked where you are like 20 times," laughed Jason.

"First you were in the bathroom," said Mya.

"Then you were in the library," said Jessica.

"Which wasn't a very good lie, like you ever hang out in the Library," Jason snorted.

"Hey!" Snapped Trinity.

"Then you were in the cafeteria," Jason said trying to move on.

"Then you were in the courtyard."

"Then you were in the theatre... Oh, by the way you have to try out for the play, A Midsummer Nights Dream."

"WHAT!?"

"Well if you were here to take credit for filling Rahland's office with cement and paining a fake tunnel on it like something out of 'Loony Tunes'." Said Jessica.

"Fine, fine, Harry give me an idea of where to hold my rave," Trinity growled.

"How about detention, sounds like you'll be spending a lot of time there," said Harry distractedly.

"Heh. Funny Harry." Trinity said sarcastically.

"Are you still trying to find a place for this thing?" Asked Jason. "The invites have already gone out! Are you telling me this riddle leads to nowhere? I've been working on it for 2 hours."

"Well that's just sad, and no it leads somewhere, it leads to the next riddle, which leads to the next, and the next, and the next, it's that one that leads nowhere yet. So hop to it Harry, give me a locale!" Trinity said exasperated.

"Why is it up to me?" Asked Harry, "I can't go."

"Why not?" asked Mya sadly. "It won't be a rave without you, whose going to get the cops to let us go when we get arrested?"

"Here's an idea, don't get arrested," Said Harry taking out his school robes and hat.

"You didn't answer the question," said Jessica, "why can't you go?"

"Hogwarts has a closed campus," Harry said.

"And Harry's too much of a goody-goody to break the rule," said Trinity.

"Trinity I'll think about the location," said Harry sighing slightly.

"Good, I'm almost at school, but don't suggest Buckingham Palace, Richard Cole held one there two years ago, in the gardens." Said Trinity.

"Or Paris, I am so over Paris," said Mya. "God How many Raves have been held there this year?"

"6." Replied Trinity.

"And Kelley Christiansen already held one in the Pyramid in Gaza, stupid whore, totally stole my Greek Mythology theme from my birthday party, and just moved it to a different location," said Trinity. "Ah! Someone is in my parking spot; I am so keying their car!"

"I'll talk to you guys later," said Harry rolling his eyes as he hung up the phone and replaced it into his pocket.

The room was silent for a few moments before a small trickle of conversation started up.

"Mate, we're heading down to McGonagall's office, we're going to see if she'll tell us what's going on before the feast," Said Ron after a few moments of the Gryffindors talking. "You coming?"

"Nah, I'm good. I've got some other posters and things to put out," Shrugged Harry unrolling a Red Hot Chile Peppers poster.

Ron's hesitant question of 'are you sure' made Harry look up at the Departing Gryffindors whom were looking distrustfully at the Slytherins whom were sitting idly on the beds that seemed to be for them.

"Honestly Ron, I'm more than capable taking care of myself, I'd be more worried about the Slytherins then for me," Sighed Harry. "Besides what are they going to do, kill me? How would they explain that to Snape? I tripped and fell into a killing curse?"

Ron made a face that suggested that it was plausible. Harry rolled his eyes. "Alright mate, but I'm going to tell Hermione you're up here still."

"So that she can protect me from the big bad Slytherins?" Laughed Harry. "Just go already."

Ron hesitated only a few more seconds before leaving the room with the other Gryffindors trailing behind him. Harry unrolled a poster of Sheryl Crow in silence as a small chatter began to fill the room.

"So Nott, where'd you go on holiday?" Asked Zabini.

"Mum and I went to Brazil," he said unpacking a few clothes, "The pureblood resort, Adaba, that's where I got the snake," he said smugly, "found it in the desert."

"ssss...lying human, I'm from Texas," came a hissing voice to Harry's left.

Harry raised an eyebrow, and looked around the room before his eyes fell upon the glass tank housing the rather elongated green snake.

"I went walking and this beast of a snake attacked me," he said evilly.

"Ssss... I was in a pet shop," hissed the snake. "And I'm the smallest in my family," The snake huffed.

"After some nice spell work on my part, I tamed him," Nott said conceitedly. "He's poisonous, he is!"

"Ssss... I am not poisonous, now my cousin is. And tamed me? You're afraid to even touch me, your mommy had to do it," the snake hissed.

Harry laughed. His eyes on the snake, the Slytherins turned towards him, several scowling, "What's so funny, Potter?" growled Nott.

"Your snake has a bit of an attitude, and a rather different story to tell." Said Harry turning away from the snake and back to his stuff, he removed the framed belts and certificate of reaching Black Belt status.

"Ssss... You can understand me human boy?" Hissed the snake.

Harry raised an eyebrow at the snake, "ssss... names' Harry."

"Sss... you can talk my language! Tell the idiot boy that I am a girl! I'm tired of being called a boy!" she hissed. "He calls me it again and I'll sink my teeth in so far, I'll hit bone!"

Harry smirked slightly, "She says, stop calling her a boy, otherwise she'll use her 'poisonous' fangs on you."

Nott scowled slightly at this and opened his mouth to retort, however a loud angry scream sounded throughout the tower, followed by a large crash.

Harry's head snapped to the side where the scream came from. He recognized that scream. "Hermione!?" Harry dropped his framed black belt and took off out of the dorm room and down the steps, before it smashed to the ground thousands of pieces of glass twinkling to a rest upon his floor.

Harry entered the common room to find the occupants looking towards the girls dormitories. It took Harry two seconds to cross the common room, and to sprint up the stairs, barely making it to the landing before the stairs changed into a slide, making his way up another flight of stairs, out of instinct he knew that the 6th year dorms were on the same floor as the guys. Turning onto the last step he burst into the room.

He was met with a sight he never thought he would see. Upon the floor Hermione was atop Daphne Moon attacking her. A charred smell wafted through the air, screams were intermingled throughout the room, the Gryffindor's and the Slytherin's each had their wands out, and were positioned in a standstill. Harry snapped out of his daze, entered the room and pulled Hermione off of Daphne.

"Let go of me!" Hermione screamed.

"Relax, it's me," said Harry in a soothing tone in her ear, Hermione seemed to go lax in his arms, as he set her down on the ground. "You okay?" he asked barely above a whisper. She nodded slowly. Her clothes were slightly ripped, showing off more of Hermione than a best friend should see a slight blush started to rise in his cheeks. Harry quickly averted his eyes and removed his jacket and handed it to her. She eyed him curiously before looking down at her clothes; a startled cry escaped her throat before she pulled the jacket on tightly concealing her.

Daphne was curled in a ball on the ground whimpering in between wheezing sobs. Making sure Hermione could stand on her own Harry made his way over to Daphne, kneeling beside her; he ran his wand

over her body performing a rudimentary medical scan that Karen had used on him after some of their more rigorous training sessions. A piece of paper seemed to print out of the tip of his wand.

Bruised ribs. Blunt trauma to the face, and torso. Small abrasions to the face, hands, and arms.

Harry sighed before performing some basic healing spells. She would still require Madam Pomfrey's care; however, she'd be able to walk there instead of being carried by a stretcher.

"What happened?" Harry asked taking in the room for the first time. The girls had lowered their wands slightly, staring at Harry in shock.

"What?" Harry asked curiously towards the room at large.

"Nice tattoo," said Lavender flirtatiously.

"Err...", Harry replied intelligently before looking sheepishly back at Hermione, whom eyes narrowed slightly at his sudden bare arms. "Thanks, I guess." Harry said.

"Potter!" A new voice snapped, Harry looked back at the doorway, and saw Professor Dumbledore and Professor Snape standing in the doorway.

"Severus, there's no need for that tone," Dumbledore said serenely. "Harry, why are you in the girl's dormitory, and why is Miss Moon on the ground"

Harry stood up slowly pocketing his wand, "I heard a scream, Hermione's scream."

"So you attacked Moon!" growled Snape angrily, "Detention Potter! And a 100 points from Gryffindor."

"I doubt Harry attacked Miss Moon," said Dumbledore. "You raced to help someone whom was in trouble, 100 points to Gryffindor for such an act,"

"Why do you always encourage his need for attention?" Snape returned in a silk-like tone.

"I wasn't doing in for attention," scowled Harry, "I heard my best friend scream."

"How'd you get up the stairs, Potter?" Snape snapped. "Or is Gryffindor above the gender lines?"

"I ran up the stairs, before they changed," said Harry rolling his eyes.

"Impossible. The stairs change too quickly for you to have made it up them," Snape smirked, "perhaps a certain Gryffindor showed Potter how to get around the wards."

"Hermione did not, ask anyone in the common room, I did it in full view of them," scowled Harry.

"Perhaps we should find out the reason Miss Granger screamed," suggested Dumbledore un-sticking two lemon drops from each other and popping one in his mouth.

"Moon burned everything I own," Said Hermione listlessly. She said staring at her charred bed. Crookshanks walking out from underneath the still smoking bed, his tail slightly burnt. Hermione scooped him up never taking her eyes off the remnants of her things.

"I'm sorry could you repeat that Miss Granger," asked Dumbledore after a few seconds of silence, where even Snape was at a loss of words.

"She burned my bed, it had everything I brought with me to school on

it, including my cat," said Hermione numbly.

Harry took Crookshanks from her arms as she walked closer to her bed to inspect the damage; a soft purring was heard as Harry lightly petted the cat.

"It was an accident, Headmaster," Moon Said standing up, holding her side. "And I tried to explain it to her, but she attacked me before I could."

"Granger attacked you?" Asked Snape disbelievingly.

"She aimed purposely at my bed!" said Hermione stubbornly.

"Attacking a fellow student doesn't seem like you, Miss Granger," Said Dumbledore disapprovingly.

"Where did you even learn to fight like that," asked Lavender, reminding everyone the other girls were in the room.

"Harry." She said picking up what looked like the husk of a charred book.

"What?" asked Harry. "I didn't teach you to fight, if you want I can, but I didn't. At least I don't think I did, I mean I taught you a little dueling, but not fist fighting... I'm going to shut up now," said Harry as Dumbledore raised an eyebrow,

"You beat up Malfoy last year," said Hermione shrugging.

"Only you would use that as a learning experience," scowled Harry. "I'm not exactly proud of it you know."

"It was a practical demonstration," said Hermione crossing her arms.

"On how to get kicked off the Quidditch team," said Harry setting

Crookshanks down on the ground.

"No on how to defend yourself," huffed Hermione.

"Can we not discuss this right now?" scowled Harry.

"You brought it up, and when did you get that tattoo," asked Hermione seemingly coming out of her shock and into her mothering stage.

"You know, I really shouldn't be up here," said Harry smiling, "Good luck with this." And with that Harry took off out of the dorm.

"Maybe he can run that fast." Harry heard Snape mutter.

Harry kicked a rock from his path as he meandered down the dirt road towards Hogsmede. Hermione and Dumbledore were awaiting his arrival. It had been decided quite quickly that Hermione would travel to Diagon Alley with in the hour in order to replace her things. It was in the bylaws of the school that no student could attend the opening Feast without the proper attire. And while Hermione was wearing her school uniform in its barest sense, it was decided that since there were several hours before the feast that she could go to Diagon Alley and come back before it started and that Harry should escort her and Dumbledore since he offered to replace her things for her. But to Harry he saw this as merely a way to get him out of the dorm before he killed Malfoy.

After Harry had emerged from the girls' dormitory, easily sliding down the slide-stairs, he entered into a shocked common-room, filled with both Gryffindors and Slytherins. He didn't take time to explain what had happened and instead made his way back to his dorm room, where he found Malfoy again sitting on his bed, but this time he was tapping Harry's cell phone curiously with the tip of his phone. Needless to say an argument broke forth. Harry wasn't sure if it was the shouting, or the breaking of two beds that summoned the

attention of the teachers. Consequently, Dumbledore had suggested that Harry accompany Hermione and him to Diagon Alley.

"Ah, Harry, I see you've made it." Dumbledore said passively producing an old tea kettle, "Just in time, our portkey is activating soon."

Hermione, whom was wearing what looked like a borrowed robe, smiled at him slightly before turning toward Dumbledore and reaching for the portkey. Harry's own hand barely touched the surface before they were whisked away to London.

Harry and Dumbledore had left Hermione alone in Madam Milliken's to shop for robes while they collected her school supplies. They entered the apothecary.

The smell of acidic ingredients filled the air.

"Harry, I was hoping we could discuss what you said earlier," Said Dumbledore calmly. He picked up several ingredients and placed them into his basket.

"There's not much to discuss." Said Harry stiffly. He was still angry with Dumbledore for keeping the information of his depleting magic, and the consequences of it,

"Harry, you're not dying, you have years ahead of you," Dumbledore said sighing slightly as he examined a few toadstools for sale.

"Years," Harry scoffed staring angrily at Dumbledore's lowered head. "My magic was depleting, I would have been reduced to a squib in my 20's, how long would I survive then? You had no right to keep that from me. I have a right to know what I'm up against, with or without magic. But when I'm not told it put's not only me in danger, but other people, as well, like my friends. What if I came up against Voldemort, and I had already begun showing inept ability to cast even the

simplest spell, I wouldn't know why it was happening. And I'd be as good as dead."

"Was?" Asked Dumbledore raising his eyes to meet Harry's an undeniable hope lingering in them, which caused Harry to feel mildly guilty about his outburst in his office, but it lessened slightly once Harry realized he wasn't the one at fault here.

"Yes, was," glowered Harry, "Bellatrix's little spell killed the drainage on my 1st level."

"1st level," smiled Dumbledore, "You've had the principles of magic explained to you?"

"Only the basics," Harry said picking up several powdered pigs feet packages, "Unlike you, Karen tells me things," said Harry scowling. Harry failed to mention her keeping the same thing from him as Dumbledore had, because she had at least tried to explain why she had, and apologized for it.

"How did the curse stop it?" Asked Dumbledore eagerly. Harry sighed, he deeply considered not telling the man, but for the life of him he still respected Dumbledore and so Harry began to explain the very theory Karen had explained to him not but a few hours ago.

"Well I think we have everything," said Hermione smiling handing Harry several bags full of her clothes. The Sorting Feast was to begin in 45 minutes, and they had just portkeyed back into Hogsmede. As soon as Dumbledore closed the gates of Hogwarts he excused himself and practically ran to Professor McGonagall, whom was waiting impatiently near Hagrid's hut, they both disappeared into the hut, leaving Harry and Hermione alone to carry their purchases back to the Gryffindor dorms.

"Thank you for replacing my things, it will take Moon 2 weeks to pay you back," Said Hermione pulling her hair behind her left ear.

"No problem, besides, it got me away from Malfoy, I hope someone fixed Ron's bed." Said Harry idly.

"Now about where you were this summer," Hermione said in a business-like tone.

Harry laughed, "I told you earlier that I was in The States, you just didn't hear me over your suffocating me."

"Where specifically?" She said after a few moments of embarrassed silence. "And don't even try to deflect my question by saying you want to tell Ron and I at the same time."

Harry smirked slightly, he had just been about to do that. "I was in Los Angeles, California. I met several people, including, Karen Parker, the Head auror there. But that's all you get until Ron joins us."

She smiled, "Did you like America?"

Harry chuckled lightly, "Until the Death Eaters showed up I was having a great time." Harry ignored her sudden barrage of questions concerning the Death Eaters leading her into the Common room.

Last year I warned,

And some of you felt torn,

Between two

Objecting Views

Some believed the Ministry

Others believed the imagery

told in a story

that was gory.

But either way the truth is now known

And danger has come to light.

And the houses are still divided.

A few heeded my words

and formed an alliance

to learn to defend

but three houses make not four

so I implore to thee

divided we can not be,

Whether you are a brave Gryffindor,

a cunning Slytherin,

A loyal Hufflepuff,

Or a smart Ravenclaw,

Join together,

Do not divide,

for we will not survive

unless we are together,

and this is where

my song ends

let the sorting Begin

but let not the friendships end.

The sorting Hat became quiet as McGonagall unrolled the scroll of First year's names.

"Aldele, Victoria."

RINGRING

Harry stiffened slightly. His phone rang loudly into the silence of the Great Hall. All eyes turned towards the Gryffindor table, his phone rang again. Harry cursed lightly so only the few around him heard him. He pulled his cell from his pocket as he stood up from the table, it was Karen's ringtone.

"Sorry Professor McGonagall," Harry said sheepishly answering the phone, "Hold on Karen." He pulled away from the table and headed towards the doors and exited the Great Hall, all eyes in the Great Hall on him, small hisses of whispering followed him.

Harry stood in the foray of the Great Hall, "That's going to get me detention," said Harry idly to Karen.

"What is?" She asked curiously.

"You called in the middle of the Sorting," sighed Harry.

"Well, you were suppose to call me as soon as you got there, it's your own fault, but hey, think of it this way, now we know your phone works," She laughed.

"Karen-" started Harry hotly. But he never finished his sentence as his phone was plucked from his ear. Harry turned quickly on his heel to come face to face with Professor McGonagall.

"Who is this?" Asked McGonagall bringing the phone to her ear, "And are you aware that Mr. Potter is in violation of school code 8190.20, possession of Muggle Contraband."

Harry frowned, what code? And since when did a cell phone constitute as contraband.

McGonagall's frowned slightly as she listened to Karen talk. "Yes, well..."

"No, I don't..."

"That's not really the issue...."

"Well of course it is..."

"No, not specifically..."

"I don't suppose it is..."

"Yes, I would agree but..."

"Yes."

"I understand."

"Of course that is a top priority."

"I would love to."

"I will. Thank you, it was nice talking to you to Miss Parker..."

"Of course... Karen, see you then."

"How do you turn this off Potter?" Asked McGonagall eyeing the phone curiously.

"Err- red button." Harry said confused. He had no idea what had just happened and he was pretty sure that Karen and McGonagall were going to meet soon.

"Ah, Mr. Potter, it has come to my attention that you have accepted an apprenticeship and that it is necessary for you to be reachable at all times, however, Miss P—Karen has agreed that you shouldn't have had the phone on during the feast, and nor should you have it on during classes. I'm assigning you detention; however, you may keep the phone, until Karen and I discuss a more subtle way of contacting you." McGonagall said Smiling slightly.

"We're having tea on tomorrow so that we can discuss your school, quidditch, and training schedule. I shall inform your teachers that you won't be attending your classes tomorrow," she said handing him back his phone.

"I will not accept special treatment of Potter in my classroom," a falsely sweet voice sounded from the front doors.

Harry scowled as his eyes landed on someone he hoped never to see again.

"Dolores," McGonagall said tightly. "I see you've recovered."

"Oh, yes, I have, and the Minister has given me utmost support in retaking my position here," Dolores Umbridge said in a sickly

saccharine voice.

"Not without protest from the entire staff of Hogwarts," returned McGonagall evenly.

"The Governors overruled those objections," Umbridge said sweetly, "my teaching produced the most students passing their OWL and NEWT in Defense against the Dark Arts, than any teacher in the past 10 years."

"Your teaching, if that's what you called it, left the students without a year of Defense, leaving them open to the inability to defend themselves against attack," Harry snapped, his voice raised slightly.

"The tests suggest differently." She returned lightly pushing past them and entering the Great Hall.

"Professor—" started Harry.

"I know Potter, I'll leave the tin of cookies on my desk, I fear you'll be eating a lot of them this year," McGonagall said sighing before leaving him standing in the foray staring unbelievably at the closed Great Hall Doors.

Peeves' Mischief Revealed

Harry scowled as he followed after McGonagall into the Great Hall. Umbridge was now standing at the front of the Great Hall giving a speech in a sickly sweet voice, the first years were no longer standing, but were sitting off to the side of the Great Hall. Harry purposefully made his way slowly to the Gryffindor table, Umbridge's eyes tracking his progress until he found his seat.

"... Of course once I was approached by the Minister and told that Hogwarts was in desperate need of my services as Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher I immediately agreed, after all, the students need to learn to defend themselves in such a time as this, and I am only too happy to know that I made a difference. After all, I am hailed as the best Defense teacher the school has had by the school Governors, and the Ministry OWL and NEWT department..."

"Best teacher my arse," muttered Dean angrily. "Only reason anyone passed was because of the DA, Harry's the best teacher we've had, not that cow."

"Toad," said Harry appraisingly, "Definitely resembles a toad more than a cow."

The Gryffindors sitting around Harry burst into laughter causing Umbridge to turn towards them.

"HEM HEM, Care to share what is so humorous?" She asked sardonically.

Harry smiled, while the other Gryffindors shrank under her gaze, "I was just telling my fellow Gryffindors that you resemble a toad, not a cow, and that your claim as the best Defense teacher is complete crap, considering you didn't teach us a damn thing."

"Mr. Potter!" McGonagall exclaimed in a frustrated tone, her hand

covering her eyes as if it was all a bad dream, and that Harry couldn't really be that stupid.

"Oh, you're right, Professor, she did teach us that the Minister allows Ministry officials to torture and discriminate against those whom are different, and threaten those who disagree with them," said Harry raising an eyebrow slightly, "definitely a lesson well taught."

Umbridge smiled in a falsely sweet way, "The NEWTS and OWL test results show that I produced the most passing students last year, than any other Defense teacher in the last 50 years, Mr. Potter."

"Fat chance of that," growled Seamus angrily, "only reason I passed was because of Har—"

Harry stopped him with a quick kick to the shin.

"Yes, Mr. Finnigan, what were you saying?" Asked Dumbledore interestedly, a slight twinkling in his eyes.

Seamus sent Harry a quick glance before turning back to the teachers, "Hard studying. Barely slept." He said gently massaging his shin.

Dumbledore sighed slightly. "Perhaps this discussion can be put off till later; we have yet to finish the Sorting after all."

"Of course, Headmaster," Umbridge returned in a falsely innocent voice, "Mr. Potter has interrupted us enough."

Harry raised an eyebrow slightly seeing the bait for what it was, unlike the rest of his dormmates whom rose to his defense, "Guys, leave it." He muttered to them. They tapered off of their arguments.

The Sorting progressed allowing 6 first years to join the Gryffindor house.

"Now, before the Feast begins," a few groaned at this eagerly awaiting the food to appear. "Yes, I shall make it quick. As most of you have noticed several dorm rooms have been enlarged to accommodate more beds for the Slytherins in the other three Houses. The reason for this is that the Slytherin Commonroom and subsequently their dormrooms have been flooded by a prank gone wrong," at this Peeves Cackle sounded throughout the Great Hall, however, the poltergeist did not appear. "Yes, well, it's taking longer than expected to fix them to livable conditions, so the Slytherin House will be dispersed throughout the other 3 Houses. 1st and 3rd years are in Hufflepuff. 2nd, 4th and 5th year girls are housed in Ravenclaw, and the 5th year boys, 6th and 7th years are in Gryffindor. As such, I believe, that Four tables are unnecessary," He clapped his hands together enthusiastically and the Slytherin table melded together with the other three tables seamlessly, Malfoy and his cronies ending up near Harry and his friends, just a stones throw away.

"And with that, let the feast begin." Dumbledore said sitting down happily.

"I think the old man has finally lost it," said Harry scowling slightly towards the grouping of Slytherins.

"What kind of damage could have Dumbledore unable to fix?" Asked Neville curiously.

"He didn't say he couldn't fix it," Hermione said knowingly, "He said it just hadn't been fixed yet."

"How long do you think we'll be stuck with the Slytherins?" Asked Lavender whom had claimed the seat next to Harry aggressively before the Sorting had begun, leaving Pavarti to take a seat near Dean, and causing Hermione to sit across from Harry in between Ginny and Dean, and Ron to claim his right side, next to Neville.

"Before or after Harry kills Malfoy for sitting on his bed," Seamus laughed. He had taken the seat next to Lavender.

Ron smirked, "So Harry, ready to tell us where and what you were up to this summer?"

Harry Laughed, "Well as to where, I was in California, on vacation."

"An unauthorized vacation," said Neville smiling slightly.

"Eh, a vacation all the same, well until the deatheaters showed up," shrugged Harry taking a bite out of his food.

"Deatheaters?" Asked Ron gaping like a fish out of water.

"Yeah, but that was on the night before I left," smiled Harry. "So they merely ruined my departure."

"Er, Harry, not to be rude, but why do you sound different?" Asked Ginny curiously.

"I sound different?" Asked Harry taking a sip of pumpkin juice.

"Yeah, kind of muffled," said Dean thoughtfully.

"I don't hear anything," said Seamus.

Harry laughed sheepishly, "Oh." He smiled shyly before sticking out his tongue. A chorus of "Bleeding Hells" and "Why would you do that" came from his friends, and a disappointed frown crossed Hermione's face.

"Didn't that hurt mate?" came Ron's voice, he was slightly paler than he had been not a few seconds earlier.

Harry shrugged. "Don't really remember, the tattoo's hurt worse."

"Tattoo's!?" Came both Ron and Ginny's voices Ron was indignant, while Ginny's was questioning. Hermione was oddly enough silent, instead she was avoiding looking at Harry, and instead was focusing on her food.

"Yeah," Lavender said giddily, "He's got one right... here," she said running her fingers flirtatiously across his sleeve. "It's amazing what these robes hide."

Harry raised an eyebrow slightly, "Er- Right," he replied uncertainly. He wasn't sure why Lavender was suddenly so touchy with him.

"So Harry," Ginny said in a bubbly voice, although the scowl she sent towards Lavender sort of betrayed her annoyance, "Did you finally get your eyes magically fixed?"

"Hrm? Oh, no, I have contacts in," replied Harry.

"Contacts?" Asked Neville uncertainly.

Harry tried to explain what muggle contacts were, but had to be saved by Hermione, who after explaining it returned to staring at her plate.

"You put it on your eye, that's insane," muttered Neville shaking his head.

"Mr. Potter," McGonagall called over the milling crowds of the students waiting to exit the Great Hall, "The Headmaster would like a word."

Harry moved away from his friends and made his way towards McGonagall whom lead him into the room off to the side of the Great Hall. Once he entered it she issued him into a seat, she taking one

next to him. Dumbledore and Snape were sitting across from them. Snape had a large scowl across his face.

"Ah, Harry, glad you could join us," Dumbledore said cheerfully.

"Is this about the phone, or Umbridge?" Asked Harry uncertainly.

"I was under the impression that you confiscated that muggle contraption, Minerva," scowled Snape evilly.

"So Umbridge then?" Asked Harry quickly not allowing McGonagall to answer, "I'm not going to apologize, last year I held my tongue; for the most part," he said at their disbelieving looks, "I didn't hex her at least," he shrugged, "and she would have deserved it. I won't be taking it again this year, I've got nothing to lose, She can't ask me where Sirius is, nor does she have the power to expel me, Nor do I really care what they say about me in the papers, the wizarding world is a bunch of sheep, believing whatever the Ministry prints." Harry crossed his arms defiantly.

"Actually Harry, we're here to talk about your classes," Dumbledore said happily, his eyes twinkling merrily.

"Oh, well forget what I just said then," Harry replied uncrossing his arms. "What's wrong with my classes?"

"You still wish to proceed with the course of an auror, correct?" Asked Dumbledore seriously at Harry's nod he continued, "Therefore, I have discussed this with Professor Snape," he nodded politely towards a scowling Snape, "and he has agreed to let you into his class on a probationary period, considering you received an E in the OWLS." Dumbledore smiled proudly.

"Only if you abide by these rules Potter: You treat me with respect; you will be paired with one of my best students, Mister Malfoy; and you will keep a standard of E or better work," Snape practically spat.

"Er, no thanks," said Harry shaking his head, "I don't want special treatment, Headmaster."

Dumbledore frowned, "You need a NEWT in Potions to be accepted into the British Auror Program, Harry."

"I'm aware of the requirements, sir," Harry replied somewhat insulted. "But I have other options, I plan to study independently and take the NEWT without taking the class."

"Potter, don't be stupid, the NEWT course load is far too great to study on your own, especially with your dismal lack of skill, swallow your pride and accept the terms," snapped Snape.

"I never claimed that I would be studying on my own," Harry replied coolly. "Besides, the chances of me being accepted in the British Auror program are next to none, I already have a meeting scheduled with Professor McGonagall," here he nodded politely towards her—as she had remained silent during this whole exchange, "to discuss other career options, it wouldn't be wise to hinge all of my hopes on my potion making skills."

"Miss Granger will be far too busy to hold your hand with her own course load," Snape replied coolly.

"Good thing I have a friend who is a Potion Master, and has agreed to help me if I become stuck," Harry replied just as coolly.

"Who?" replied Snape masking all curiosity and somehow made the question sound insulting.

"Am I to assume it is Miss Parker?" Dumbledore asked pensively.

"Yes," replied McGonagall brightly. "That is who called Potter earlier, she is joining us tomorrow to assure me in person that she is going to

help with his dreams of becoming an auror. You have to admit Severus, Miss Parker is an excellent potions master."

Snape scowled, "I disagree with her latest articles, but she does know the craft. Although, she'll hit the same stalemate as I have with teaching Potter the art, he's not of Potion Master Skills."

"Good thing I don't want to be a Potions Master," replied Harry sardonically.

"I dare you to... sing the school song while imitating Professor Snape!" Laughed an unknown girl as Harry entered the commonroom. It seemed that all of the Slytherin and Gryffindor Girls that were currently residing in the Gryffindor Tower were gathered in the commonroom, all were clad in their pajamas resting on pillows and the couches, Hermione was surprisingly among them, Lavender and Ginny talking animatedly to her, no boys were currently about.

The loud giggling and conversations ended abruptly when the door closed behind him, Harry raised an eyebrow at Hermione, taking in her clothes, "Hermione, are you wearing my clothes?"

A pretty blush appeared on her cheeks as a tremulous wave of giggles erupted. "It was a dare," she replied embarrassed.

"You're playing Truth-or-Dare?" Asked Harry uncertainly.

"Yes, what's wrong with that," she asked looking slightly insulted.

"Nothing, just thought you were above such a childish game," shrugged Harry. "Mind giving them back when you're done?" Harry was about to head up to his dorm room when a thought entered his mind, "Anyone else have something of mine?"

Nervous giggles erupted as a few Slytherins' produced some random items of his, "I'd appreciate those back as well. However," he started

seeing a third year Gryffindor holding a small black zippered bag, which held his contact case, solution, and glasses, "I will be needing these." She laughed nervously handing it to him.

"Good night, ladies," He said rolling his eyes before heading up the stairs. As he crossed the threshold of the first landing he noticed a flesh colored rope hanging haphazardly off the railing. He laughed to himself as he noticed it was coming from the 6th year boys dormitory.

Ascending the stairs quickly Harry entered the room to find the extendable ear connected to a small triangular box sitting on the floor in the middle of the room.

"New product from the twins?" Asked Harry curiously as he opened his wardrobe and began removing his contacts.

"Shhh...", replied Ron hurriedly as voices began filtering into the room.

"Well, he was rather understanding," pouted a female voice.

"What did you want him to do, scream at us for taking his stuff?" Asked what sounded like Ginny.

"Well no, obviously, but he didn't even seem surprised," Another voice said.

"And what did he mean childish game? And why is Granger the only one he thought above it," Parkinson's voice whined.

"Oh forget Harry's opinion, he's a guy after all," Ginny said happily. "A guy who grew up nicely if I might add, I am absolutely in love with the blue in his hair."

"I'm not," that was Hermione's voice, "It looks ridiculous, he won't be accepted in the Auror program with that in his hair."

"Tonk's constantly has Pink hair, Hermione," Ginny replied incredulously, "and she's an auror. You're just mad about those pictures on his bedside, I noticed you and Ron weren't there."

Harry raised an eyebrow at this, donning his new glasses he went over to inspect his bedside table. He frowned pensively before he began searching for his trunk. He had shrunk it down, and hadn't been willing to enlarge it upon discovering the Slytherins in his dorm since the trunk held his most valuable possessions. (I.E. his invisibility cloak, photo album, marauder's map, his guitar, the weird trophy, his guns/ammo, etc...) He finally found his shrunken trunk at the bottom of his duffle bag, and enlarged it, before pulling out a picture of him, Hermione, and Ron that Colin had given him last year.

"He hasn't fully unpacked yet!" Hermione said in an irritated voice Harry thought she only reserved for Ron.

"He didn't seem to have any problems putting out the other pictures," Ginny said in a somewhat triumphant voice.

Harry scowled slightly towards the triangle as he placed the picture at the forefront of the others, making it prominent among the other photos.

"He stopped unpacking to find out why I had screamed, and to accompany me to Diagon Alley," said Hermione in a less than convinced voice.

"Of course he hasn't full unpacked yet," replied Lavender soothingly surprising Harry. "I'm sure he'll have a picture of you and Ron by tomorrow."

"Hate to interrupt this... moment," Parkinson said snidely, "but weren't we playing a game?" The girls broke into giggles as an unknown girl began to sing the school song imitating Snape.

Harry looked around the room. Neville, Dean, Ron, and Seamus were avidly listening to the girl through the unknown device, while the Slytherin guys were pretending not to. Malfoy whom had smirked widely as Harry rooted around for the picture of Ron and Hermione was currently leafing through what looked like his potions text, but was constantly glancing towards what Harry was doing.

Harry whom had repaired his black belt frame had hung it on the wall, was currently trying to decide where his final poster would go, it was an auror poster from America that Karen had given him, it was reminiscent of one of the muggle Navy posters, only instead of a sword the auror was holding his wand erect and was decked out in Battle Robes with the auror symbol embellished on the back. The auror was shooting off random spells into the black background showing off different opponents, and the words "Are you ready to battle the darkness?" would flash randomly at the top.

A sudden uproar of squeals were heard from the girls made Harry turn away from his poster that he had hung on his wardrobe door, and look towards the small triangle.

"Mouse!!" a girl shouted.

"Who's cat was that!" another said angrily.

"That would be Harry's," laughed Hermione. As her voice flittered into the room Meg came running into the room, bearing a large white mouse gripped in her teeth struggling to be free. She jumped onto Harry's bed proudly depositing the mouse before him.

The mouse tried to escape but Meg quickly re-caught it. "What am I suppose to do with that?" Asked Harry after a few seconds before he realized she wanted him to take it. A meow escaped her mouth, blocked by the mouse she held. Harry frowned, "Fine." He grabbed the mouse by the tail, Meg quickly letting it go before curling up in a

ball, a slight purring coming from her.

"Stupid cat," Harry said watching the mouse struggle in the air. He looked towards the snake whom was following the mouse with her eyes hypnotically. Harry crossed the room quickly and lifted the glass cage, despite Nott's protest, and put the mouse in with her. Harry heard what he guessed was a joyful squeal before she began playing with it.

"Er... isn't there a school rule that you can only have one pet?" asked Neville looking away from the snake quickly looking sick.

Harry shrugged, "Picked her up over the summer, couldn't exactly leave her there, and I wouldn't trust my relatives with a plant, let alone a living creature. Besides Dumbledore is trying to get me to like him again, he's probably found me a loophole." He said Crossing the room towards his bed and began changing into his night clothes.

"How is he trying to get you to like him again?" Asked Ron curiously.

"He strong-armed Snape into allowing me into his NEWT potion's class even though I only got an E on the OWLS," Harry scowled pulling on his night shirt.

"Snape agreed to that?" Asked Dean incredulously.

"He had terms," laughed Harry.

"What were the terms?" Asked Ron a note of jealousy in his voice.

"Hmm? Oh, treat him with respect," here the Gryffindor's snorted with laughter, "Yeah, I'd be out of the class with in the first five minutes, let's see, I would have had to keep E or better work, and..." Harry laughed here and shot a look towards Malfoy whom was staring intently at his book, "He was going to permanently pair me with ferret boy over there. But like I told him, thanks but no thanks, I'm going to

study on my own and sit the Newt."

"You're not serious?" Malfoy asked glaring at Harry. Not sure what part Malfoy was referring to Harry smirked and replied to the one he thought made more sense.

"He's your head of House, don't know why he'd want to torture you," Harry laughed.

Malfoy frowned at that and returned to his book. "Harry, the NEWT course load..." started Ron, "if you have a chance to become an Auror by joining in Snape's class, take it."

"Ron, I'm meeting with McGonagall tomorrow to discuss other career options, besides I have a few things in the works, don't worry about me," Harry laughed, "Besides who even says I'll live long enough to get a job, let alone graduate, why spend any more time with Snape than necessary."

The room was silent at that, "Mate that's'..." Ron began hotly.

"The truth?" Harry laughed shaking his head, "Hey, you want to meet Karen? She's stopping by tomorrow."

"The hot auror!?" Asked Dean excitedly. "oooh can't wait, I better get my beauty sleep."

"She's coming tomorrow, you'll have to sleep longer than that to make you beautiful," said Seamus teasingly.

Dean replied by throwing his pillow at him.

The Great Hall was noisy with the preamble before the first classes, schedules were being passed out, first years were being given directions (and then correct directions depending on whom they asked), the ghosts were noisily chattering away about past students, and the teachers were whispering among themselves.

Harry was sitting at the Gryffindor table, currently eating his eggs, and having to explain numerous times why he hadn't received a schedule when McGonagall had passed by earlier.

It was just as the first students were heading towards their classes that the doors swung open, Two large men were leading Karen in by wand point, she was frustratingly talking to them, an irate look on her face. The Great Hall silenced.

"This is absolutely unnecessary, I am a guest of Professor Minerva McGonagall and Harry Potter, I insist you remove your hands from my person before I am reduced to removing it for you," Karen said in her most diplomatic voice.

"I don't care if you claim to be Merlin's guest of honor," the bigger of the two said in an intimidating manner, "No one gets past without surrendering their wand, you'll get it back when you leave."

"That is the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard, I will not surrender my wand, you have no jurisdiction over it or me," she said glaring at him. Harry, whom had stood at her arrival, was quickly making his way over, just barely beating McGonagall, Snape, and Dumbledore.

"Your Supreme Mugwump, am I to assume all of your guests are treated in such a manner? Or only those who have diplomatic ties to a neutral government in regards to your countries war?" Karen asked in an affronted tone.

"I assure you Miss Parker this is not of my doing, Gentleman unhand our guest this moment," Dumbledore said without so much as a twinkle in his eye.

"I quite agree, Miss Parker is an invited guest, she in no way is

perceived as a threat," McGonagall said crossly.

"Minister Fudge placed us here to ensure the safety of Undersecretary Umbridge, and that nothing similar to last year happens," the smaller of the two men stated in a firm voice, "And to do that all guests must surrender their wands."

"Your hand is still upon my person, this is your last warning," Karen said in a warning tone.

"And this is yours, surrender your wand, or be forced to leave," the larger man stated.

"You have no authority over whom may visit Hogwarts gentlemen," Dumbledore said frowning slightly. "I think—"

Whatever Dumbledore was about to say was cut off as Karen suddenly twisted her arm to the side, and brought her left arm careening down onto the crook of the guard's arm currently holding her. He let out a painful moan as his arm was forcefully removed from her's; His right arm nursing his left to his chest.

"Why you little—" started the guard angrily.

"She warned you," Harry stated plaintively. "You really should listen to an auror when they tell you to let go of them."

"Auror?" Came a sickly sweet voice from the doorway. "Might I inquire why Mr. Potter has an auror visiting him?"

Harry turned towards the sardonically smiling form of Umbridge and scowled, "You may inquire, but that doesn't mean you'll receive an answer," replied Karen dusting the arm of her auror robe as if the large man had left some unknown dirt that wouldn't come off. Umbridge's smile fell slightly at Karen's mocking tone.

"HEM, HEM, Now young lady, your impudence is unwelcome, I am Senior Undersecretary Dolores Umbridge to Minister Fudge, and therefore entitled to an answer," Umbridge puffed out slightly at this. "Do I make myself clear?"

"Umbitch?" Asked Karen uncertainly, her eyes locking onto the toad's quickly.

Harry hid a laugh underneath a cough.

Umbridge frowned, "Um-bridge, dear. Um-BRIDGE."

"Yes, I'm aware of what your name is," Karen said waving her off, "I was under the impression you had left the teaching profession."

Umbridge narrowed her eyes at Karen, "My achievements made me reconsider."

"Your achievements?" Karen frowned.

"I produced more passing students in NEWTS and OWLS than any past teacher," she smiled although she had some scrutiny behind her eyes.

Karen sent a glance at Harry, "I was unaware that you were responsible for anything other than torturing students with a bloodquill." She returned coolly crossing her arms.

Dumbledore started at that, his eyes darting quickly from Harry to Umbridge, "hemhem," Umbridge cleared her throat hurriedly, "I don't know what lies young Mr. Potter has been filling your pretty head with dear, but, I wouldn't put much stock in what he says, he's quite disturbed."

Karen laughed a short, mirthless laugh, "I suppose the residual spell traces left upon the scars on the back of his hand are just figments of

his imagination?" Karen scowled slightly at her, "I have known Harry for quite sometime and he is hardly distrust worthy, and under normal circumstances I would arrest you for child endangerment, child abuse, use of a dark artifact, assault, from your appearance illegal transmutation between a human and an amphibian," Here Harry snorted with laughter at the reference that she looked like a toad, "and anything else I felt like tacking on. However, I have no jurisdiction in this part of the world, consequently, should I here that you've made the grave mistake in repeating your form of detention on the students, more specifically on Harry; I will rectify the situation, And by this I mean I will beat you until you are an inch from life, As a renowned Potions Master I can and will force you to survive on the most vial potions in existence in an effort to keep you lucid enough to know exactly what I am doing to you over a course of a week, or longer depending on my mood. And as Head Auror of the American Ministry I have unlimited resources to not only get away with it, but possibly be rewarded for it." She smiled in just a sickly sweet smile as Umbridge had, "Do I make myself clear?"

She neither cared nor allowed Umbridge to answer, "Harry, I've just gotten off a mission and haven't eaten since yesterday's breakfast, do I have time to eat before this meeting?"

"Yeah," Harry smiled, "it's not for another half hour."

"You'll excuse me then, gentlemen," Karen said to the two large men bowing sarcastically brandishing her wand mockingly at them before sheathing it, and turning to follow Harry to the Gryffindor table. "Oh, and I'll be sure to inform Minister Charles about the welcome I received from Minister Fudge's employees, I doubt the International Confederation of Wizards will be very impressed, wouldn't you agree, Supreme Mugwump?"

Dumbledore's eyes glittered slightly amused as he replied seriously, "No, I don't believe they would, considering the Minister's speech last week concerning international relations."

Snape raised an eyebrow elegantly as he watched Karen interlope her arm with Harry's as she was guided to the Gryffindor table, "Not exactly what I expected," he muttered to Dumbledore.

"She is rather unexpected, and I met her over the summer," nodded Dumbledore. "Harry's new attitude seems somewhat reminiscent of hers, I hope it's not too contagious, I'm having enough trouble with Harry as it is."

Harry led Karen towards the Gryffindor table as she launched into a story. "So yesterday I'm in my office and I was eating breakfast, it was this great strawberry strudel, I sent one of the interns out to New York last week to get it, and it has this wonderful sugar glaze on it that just melts in your mouth..." she said staring dreamily off into space as she sat down making Ron move down some so she could sit next to Harry whom had retaken his position next to Hermione.

"Karen?" Prodded Harry seeing that she wasn't about to come back on her own.

"Hrm? Oh yeah, sorry, but I was only able to eat half of it, I bet it's still on my desk," she said buttering her toast, "Is that all you're eating Harry?" She asked putting some more food on his plate, "Any as I'm sitting there enjoying my food, Andy, you met Andy right? The sort of plump, wheezing man, always smells of smoke even though he claims he doesn't? No?" At Harry's shake of his head she took a bite of her food and shrugged, "Oh well, it doesn't matter who he is, just what he does, he's like the equivalent of Toad Woman over there, Major pain in the ass, always complaining about something, so I didn't think to pay much attention to him, and well I was right he came in bitching about how someone took his parking space, like it's my job to patrol the parking lot, so I was basically ignoring him, until he mentioned the kind of car that was there." Karen filled her cup with Orange Juice before taking a sip.

"Well it turns out I've seen that car before, it was in fact the car that—" she paused here and looked around here at the Gryffindor's that were around her, "Well you know the Vampire we're after," she said throwing a cautious look towards Harry at his nod she continued, "Well it was the one he favored when he was alive, and it hasn't been seen since a break-in to the ministry Garage nearly 8 months ago, we're pretty sure one of his lackies stole it to gain some favor, anyway, I gather a few auror's to search the building to make sure there wasn't a breach in security, and I go out to investigate the car, well, turns out it was a message, I opened the trunk and found Fenkins and Dagoe, two lower class MLE officers, you've met them the night we met, you know the two fan-boys of mine, dead in the trunk, horribly mutilated of course, he likes to do that, but that's not important," she said taking a few bite of her food.

"Two people dead aren't the important part?" Asked Hermione incredulously.

Karen looked up from her plate at Hermione, "Oh, how rude, I'm Karen Parker," she said extending her hand, "I've been looking forward to meeting you Hermione Granger, Harry's told me a lot about you." Karen smiled as Hermione shook her hand, "And you too Ronald Weasley," she said shaking Ron's hand whom looked dreamily at it, a thought that he'd never wash that hand again entertained Harry's mind for a few seconds.

"Right, now to answer you're question, of course their deaths were important, but not really a top priority, we know who killed them, and where they had to of been abducted and why, considering they were on an undercover mission, that was the important part, the mission, MLE screwed up, they were found out, I told them that the Auror department should have handled it," she said looking up as the table shook, Crabbe had just sat down next to Malfoy, whom by the looks of it was paying close attention to Karen as if she was telling a bedtime story.

"MLE? Auror Department?" Asked Hermione, "What's the difference, the Auror's in the British Ministry are often called the MLE."

Karen snorted, "That's because they don't make a distinction, we have different levels of security clearance for different missions, MLE—or Magical Law Enforcement, are low level officers, like street police, or meter maids in the muggle world, they take care of small offences, nothing too dangerous, they rarely go undercover, a lot of people whom wish to be an auror but can't make the grades will enter their ranks, if you work hard and excel, after 3 years you can take an aptitude test that if passed you can enter the auror school," she smiled at Harry, "But that's only if you really can't make the grades, there are other ways to get accepted that are easier than that, but that's delving into law loopholes and ministry restrictions, boring stuff," she shrugged her shoulders, "Anyway, so I've had to organize two funerals, draft letters of condolence, reorganize a mission to try and clean up the mess, and on top of that hold a damn press conference explaining why we can't release specifics to the public, and that they are not in any danger," she scowled, "So I've been unable to eat at all because I knew I had this meeting today, so I had to complete all of this before I traveled all the way here."

Harry laughed slightly, "Not in any danger?"

Karen smiled, "No more than they usually are, no need to inform the mass public, wouldn't want to cause a mass panic. People at large are stupid and overreact."

Harry nodded looking around at a near empty Great Hall, "What time is it?" Karen looked at her watch, Hermione whom was quicker than her let out a shriek before jumping from the table, shoving her books into her bag, and grabbing Ron by the arm, "We're going to be late for class!"

"So what, it's only Charms," Ron replied but followed hurriedly after her anyway. The rest of the people, including the few straggling

Slytherins (i.e. Malfoy) making their way quickly away as well.

"What was with the brown-haired guy, he was just staring at me with his mouth slightly open, I swear I saw a fly go in and out without him noticing," Karen asked drinking the rest of her juice.

Harry snorted, "That was Seamus, he thinks you're hot."

"Ah, that's sweet in a creepy way," Karen said happily, "So ready for this meeting?"

"Yeah, I guess." Replied Harry standing up.

"Supreme Mugwump, I was unaware that you would be attending this meeting," said Karen nodding towards Dumbledore respectfully.

"I wasn't until it occurred to me that it was rather odd that the Head Auror would so readily volunteer to assist a student in a lengthy process of independent study, when her own schedule leaves little time for personal endeavors," Dumbledore said serenely.

"Ah, so you've found us out," she said happily. "You're right, it is odd."

Harry shook his head, "You're a Potions Master, so it's not that odd."

"It is when I live in another country," she laughed. "So time to come clean?"

Harry sighed as he looked over the career pamphlets McGonagall had given him as he sat down for lunch, Karen, whom after assuring Dumbledore of Harry's safety in her training and then planning out a schedule that seemed to leave no time for sleep let alone fun, had made a vague comment about observing the talents of a fellow scholar and skipped off towards the dungeons.

Harry was currently looking into healing classes, several courses were taught by Madam Pomfrey, a fact Harry hadn't known, and

found himself rather interested considering his track record with injuries, while he didn't think himself ever capable of becoming a healer the courses would benefit him.

"So you want to be a healer?" Voiced Ron as he sat down across from Harry, he looked up from the pamphlet as Ron picked up the few that were on the table.

"Healer, Professor, Defense Master, Dragons, Gringotts," Ron shook his head, "Kind of jumping around, not exactly along the same lines are they?"

Harry shrugged, "Auror's my first choice, but I think I'm going to take some of these healing classes. The other careers need what I'm already taking, except Gringotts, I'd have to take these curse breaker classes, and they're taught at Gringotts in 7th year."

"Yeah, Bill said they're brutal, not for the weak hearted, or stomach," shrugged Ron.

Hermione suddenly plopped down next to him, her books slamming onto the table with a loud thump, "So Karen turned up in Potions, Snape was not Happy with her constantly asking questions, or suggesting other methods, I swear he was close to yelling, and he never yells, just insults in that menacing way."

Harry smiled, "Sorry I missed that," he glanced towards the doors as they opened, Snape stalked angrily towards the head table, while Karen flounced after him talking animatedly as she struggled to keep up with his long gait.

Hermione snorted slightly, "Last I heard she was trying to convince him that the muggle spice Ginger had the same magical effects on potions as wormwood, and made them taste better."

Harry laughed, "Really. That must not have gone over well with him."

"Well, no because it's not true, I've read quite a few texts on wormwood, and it's not mentioned anywhere," Hermione said huffily.

"If Karen says it's true, then it is, Hermione," Harry said coming to Karen's defense right away.

Hermione frowned at that, "Why is her word worth more than mine?"

"Because, she's a Potions Master, and you're not," shrugged Harry.

"Well that man is insufferable," Karen said plopping down across from him crossing her arms, "Completely refuses to see reason."

"I could and have told you that Karen, Snape's never wrong in his mind, despite all proof to the contrary," Harry said putting down his pamphlets and turning to the Quibbler that Luna had given him earlier that day, he pulled out a muggle pen and began to do the crossword puzzle, apparently if you solved it and crossed you're eyes you could see a prewentledooble—whatever that was.

"What's another word for thrift," asked Harry.

"Saving?" suggested Hermione as she began to eat.

"No, it's not long enough," replied Harry.

"Frugality." Said Karen distractedly.

"Mmm, thanks." Harry said filling it in.

He studied the paper a while longer before sighing, "How do you spell, entrepreneur?"

Hermione opened her mouth to reply but Karen beat her to it, "E-N-T-R-E-P-R-E-N-E-U-R."

Harry missed the slight angry expression Hermione sent her way, but Karen didn't. She smiled slightly condescendingly at her, before returning to her food.

"Proclamation 873 Article 7 in British Law was passed in 15 what?" Harry asked, he was on the last question.

"32," Hermione answer promptly.

"Actually," Karen said, "It was proposed in 1532, but due to the 5th Goblin War, it was tabled until 1536 and wasn't passed into law until the summer of that year."

Harry nodded to that and filled in the answer, however, he didn't miss the angry frustrated growl Hermione issued, or her storming away from the table.

"What's her problem?" Asked Harry as Karen took the paper from him.

"Huh, kinda looks like a cat," said Karen crossing her eyes. "And you're rather clueless when it comes to girls Harry." She said smiling standing up. "I'll see you later, I have a Potions Master to annoy." At that she flounced off towards Snape, whom was about to leave the Great Hall.

"Ron, what's wrong with Hermione?" He asked turning to his friend, whom was shoveling food into his mouth.

Ron shrugged, "I don't know, I didn't do it." Harry frowned at that. Why was she angry?

Of Toads and Trolls

McGonagall's perspective:

Minerva McGonagall was not very pleased at all. Despite her protests Albus had placed young Mr. Malfoy and Mr. Potter into the same dormitory, a feat every teacher had questioned, argued against, and dreaded. The man had simply twinkled at their objections and quoted some piece of wisdom- from some unknown philosopher, that didn't make a lick of sense to anyone present, and then quickly flounced off leaving the staff to contemplate his sanity.

However, Minerva was never one to be deterred and had pursued after him and listed fervently the many possible and likely ramifications and consequences of shoving two volatile teenage boys into the same room together and just hoping they could learn to get along. Had he met them? Had he not been aware of the reason Mr. Potter had been banned from Quidditch last year?

Consequently, it did not deter Albus in the slightest, and he did it anyway. And now she was forced to clean up the messes and try and avoid catastrophe, nonetheless, it would seem she had failed, considering the event unraveling in front of her. She frowned internally as she surveyed the wreckage the two had brought down upon the 6th year dormitory, and the better part of the Gryffindor Common Room.

"...Potter!? What is the meaning of this?" Severus growled angrily brandishing his wand violently at young Mr. Malfoy whom was currently sporting red and gold polka dots all over his body. The room was in total shambles, debris floating through the air from the wall that was sporting a massive hole, that used to hold the window; luckily no one had been on the grounds underneath the Gryffindor tower at the time of its' destruction, and no serious injuries had occurred.

"That would be Fred and George's newest product, 'Polka-dork', Malfoy was kind enough to volunteer to test how long it lasts," Potter answered nonchalantly.

"I did not volunteer for anything!" Malfoy snapped angrily. Minerva had to bite her tongue sharply to avoid snorting in amusement at how ridiculous he looked trying to seem intimidating while half his face was covered in a gold circle.

"Sure you did, right after you blew out the window, because you wanted it open," Potter said crossing his arms.

"Well you kept shutting it," Malfoy growled in a tone that suggested it was an obvious thing to do. Potter merely shrugged at that.

"I don't care what happened," Severus said evenly, a penetrating glare directed at Potter, an unfair one at that in her opinion it was clear both students were at fault here, "revert him to his normal state immediately."

"Can't do that," Potter returned unfazed by his glare, an accomplishment Minerva herself was rather surprised at, most students; heck most of the staff would have been weary of a glare equal to this one being directed at them. "That would interfere with the experiment, corrupting the test results."

She really had to hold back her amusement at that, Potter usually had this effect on her, he had a knack for amusing antidotes and comebacks, a talent he obviously inherited from his mother; Lily always had a dry, witty sense of humor, while James' humor was more focused on pranks. But laughing or showing any amusement what-so-ever would encourage him, and the way that Severus' vein in his neck was throbbing did not bode well for him.

"Potter—" Severus began in a dangerous tone.

"I could be persuaded to abandon the experiment, should my guitar be returned to me," Potter cut across him in an indifferent tone.

"I'm not giving it back until you admit that you doctored those photographs of me sleeping with a teddy bear and sucking my thumb," Malfoy sneered.

Minerva smiled at that, she had seen those photos plastered all over the school on large posters, a bit infantile of a prank, however, the sticking charms holding up each poster was exceptionally well done, and the duplication charms placed on them- producing a new poster each time one was ripped down, was beyond NEWT level. However, she quickly hid her smile, but not before Potter saw it. Damn it.

"Really, I didn't take or doctor that photo," Potter said in such an overtly innocent tone that conveyed while he didn't take it he knew who did, and possibly had done it at his request. "Not that you didn't deserve worse, you cut my hair while I was sleeping and sold it to a bunch of fifth years."

"Like it made a difference," snapped Malfoy. "Your hair is so messy you can't even tell it's been cut. Besides, I only did that because you made my bed melt!"

Minerva frowned as she looked towards the far wall, unlike the other beds in the dorm, that were broken, burnt, and otherwise destroyed, Mr. Malfoy's was melted onto the floor in a large puddle, as if it had been drawn on the floor in a skewed angle. Now that was an advanced spell, and she had no doubt Karen Parker had taught him it.

"Only in retaliation," Potter snapped in an irritated tone, "I'm still trying to do damage control because of your little article."

Now that made her smile. Young Mr. Malfoy had distributed a rather well written paper, nearly 2 rolls of parchment long, proving his thesis

that Potter and Granger were secretly in love. He would have been given an O on it had she assigned it. Not only did he prove his thesis with quotes from various friends and teachers, but also from several psychology books; He even addressed the anti-thesis and provided reasons why it was faulty. She actually hung it up on her office wall.

"It was a great article, everyone says so," Malfoy said in a superior tone. "And it's your own fault; if you and Granger hadn't kept me up all night while you were 'studying' I wouldn't have needed something to do." He violently air quoted the word studying.

"We wouldn't have kept you up if you hadn't stolen and destroyed my Transfiguration essay that was due the next day," Potter returned glaring angrily at Malfoy.

"I corrected it for you," Malfoy said arrogantly, "and why was it necessary to rewrite it with her help, let alone having to do it on your bed, when the common room was free."

"Corrected it!? You crossed out my name and wrote 'Scar-head' before proceeding to insult everyone I've ever talked to," Potter said completely sidestepping the question she noticed, should she add that to the article?

"You locked me out of the dorm room in just a towel," Malfoy snapped aggravated.

"You threw all of my clothes out the window!" Potter snapped, "I'm still missing some, and you're lucky I didn't want to psychologically scar the first years, otherwise I would have taken Ron's advice and not allowed you to keep the towel," Potter said rolling his eyes.

"You turned me red and caused horns to sprout out of my head, and a tail to appear!" Malfoy growled.

"You turned off my alarm clock and caused me to be late!" Potter

returned hotly.

"I didn't want it to wake me up!" Malfoy exclaimed.

"Thusly going against its purpose," Potter said.

"Who gets up at 6 a.m.!" Malfoy said exasperated.

"I DO!" Potter yelled.

"Well you shouldn't have charmed all my books to insult me so I had to stay up late finishing my defense homework!" Malfoy snapped.

"You sat on my BED!" Potter exclaimed.

Minerva groaned despairingly, "This is going to be a long year."

"Well?" Karen asked as she led the way into the Forbidden Forest early Friday afternoon.

"Well what?" asked Harry yawning slightly, barely avoiding a branch snapping back towards him as Karen push on.

"What's your punishment?" Karen asked looking back towards him, her wand casting a dull light across his face.

"Oh, we had to clean up the dorm and common room the muggle way, and we have detention for the next month," Harry said rolling his eyes.

"Harry, you really have to control your impulsiveness," Karen said sighing loudly.

"He started it," he replied huffily.

"I don't care who started it, you shouldn't have escalated it. The

worse thing you can do to an enemy is to not respond, eventually they'll move on," Karen said wisely.

"That's faulty thinking, if you act like a doormat, you'll be treated like one," Harry replied frowning.

"I'm not talking about bullies, Harry, I'm talking about someone whom is looking to fight, if they don't find it in you, they'll go somewhere else, and you're free of them," Karen said smiling. "It wouldn't work with Voldemort, but it could work with your Malfoy."

Harry snorted slightly, "I highly doubt that." He frowned, "Where are we going? The centaurs won't like us being in their forest."

"Relax, I've talked to Dumbledore, and the centaurs have migrated further away from the school, part of their deal with him to get back Um-bitch, he's segregated a large portion of the forest and made it impenetrable by humans, well as much as he could, they've moved there for the time being, probably until they elect a new leader," Karen shrugged pushing past a large plant down a small, overgrown path Harry had never taken before.

"What's wrong with Morgan?" Asked Harry avoiding the plant as best he could.

"Don't know, I'm not interested in centaur politics, Dumbledore probably knows, but until they choose a new leader, they won't be a problem, and this forest is a great place to train considering it has a lot of dark creatures residing in it," Karen said over her shoulder as she let go of a branch she had been holding out of her way.

"Yeah," Harry muttered to himself, "all waiting to maim and kill us."

"What was that Harry?" Karen called to him from the small lead she held.

"Just wondering how much further," he returned quickly.

Karen laughter could be heard flittering through the air; she obviously didn't believe his answer. "It's just beyond these trees." She pointed to the tree line ahead of her, she stopped as she reached them. A large opening, the size of the quidditch pitch, was before them, it was outlined in heavy foliage, making it look rather ominous considering the wide flat earth in the opening.

"Welcome to our training ground," Karen said happily, "And for our first task we're learning basic wards, how to erect and disable them. But first, laps!"

Harry groaned, "I already ran this morning."

"Good, then we don't need to warm up!" She laughed as she started on her first lap.

After ten laps around the training field Karen pulled him towards the far right tree line. "Alright, the first ward we're learning is a perimeter charm. You've heard of it, correct?"

"Yeah, it detects movement, right?" Harry said sitting down on the grass.

"The basic version of the charm does," she said plopping down next to him, "There are many different ones, and some detect magical signatures; there are also fluid and stationary perimeter charms. The first one you're learning to erect, disable, and detect is animadverto tractus, a stationary charm to detect basic movement."

"Well," Karen said observationally, "at least we know you're capable of erecting it." She said dusting off her auror robe, "I've never seen someone trigger an explosion with a basic charm disabling."

Harry frowned, "I guess this won't be as easy as it sounded."

Karen smiled gently resting a hand on his shoulder, "Relax, Harry, you've just started, it would have been remarkable to succeed on your first try. Disabling wards is one of the last things a trainee learns before graduating auror school. I'm rather jumping ahead in your own training because you're more likely to need these skills within the next year."

"I thought I was nearly finished with my training," Harry said curiously examining the charred trees.

Karen laughed uncontrollably at that, "Oh Harry," she said gasping for air wiping a tear away, "You're only halfway through 2nd year curriculum, you still have a year and a half worth of skills to learn, and this is the easier stuff."

"What? But you said..." Harry started slowly only to trail off as Karen waved him off.

"Your martial art training has come to a standstill, you picked it up better than I figured you would, and that's not really a requirement of the auror school, one can learn it there, but most don't, too muggle for their liking. But, you're in for a long haul, not only are you in need of learning the rest of your 6th and 7th year curriculum, but you're going to have to learn Advanced Defense of the Dark Arts, you're lucky enough to know the 6th and 7th year level spells, and to have a great grasp on the basic spells as well, but you have a long way to go to be on par with an auror magically speaking." She smiled genially at his downtrodden look, "But, you could kick their asses muggle-style, and you're one of the best duelers I've come across in a trainee, even with your rudimentary skill."

"So you're basically telling me, I suck," Harry said frowning.

"No, I'm telling you, by the time you graduate Hogwarts you'll be one of the best aurors in the world, but only if you realize you're not the

best now, and you need to focus on learning and improving, you can't glide through, it's going to be long hard work." She said turning slightly to look behind her, "Speaking of hard work, here comes your first test."

Harry frowned, "What?"

"I told you before that various tests would be conducted during our time together, here comes your first one, it should be somewhat familiar to you, see you when you've completed," she smiled before disappearing.

Harry smelled it before he heard it, his first test was here, and it was a Mountain Troll, whom didn't look happy at all.

"Oh, well that's just great," Harry muttered to himself before dodging the large club.

Harry had plopped down next to Hermione in class after a quick shower, one that had made him late to his last class of the day, Defense Against the Dark Arts. He had barely missed being maimed by the ugly smelly troll before it had collapsed to the ground into unconsciousness.

He had tried to use various upper level spells Karen had taught him against the troll, but its' thick skin had thwarted each spell he managed to fire off before it was able to swing its club after him. In the end, Harry had given up on using the spells Karen expected him to use, and fell back on what he knew worked. In other words he hit the troll in the head with a nearby boulder using a basic summoning charm, directing it at the trolls head. Karen, and 3 aurors he had never met (Karen had introduced them as professors at the auror academy); whom had released the troll and were watching the entire 4 minute exchange between Harry and the troll, had rated him at an 8, and told him it was rather unorthodox way of taking down a troll, when most would try and kill the troll instead of knocking it out.

Karen had laughed and told him he passed with her, but the next test wouldn't be as easy. He had scoffed, as he accepted the healing draught she offered, and asked 'That was easy?'

Currently he was in Defense Against the Dark Arts, dozing at his desk. Hermione, never one to sit and allow either Ron or Harry to disrespect a teacher in her presence, amazingly enough did not object to this. A fact that Harry was grateful for, considering he was beyond tired, so tired that he drifted off.

Whack

The loud sound of Umbridge's wand smacking his desk centimeters from where his head lay awoke him with a start. He looked around quickly for the source of the loud noise, ignoring the twittering laughter he heard from several students, his blurry vision landed on the haggish woman in front of him.

"Oh, it's just you," he said in a bored tone, yawning slightly.

"Mr. Potter," she said in a high voice, "I will not tolerate this disrespect."

Harry blinked his eyes ignoring her as he reached into his side bag that was on the floor looking for his eye drops.

"Mr. Potter, if you can not pay attention to my lessons, you are not welcome in them," she continued in a smarmy tone, her mouth pulled into a sickly sweet smile.

"If it wasn't for the fact that I am being forced to attend your... lesson, was it... I wouldn't be here, besides it's not like you're actually teaching anything of use," Harry said applying the eye drops.

"HemHem," Umbridge bristled slightly at that, "Detention Potter, for

your cheek."

Harry raised an eyebrow slightly already determining that he would not be showing up for that particular detention.

"Now back to what I was saying," she turned from him and returned to the front of the room sporting a superior smile. "Every conflict can be resolved without raising a wand, we can convince the aggressor into relinquishing their wands."

Harry snorted with repressed laughter here, "I'm sure Voldemort would happily agree, he'll gladly take over the world with no one rising to oppose him."

"10 points from Gryffindor, Mr. Potter you shall keep your unfounded comments to yourself," Umbridge said in a high pitch voice, a slight glare directed at him.

"Unfounded, hardly, even the dumbest first year would be able to tell you that you're an idiot if you think you can resolve this conflict without raising a wand," Harry bit sarcastically.

"That'll be another 10 points from Gryffindor," Umbridge said huffing slightly in indignation. "If you had bothered to read the books I had instructed you to buy..."

Harry let out a hollow laugh, "Yeah, I've read them." Umbridge pulled a surprise look, "And they're filled with the same crap you're spouting. You're only progressing the lack of opposition to Voldemort and his lackies by teaching here, you're obviously not qualified, or even able to defend yourself, so congratulations you're actively helping Voldemort."

"I am not a death eater!" Umbridge spat angrily. "30 points from Gryffindor!"

Harry scoffed as he rolled his eyes, "You think I care about points? You're basically signing their death certificates," he waved to his classmates, all of which were watching this argument with bated breath. Malfoy in particular seemed to be enjoying himself, however, it could be attributed to the fact that Harry had already lost 50 points and didn't seem ready to stop.

"I'm not sending them out to fight, Mr. Potter!" Umbridge said in a squeaky voice, her beady eyes locking hatefully on Harry.

"Exactly! But sooner or later they may have to, like it or not the chances of being attacked by deatheaters, dementors, renegade werewolves, and other followers of Voldemort is higher than you're letting them think. Once they leave Hogwarts they are on their own, and trust me you can not resolve that conflict without raising a wand, if you don't defend yourself, you're dead. It's as simple as that," Harry said crossing his arms across his chest.

"The Aurors..." Harry heard a girl whisper to his left, he guessed it was Daphne Moon.

"The Aurors are busy, the chances of them showing up in time to save you is slim," Harry said without feeling.

"Mr. Potter.... I.... you... go back to sleep, your participation in class is unwanted and unneeded." Umbridge said angrily.

"Fine with me, I unlike your students can defend myself, hopefully, when the time comes and you find yourself face-to-face with a deatheater, one of your students will be there to help you 'talk' your soon-to-be-killer into handing over their wand and walking to jail." Harry said setting his head down his desk.

Harry left the Defense Against the Dark Arts Classroom in a rush, digging deep into his pocket he removed the vibrating phone, while disappearing into a door pretending to be a painting, and slipped

down the secret passageway.

"Hello?" voiced Harry into the phone while suppressing a yawn. The phone call had awoken him from his nap in class, luckily the class was being dismissed and by the looks of Hermione she had been seconds away from waking him up. And he would have to apologize to her later for bolting almost as soon as his eyes opened without any explanation, and even as dense as he was he recognized the semi-hurt look that crossed her face.

"Harry!?" Trinity's voice asked curiously.

"Hey, Trinity," Harry said.

"Hey, you called?" Trinity asked, the sound of her popping her gum could be heard distinctly.

"Yeah, I think I found a place for your rave, and a way that I can attend," Said Harry smiling to himself.

"Well it took you long enough, it is tomorrow!" Trinity said sarcastically. "By the way I figured you would, so I've already convinced your band to play a set." She laughed, "So stop stalling boy, tell me all about this mystery spot!"

TRINITY'S RAVE

"Leave me alone, Ron," grumbled Harry as he buried himself deeper into his covers.

"But why are you going to sleep so early? It's not even 5 yet," Ron griped in an annoyed tone. "We can get in a good pick-up game before dinner."

"Because I'm tired and I'm not hungry," replied Harry mentally wishing Ron to leave. He was lying in bed trying to fall asleep due to the fact that tonight was Trinity's rave and he was planning on being out pretty late.

"Come on, this is a perfect day for Quidditch," whined Ron.

"The Slytherins are out of the dorm for the time being, and it's the first time I've been able to fall asleep without having Malfoy creepily watch me," Harry said exasperated, "I'm tired and I'm going to sleep now," Harry said burying his head beneath his pillow.

"Fine!" Ron growled; a second later the door slammed shut.

Almost as if this was the cue Harry's phone began to ring. Groaning in frustration Harry sat up in his bed and fumbled in his bedside drawer in order to get his phone. After a few seconds Harry located and answered it.

"Hello?" He asked through a yawn.

"Harry, I need you to go to my office immediately!" A voice rang hurriedly into his ear.

"Who is this?" Asked Harry slowly drifting back to sleep.

"Harry!!" The woman's voice snapped, a sound of an explosion

sounded in the background, waking him up instantly.

"Karen!? What's going on?" He asked quickly recognizing her voice now being fully awake.

"No time to explain, go to my office, they'll tell you where to go from there!" She snapped.

"How the hell am I suppose to get there!?" Harry said hotly, he wasn't exactly able to walk up to Dumbledore and ask for a portkey.

"Shimmer you idiot—" the phone cut out and static replaced Karen's voice.

"Bleeding Hell," snapped Harry as he quickly threw off his covers and dove for his closet, haphazardly throwing his clothes and possessions out of the way as he reached for his shrunken trunk.

Finally locating it Harry enlarged it upon his bed and tossed it open quickly retrieving his guns and holsters, and throwing on his trench-like coat that Karen had given him, he quickly shimmered away hoping beyond hope that he was able to make a cross-continental trip.

Harry arrived in Karen's office in a heap on the floor gasping for breath; the trip was definitely draining on both his magic and body. Harry barely registered that he did not have to pass through customs as he heard the wild commotion outside the office door which was slightly ajar. Not seeing anyone in the office Harry picked his self up and opened the door widely entering the pandemonium that was erupting around him.

"All aurors to the scene!" A woman's voice was announcing throughout the building.

Two irate men passed by streaming facts into quills that were quickly

jotting down what they were saying.

"Forty confirmed dead as of 30 minutes ago..."

"Head Auror Karen Parker MIA... unresponsive to calls as of eight minutes ago..."

"What the bloody hell is going on?" Harry asked to a passing woman whom Harry recognized as one of the students from the auror school.

"Where have you been, Mars?" She snapped keeping her pace as Harry joined her hurried gait.

"Scotland, actually," Harry returned coolly.

She stared at him for a few awkward seconds before something seemed to click in her mind, "...oh you're Parker's apprentice, you haven't heard?" She asked motioning to follow her as she raced towards the far wall. "Downtown Los Angeles was attacked about an hour ago, Vampires are everywhere!" She said pushing through a set of doors into a locker room, men and woman alike were stripping down to their knickers quicker than Harry had ever seen before, throwing on battle robes, no one looked over 25.

She noticed him looking around at the people as she explained hurriedly, "They called in the auror school as well, this is a large scale attack, almost all of the active aurors are already deployed in the field."

"This is the real thing..." said a male of about 22 as he buttoned up his robe, "it's not a drill?" He sounded ready to pass out, and his skin seemed extremely pale.

"They said Karen wasn't answering," Harry said distractedly, "she was on the phone with me when her cell cut out. There were explosions in the background."

"I heard the vampires are using muggle weapons," said a girl a little farther down strapping up her boots expertly.

The doors flew open and the locker room silenced as Minister Charles came into view.

"If I could have everyone's attention!" He called unnecessarily as he already had every eye on him. "We have lost contact with Karen Parker as of 10 minutes ago."

"We have unconfirmed reports of more than a 100 vampires in downtown, this is muggle streets, we're talking about, dozens of people have been killed already, and we're losing aurors as quickly as we're sending them out. This is a Level 4 situation and if you don't think you're capable of helping I ask that you leave now!" He said, when no one moved to leave he nodded to himself.

"Good you're going to break into teams of 6 and you're going to be going in hot to the scene, do you understand? No one is there to back you up, you are the back up. We are sending you into the last know positions of our teams already deployed in the field; your mission is to find them. Kill any vampire in your way! But most of all survive!"

"Potter!" The minister snapped as he looked directly at Harry. Ignoring the gasping and the eyes all turning towards him; Harry mentally swore at the minister's stupidity before answering him.

"Sir?" Harry answered trying to keep his annoyance in check.

"You're the most trained and qualified to lead the team into the hot zone to locate Parker." Minister Charles said before snapping to the general crowd, "Pezel, Littlerock, Matinez, Rockested, and Gretalstone you're with Potter!"

The minister turned to issue orders to the rest of the gathered as five people moved towards him. A large man obviously in his late twenty's was the first to make it to him.

"Mr. Potter," he said jutting out his hand vigorously, "a pleasure to meet you. My name is Vincent Littlerock, Level 3 Auror Student." He nodded to a blonde girl who sidled up next to Harry, "That's Samantha Rocksted, 3rd level," he pointed to a Hispanic man making his way through the crowd of people towards them, "that's Fernando Martinez, 2nd level repeater," he turned towards a tall man with deep brown skin near a locker still lacing up his boots, "Over there is Daniel Gretalstone 3rd level," he growled slightly in irritation, "And the idiot over there talking to the minister is Marshal Pezel."

"Talking," scowled Martinez as he came to a stop next to Rocksted, "more like complaining about not being the leader."

"Superstar doesn't like the fact that the minister says you're the most qualified to lead," said Rocksted crossing her arms.

"I'm not exactly jumping with joy to be the leader," scowled Harry not liking the idea of having people depend on him to make all of the decisions that could mean life or death. Nor did he like not knowing what they were capable of.

"Don't take offense, Pezel is top of our level, thinks he's the next Albus Dumbledore," Gretalstone laughed as he came to a stand next to Littlerock, "Guess that title really belongs to you."

Harry glared slightly at him before turning towards the rest of the group that had gathered, minus Pezel, "Alright, from what I heard of the area, things were exploding, so if I hazard a guess the area is going to be extremely dangerous on terrain alone. Karen would no doubt be right in the middle of it all, and if it is the vampire I think leading this attack we're in for a hell of a time reaching Karen and her team. He's going to be going for her blood, and anyone that gets in

his way."

"I could have told you that," rang a voice to his left.

"Nice of you to join us," Harry said in an overtly bored tone. "Anyway, I have no idea what you all are capable of, but if I'm the most qualified, we're basically screwed," said Harry scowling towards the Minister's back. "The most I can say is keep your eyes open, don't second guess, and most importantly watch out for yourselves, because no one else will."

"Get down!" Harry snapped loudly into the evening's air as a nearby building exploded into chalky dust filling their lungs and causing them to cough violently. Harry's empty clip dislodged and hit the ground deftly as he pulled Rocksted down just in time to miss being pelted by debris. Pulling his guns around his back he reloaded by clinking new clips from his holster into place.

Vampires were everywhere and screams filled the air from muggle and wizard alike. They had arrived just in time to be hurtled backwards from the shockwave of what Harry guessed was a muggle mine that exploded meters from their entry point, Greta Stone didn't have a chance considering he had landed on top of it.

It was going from bad to worse as Harry surveyed his remaining team. Pezel was sporting a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder from the mine's explosion, and had received numerous cuts and abrasions from the encounters with the vampires, he unfortunately was unable to move even with the mild healing charm they had been able to administer. But Harry didn't know how to fix a broken leg, and it would appear that neither did his team.

Rocksted's hair was a matted mess of blood and dust. She had received a pretty bad head wound from the explosion but escaped from other harm, however, in the first wave of vampires to hit them she had been overwhelmed and had a twisted ankle and far too many

cuts and scrapes to count.

Littlerock and Martinez had received some minor cuts but were otherwise unharmed considering they had been somewhat protected by Harry's shield charm. He had been the only one smart enough to conjure one as soon as he arrived on scene, a decision he immediately regretted not informing his team to do. But he had thought it was common sense to create a shield upon entering a battlefield.

Harry had been the only one not injured on arrival, and was the first to react to the vampires decent upon them. He had emptied his clips within 5 minutes taking out no less than 20 vampires. It was then that the vampires changed their tactics seeing that Harry was unfazed by their onslaught. They changed to muggle weapons. Bullets flew through the air hitting Littlerock without warning in his left leg causing him to cry out in pain before ducking behind a fallen wall of a nearby building.

"Bleeding hell!" Shouted Harry in aggravation he was quickly losing team members and they hadn't even begun looking for Karen yet. "Littlerock! Pezel! You're done, retreat back to the ministry and report back to the minister!" Harry shouted seeing that they were no more help and only a liability in their current state. He had to find Karen and he couldn't do that with them being injured.

Pezel seemed ready to argue, but was quickly swept away as Littlerock grabbed a hold of him and produced the portkey they were given for retreat. "Now what!?" Said Martinez as he appeared next to Harry and Rocksted.

"Now," said Harry unsheathing his wand, "You close your eyes!"

"ILLUMINOUS MAXIMUS!" Harry shouted as he closed his eyes. A bright hot light exploded into the air, eliciting screams from anyone in the area not lucky enough to have had their eyes closed, "MOVE!"

Harry shouted ignoring the colored dots swimming in his vision, he had been able to close his eyes, but the light spell had still had an effect on his vision. Rocksted and Martinez fell in line behind Harry as he hurtled over the fallen debris, avoiding vampires whom were stumbling around blind from the spell.

Martinez raised his wand and let loose a stream of spells most of which Harry had never heard of that obliterated the vampire closest to them. However, the vampires were recovering more quickly than Harry would have liked, and they had only made it a few meters from their previous location.

"Forget killing them!" Harry snapped into the deafening screams around them. "Just move!"

"But—"

"That's an order!" Harry screamed without thinking as he grabbed the two and pushed them roughly in front of him, "We have to locate Karen, we're too over run!"

Harry was far faster than the two of them and had to keep his pace in check in order to not pass them and leave them behind, Rocksted's injury to her ankle was noticeable, but it couldn't be helped at the moment, and from the determination in her eyes, she wasn't about to quit over some pain.

Martinez, however, looked ready to bolt in any direction he didn't see vampires in, and when Harry pushed them down nearby a pillar of broken stones for a rest Martinez frantic panting was palpable in the air over the nearby explosions, "I shouldn't be here! I should be at home with my family."

Harry scowled at him, "And I should be at school catching some sleep before a rave I'm going to tonight," he snapped at him, "But I'm not, we're here, and it's likely to get a lot worse, so either suck it up or

leave because I'm not about to die because you're scared."

"Easy for you to say, you're Harry Fucking Potter!" Martinez snapped.

"We don't have time for this!" Snapped Harry thinking quickly. "We have to find Karen," Harry said pulling them both down low as gunfire erupted across the street from them. A nagging feeling that something just wasn't right inched its way into the back of Harry's mind as he surveyed the area best he could from his lowered position.

The area was completely trashed where nothing was remotely recognizable, but even so Harry had been in downtown LA quite a bit on his vacation, shouldn't it be packed with muggles? So far he had only seen maybe a dozen, and they were relatively unharmed. Shouldn't there be dead bodies around? Not that he wanted any, but they hadn't passed any corpses. Further more, the vampires weren't feeding, or trying to feed. That was odd as well.

"Something's wrong," snapped Harry looking around.

"No Shit Sherlock!" Snapped Martinez, while Rocksted looked back at him in resigned hopelessness.

Harry ignored him, "Look around us, where are the muggles?" Harry pointed to the far right where red light could be seen blinking in the distance, "There's another team over there, and over there as well," he pointed to the far left. "But we were the only ones suppose to be in this area."

"Maybe we misunderstood," Rocksted said frantically, "Maybe the minister meant only this block was the hot zone."

"I didn't hear screams when Karen called," said Harry after a second, "just an explosion."

Harry swore suddenly, "This isn't real! It's a bleeding test!"

"But Greta—"

Harry cut across her, "Did you see him explode? He just disappeared in a bright light, that's not normal, even in the magical world!"

"Are you saying none of this is real!?" Martinez snapped.

"No I'm saying it's staged, and that means it just got easier, because we aren't in a situation where we can die," said Harry smiling. "Martinez, How fast can you make it to that team," Harry asked nodding to his left.

Harry was soon joined by no less than 4 teams. All battered and bruised, and many had reported casualties.

"Welcome to a new game," said Harry smiling. "We were playing by our teachers rules, but I don't like those, so we'll play by mine."

"How can you be sure this is a test?" Asked a female from the crowd hiding behind the fallen building they had congregated behind.

"Us being able to stand here without being attacked says it all," said Harry. "We only get attacked when we try to advance forward."

"Well if it's a test, isn't this cheating?" Voiced another female on his left.

"There is no cheating in a life or death situation!" Rocksted said scowling at the girl, "Listen to Harry."

"Look, we each had an objective to complete right?" Everyone nodded. "Ours was to find Karen, and yours were to find other teams, If I'm right, they'll all be together, and I'm betting they're in the middle of this 'town'," Harry emphasized the word town with air quotes, "If

we work together, we can get to them quicker and with no more 'casualties'."

"And if you're wrong?" Martinez asked hesitantly.

"Look around you, we've been here five minutes, most of us are bleeding, that would have attracted the vampires if they were real," Harry snapped. "But they're not. So this is a test and I'm not about to fail it, who's in?"

A slight mumbling could be heard of agreement from the auror students as they turned towards Harry.

"Good, here's what we do."

"What the hell did you think you were doing!" Snapped a gargantuan man of epic proportions, compared to him Uncle Vernon was skinny.

"I took hold of the situation at hand, sir, and reevaluated our tactics, finding them inept and unsuccessful, I implemented a new strategy," Harry said trying his hardest not to laugh at the man's expression. Apparently he didn't like the fact that Harry's new plan involved blowing up several cars in the road to attract the 'vampires' which turned out to be nothing more than avatars Karen often used to attack Harry with in training sessions, they were just spelled to look like vampires and be 'defeated' by the same means as real vampires, nor did he like the fact that the students banded together in order to charm the several large buildings still intact to levitate off the ground in order to create a clear path to the auror's, including Karen, stationed in the middle of the area.

As it turned out the 'town' was actually a large bunker like area that was spelled to look like downtown LA, and the few muggles about were actually MLA officers in plain clothes.

"And once we were sure that no muggles were actually in the area,

we were able to operate without fear of harming civilians," Harry said contritely.

"That was not the object of this exercise!" Snapped the man.

"Wasn't it, ToHoy?" Voiced Karen smiling to herself as she sat on the corner of a fallen wall made of bricks. "The objectives they were given were to kill as many vampires as they could, and to locate their auror teams. They've completed those in almost record time. No group has failed to complete their objective, a course first, If I'm not mistaken." She smiled and gave Harry a proud wink, she apparently had found his tactics immensely entertaining. However, the Aurors Professors whom Harry had met before, did not look amused, in fact several of them were shaking their heads disappointedly at her words and whispering to their neighbors.

"They acted without orders, and what's worse they disregarded the rules," ToHoy said aggressively. Several of the professors nodded their heads in agreement.

"Sir, if I may, I was a team leader, therefore I had every right to issue orders, as did the other team leaders, and There are no rules in a fight to the death, only ideas, if this situation had been real, I doubt the skilled aurors would have been sitting here in the middle of the course awaiting us," said Harry without emotion, "Furthermore, I doubt our 'casualties' would be standing here with us."

"It doesn't matter if it was real or not!" Snapped ToHoy. "You fail this course!"

"I would have to disagree with that," said a new voice Harry recognized as Minister Charles, "they all passed with flying colors, they completed their objectives, and it doesn't matter how. Well done, all of you! Well done indeed!" The Minister came into view, trailed by two MLA officers whom were taking notes. "That showed ingenuity and the ability to act under pressure. Also, if the students were able

to figure out it was a test, the blame rests with the ones whom created it. Obviously, there were several glitches in the realness."

"Obviously," Karen said smiling to herself as ToHoy seemed to fume at this pronouncement. "Perhaps the students can point those out for you, ToHoy."

The students smiled to themselves before turning to follow the Auror professors out of the bunker, "Karen, am I finished here? I have to get back to school before my absence is noticed."

"Of course, Harry," she smiled motioning for him to follow her, looping her arm with his she whispered into his ear as they left ToHoy's earshot, "An unorthodox way of finding me, next time might I suggest a terrain spell?"

"What's that?" Harry asked curiously.

"Oh I haven't taught you that one yet?" She laughed to herself, "It displays a full kilometer around you as is, you can see it all in 3-D and any and all life forms, it's a hard spell to do, but a boy that was able to conjure a corporal patronus at the age of 13 should be able to figure it out."

Harry arrived inside the nearest secret passageway to the Gryffindor Tower, again he had landed in a heap on the floor struggling to catch his breath and steady himself against the dizziness he felt. He was tired, and very irritable, Cross-Continental shimmering was very draining and he had just had to take a test where he was shot at and was worried about Karen just to find out it was all fake. He was not in the mood to sit down in the Great Hall for dinner so he had agreed to have dinner with Karen before the trip back, but the small amount of energy he had recovered disappeared as soon as he landed.

Closing his eyes Harry tried to remember what life was like before he knew he was the boy-who-lived. Before the threat of death hung over

his head, before he knew what real loss was, before he was hailed as a savior and next leader of the light, before he was looked upon as a leader. He remembered just sitting outside in the big tree on his school's playground watching the birds in the sky flying. Even just sitting down reading a book for no other purpose but pleasure, how he missed being bored.

Harry snorted audibly as he realized what he had just thought. He missed being plain old Potter, the little orphan of a drunken car wreck; just a boy who had no friends, a family that hated him, no destiny, and no real future. Yeah, that was a good thing to want to go back to.

He scoffed at his own stupidity. He was just tired, he told himself, he liked becoming an auror. Today was just a bad day, it would get better. After all he had a saving people's thing, right?

Steeling himself to getting back into the spotlight of Hogwarts Harry stood up and brushed himself off. Karen had healed the cuts and bruises he had received; well in reality, she supervised the healer and asked many questions while he was healing Harry. But she took the credit; she had found the healer, hadn't she?

A quick cleansing spell had rid Harry of the dirt and grime he had received during the test, and the small amount of blood was wiped away as if it had never been there. Running a hand through his hair he found himself ready to go back to the Gryffindor tower, it was not even close to curfew for 6th years, but he had a bad feeling he had forgotten something important and all he needed to make tonight worse was a run-in with Snape.

Exiting the door pretending to be a window that blocked the passageway Harry was in, he found the hallway deserted. Quickly making his way down the hallway he found himself face to face with the fat lady, issuing the password —chocolate frogs— Harry found himself entering a full commonroom and under the stares of not only

the entire Gryffindor student body and that of the Slytherin's staying with them, but also Professor McGonagall, Professor Snape, and Headmaster Dumbledore's stares as well.

"Er... hello," said Harry uncertainly. "Did I miss something?"

"Yes, detention," McGonagall said crisply. "Mind telling us where you've been, Potter, why your possessions seem to have been vagrantly thrown about as if there had been a struggle, and your reasons for missing your first detention tonight?"

"Was that tonight?" Asked Harry cursing mentally, he had completely forgotten about his detention.

"Yes," Snape said, his lip curling in distaste, "Mr. Malfoy showed up on time. Do you believe yourself so far above the rules that you don't need to attend the detentions assigned to you."

"Now Severus, Harry has always attended the detentions given to him," Dumbledore said serenely smiling at Harry.

"Honestly, I forgot," Replied Harry not really knowing what else to say.

"And what pray tell was more important and amnesia causing that prevented your minute brain from retaining a simple date and time?" Snape said coolly raising an eyebrow archly.

"Other stuff," replied Harry condescendingly. "I assure you professors it won't happen again."

"I would sincerely hope not," McGonagall said nodding slightly, a small glint in her eye suggested she might have an understanding of where Harry had been. "A make-up detention will be with me tomorrow night, Potter, at 8pm don't be late."

"I won't Professor," nodded Harry. "Was that all? I'm rather tired."

"From what?" Snape snapped.

"I'm sorry, professor, but that's classified under things I'm not telling you," said Harry smiling as he nodded to McGonagall and Dumbledore before heading up the stairs.

"Well, we've found the boy, back to what you were doing!" Snapped Snape angrily into the commonroom. It was a few minutes later that Harry found himself in his room, McGonagall entering behind him. He was not in the mood for a confrontation, which was what he suspected McGonagall was about to do. Why couldn't everyone just leave him alone?

She had closed the door, in Ron and Malfoy's faces no less, and had cast an immutable charm on the door. "Am I to guess that you were with Miss Parker tonight?"

"Yeah," replied Harry as he started to pick up his things that were scattered about trying his hardest to keep the irritation he felt out of his voice.

"We were very alarmed to find out that your room looked as if there had been a struggle," McGonagall said frowning, "I would have hoped you to be more careful, the students and teachers alike notice your absence and even more they would notice a mess like this and think it strange."

Harry sighed, not feeling sorry at all nor the guilt she was trying to inflict on him, "Sorry, I didn't have much time, surely Dumbledore was aware of tonight's test."

"Yes, we were aware that a test was taking place tonight, but we weren't let in on the details," McGonagall said resolutely. "It is a fine line between knowing there is a test, and finding your usually neat

room a mess. It was frightening to say the least, I have to say that Dumbledore and I will have to have a talk with Miss Parker, we can not have you disappearing like this. Especially, since it is unknown to the rest of the staff that you are apprenticing yourself. Had I been the first to be made aware of your disappearance I could have assured the students that you were unharmed and serving detention somewhere else on grounds for me, but due to the fact that Mr. Malfoy alerted Professor Snape to your disappearance I was unable to keep the situation under control."

"Sorry, Professor," Harry said packing away the rest of his items, knowing he wasn't at all sorry, he had believed Karen in trouble and would have rushed off just as quickly if he had to do it again. "I'll try not to let it happen again, but I was in a time crunch."

She nodded as she seemed to debate her question, "Did you pass?"

Harry smiled a genuine smile as he let out a small laugh, "Yeah, I passed." His irritation with her diminishing slightly.

She rewarded him with one of her rare smiles, "I knew you would." She turned on her heel and waved her wand at the door, it opened and several bodies fell into the room, obviously having been pressed against the door in an attempt to hear through the immutable charm. "Remember Mr. Potter, tomorrow night. And 20 points will be deducted for your forgetfulness." She swept out of the room not even baring a glance at Malfoy, Nott, and Zabaini lying on the floor in a heap, Ron's and the other Gryffindor's laughter finally erupted now that McGonagall had left.

"That's what you get for trying to spy!" Dean laughed.

"Er... didn't the Headmaster suspend points for the time being?" Questioned Neville stepping over Nott who Malfoy had quickly pushed off of him.

"Mate!" Ron called stepping over Zabini in a jagged tone, "Where were you?"

"Out," replied Harry as he located his calendar and wrote down the detention, his irritation making itself know to everyone in the room.

"Yes, Harry we got that, where is out?" Asked Hermione as she and Ginny came walking into the room she asked with genuine curiosity.

"Not in here, but out there," replied Harry turning to his wardrobe and removing the black bag containing his clothes for tonight's rave, his shrunken guitar, his invisibility cloak, the marauders map, and his toiletries.

"Where are you going!?" Asked Ginny crossing her arms in a manner that reminded Harry too much of her mother for comfort.

"To take a shower, not that it's any of your business," Harry scowled. "Or am I suppose to ask you lot for permission?" Harry pushed past them and took the stairs two at a time ignoring Ginny calls. Harry was halfway to the Prefect's bathroom, a place he was now allowed to use since he was Quidditch Captain, when Hermione caught up to him.

"Harry, wait up!" She called.

He sighed and turned around to wait for her, as irritated as he was; he knew she had nothing to do with it. She sported her own bag which was slightly open revealing some shampoo, "I thought I'd join you." She said brightly.

Harry's eyes widened at that, "WHAT!?" His voice came out a lot higher than normal.

Hermione, realizing how that sounded, was quick to back peddle as her cheeks turned a pretty red, "I mean, I thought I'd take a shower,

as well, not with you in the sense of being in the same shower as you. Well, the showers in the Prefects bathroom of course, but not in the same stall as you. Not that I wouldn't... I mean I'm sure a lot of girls would like to... I mean you're very attractive... in you being my best friend sort of way..." she trailed off as her eyes looked anywhere but at Harry looking as embarrassed as Harry felt.

"Oh, yeah, yeah that makes sense, completely understand," said Harry avoiding Hermione's eyes, his hand finding its way to the back of his neck as he tried his best to get rid of the uncomfortable heat rising to his cheeks from the idea of Hermione and him showering together, in the same stall.

An awkward silence settled between them as they stood in the hall for what felt like hours to Harry.

"Should we go than?" Asked Hermione suddenly.

"What? Er... yeah, lead the way," Harry replied sneaking a glance at her, she too seemed to be avoiding looking at him. They walked in gauche silence for nearly five minutes before Hermione broke the silence.

"Harry?" Hermione voiced as they neared the prefect's bathroom.

"Mmmhmm?" Harry murmured not trusting his voice as visions of some un-friend like activities had been playing in his head the closer they got to the bathroom.

"Do you not trust me anymore?" She voiced hesitantly.

"What?" Asked Harry not understanding where the question had stemmed from, "Of course I trust you, I trust you with my life, literally," Harry said honestly, all naughty, un-friend like thoughts finding a new home in the back of his mind.

"It doesn't seem like it," she said hugging herself uncertainly. "You went away, and came back all different. You don't tell me anything anymore. I know nothing about your vacation, or your new friends, and now you're disappearing. And don't tell me it's a one time thing, you disappear all the time now."

Harry frowned as he watched a tear escape from her eyes before she could blink them away, "Darn it, I promised myself I wasn't going to cry."

"Hermione," Harry said his heart clenching as he realized he had made her cry. This was the first time he had made her cry without the help of anyone but himself. Usually Ron was party to it, or someone trying to kill him. He reached out his hand uncertainly, not quite sure what to do to comfort her. He finally settled on resting his hand on her shoulder. "Listen, I trust you entirely. There's no one I trust more than you."

"Not even Karen Parker," Hermione said practically spitting out Karen's name like a curse word.

"Not even Karen Parker," Harry said not quite knowing why Hermione didn't seem to like Karen; she hadn't been anything but nice to Hermione when she visited.

"Doesn't seem that way," she said looking anywhere but at Harry.

Harry sighed, "Listen, if I tell you something, do you promise not to tell anyone, including Ron. He'll just pitch a fit like he did in fourth year if he finds out."

Hermione creased her brow in confusion, her nose wrinkling in the manner Harry associated with her trying to figure out a new spell, "Promise," she said sincerely after a few moments of thought.

"Not out here," Harry said looking around suspiciously. He pushed

open the door of the prefect bathroom allowing Hermione to scoot in behind him before turning and locking the door behind him.

"An apprenticeship!?" Hermione practically squealed as Harry towel dried his hair. He had spent the better part of 2 hours explaining all about Karen Parker and the vampires that he encountered as they both lounged in the oversized tub in swimsuits Hermione had conjured, he even dived into detail about Czaritza, and found to his great amusement Hermione's complete lack of information of the Council and their world, no doubt she would be hold up in the Library for weeks researching them.

"Do you know how rare an apprenticeship is for the auror academies? And in America no less, they have one of the best programs in the world! I mean, I suspected you were trying to get accepted into her program, but I never dreamed... did you know they integrate muggle technology as well as muggle tactics? They're one of the only governments in the world to do so," Hermione said showing great relief as she combed through her wet hair carefully.

"Yeah I know, that test today nearly kicked my arse," Harry said throwing on his shirt. It had taken some explaining as well, but Hermione had held her tongue for the most part upon seeing his second tattoo. It was his body, and he was free to do as he liked to it, even if it was dumb. He hadn't realized how much he had been keeping from her, but now that he told her a vast chunk of it, he felt a huge weight of pressure lift off his shoulders. The uncertainty he felt from earlier vanished completely, and he was excited about what had occurred in the bunker.

"But you passed!" She said proudly. "So you'll be disappearing a lot this year," she said nodding to herself, "and Dumbledore and McGonagall both know when, correct?"

"They knew tonight, but, McGonagall said they didn't know where," shrugged Harry.

"But wait, how did you get off the grounds without them knowing?" Hermione asked slightly confused.

"I shimmered to America," Harry said laughing, he didn't know how to explain it to her, "It's something Karen developed, it's still in the testing phase, but she was nice enough to teach me. It's based off the houseelves form of apparation and disapparation."

"You can't apparate or disapparate on Hogwarts grounds," said Hermione shaking her head disbelievingly.

Harry sighed to himself wondering how he could explain it best when he got a wicked idea. Grabbing his and her bags Harry laced his arms around Hermione's waist which she squealed in shock at.

"What are you doing?" She asked in a high voice.

"Hold on tight!" Harry said as he shimmered away.

They landed with a thud at the base of the Eiffel Tower, luckily it was pretty late, and no one saw the bit of magic. However, a passing police officer did find two teenagers, one on top of the other on the ground looking guilty as can be, seemingly hiding in the shadows.

"Se déplacer le long d'avant que je vous arrête pour l'indécence dans le public!" Called the Police officer.

Harry who spoke not a lick of French understood the word arrête and indecence as bad, not to mention if he had stumbled upon them he would have thought something indecent was going on as well. Harry and Hermione both sprang to their feet and quickly moved off as the Police Officer went on with his patrol.

"Nice landing!" Hermione said in embarrassment.

"Yeah, I'm still working on those," laughed Harry trying to ignore the butterflies his stomach was currently sporting.

"Alright, so you can leave Hogwarts grounds.... We left Hogwarts grounds!" She said panicky. "We're going to be in so much trouble! I'm sure leaving the COUNTRY is a huge rule to break! We'll be expelled for sure!!" She said starting to breathe shallowly.

"Calm down Hermione," Harry said soothingly, "We'll go back before anyone will notice," he smiled at a passing couple and their two children who were trying to eat ice-cream cones before they melted, a losing battle by the looks of it, "but first I want some ice-cream."

He headed off towards the small bistro on the corner, joined by a Hermione after a few seconds, "One bowl of ice-cream, and then we go back." She said uncertainly.

Harry laughed, "Ah, I've really been a bad influence on you." He said wrapping his arm around her shoulders after a few seconds of internal debate. It wasn't uncomfortable at all, like he imagined touching her like this might be; it actually felt right.

While Harry had told Hermione all about Karen and his apprenticeship Harry hadn't dove into details about his new friends, nor did he invite Hermione to the rave. Which no one could really blame him for. It was a stretch for Hermione to agree to stay out for one bowl of ice-cream; it was another thing entirely to agree to go to a rave.

So it was understandable that Harry was slowly making his way out of his dorm room having dressed in the dark among the snores of his dorm mates. The stairs creaked louder than he would have liked as he made his way slowly into the common room. Looking around at the empty, pitch black room Harry inched the portrait open after studying the map for any teachers or nosey cats that might be out and about.

Not needing the invisibility cloak quite yet, Harry made his way quickly down the hallways of Hogwarts, passing slumbering portraits. It was when Harry came to the steps that he felt as if he was being watched. Unfortunately, Harry had to remove his perimeter charm that he had erected around himself because it would set off one of the detection spells around Hogwarts to alert the teachers to any of the students venturing off grounds, he would have shimmered to the rave, but it wouldn't due to be seen using that form of magic in front of other people, considering the magic wasn't widely known, in fact only Harry and Karen knew of it. Besides, he was still too tired from shimmering back and forth to America, and then to Paris, to shimmer again that night.

Having tucked his map back into his side bag Harry turned towards the hall he had just exited and cursed to himself as he saw Mrs. Norris exiting a nearby passageway. Both Harry and Mrs. Norris looked at each other expectantly waiting for the other to make the first move, when a sudden idea occurred to Harry.

"Kitty want a treat?" Whispered Harry pulling his wand out slowly pointing it at a nearby piece of crumpled paper some student had left lying in the hallway. Mrs. Norris watched the ball of paper curiously as it began to transform, a tail was the first to form, and soon a small white mouse replaced the paper. "Give me a head start?" Bargained Harry.

The mouse unaware of the danger it was in sat grooming itself as the nosey cat seemed to consider its options, and with a slight "meow" of agreement the mouse, now alerted to the cat's presence, took off in a hurried gait. Mrs. Norris ignoring Harry shot past him and after the mouse; effectively giving Harry a few minutes head start before she reported back to Filch.

Harry took the stairs two at a time, not even hesitating a moment when hearing the hurried footsteps behind him. Jumping the last few

steps Harry found himself throwing his invisibility cloak over his head as he quickly made it to the front door, inching it open he escaped into the night air, the ground moist from rain, a storm Harry must have missed when he went to Karen's aid earlier.

Harry's feet sunk into the ground as he made his way quickly across the grounds towards the forbidden forest. Dew clung to his pant legs and invisibility cloak as he stole his way into the darkness emanating from the forest like a blanket of black. There was no moon so he had to cross the threshold of the forest before he was able to ignite his wand. Throwing off his invisibility cloak and stowing it away in his bag Harry frowned.

"I owe you 10 sickles, I had to use my cloak," Harry said into the darkness.

A wand ignited about 15 feet away, quickly approaching him, the dull yellow light illuminated Karen's face, which was brimming with a sly smile.

"Wow, you must have been really bad," she said laughing looking off into the distance.

"I heard footsteps behind me. I figured it would be better to lose our bet, than to be caught out of bed by Filch," shrugged Harry.

Her sly smile returned, "Perhaps it wasn't Filch."

"Being caught by anyone would have proved disastrous," returned Harry unamused by whatever she seemed to be amused by. "Can we get going? We're already late."

"I love that I am your date to this," she smiled. "Are you really that afraid of being hit on?"

"Is there a reason you're talking so loud?" Frowned Harry.

"Am I?" she laughed, "Well I'm just excited, I've never been to a rave before. And the best part is I have neither obligation nor jurisdiction to break it up!"

Harry pulled back a low branch allowing Karen to go ahead of him before allowing it to snap back in place after him. "By the way, I like your dress." He said for the first time noticing her dark metallic blue mini dress.

"Oh, thanks! I wore this when I was undercover as a hooker," she said in her normal voice level, "I was trying to get abducted to a vampire factory, didn't work, they recognized me."

Harry made a non-committal grunt as he saw the lights up ahead. They approached the large man standing in front of the opening of the colossal wall Trinity had erected around the large arena area the Karen and he practiced in.

"You know if you hadn't invited me to this and I found out you used our training area, I would have kicked your ass," laughed Karen as Harry paid the bouncer 2 galleons for he and Karen and flashing his invite to him.

"Well, it's a good thing I did then," laughed Harry leading the way into the rave, they passed through the silencing charm and into loud music, and hundreds of teenagers and twenty years old dancing.

"AH! Harry, you made it!" Called a voice over the music. Harry turned just in time to be enveloped in a hug by Trinity. "Good to see you as well Karen," she said nodding to her.

Before Karen could respond a male of about 26 with a goatee and dusty brown hair approached the small group of them, "Hey, you wanna dance?"

Trinity practically pushed Karen into the guys arms, "No worries, I'll take care of Harry! He's gotta take the stage soon anyway!"

Karen shot a look at Harry and mouthed the word, sorry, before taking off with the guy.

"So much for her being my date," said Harry frowning slightly.

"Oh come on Harry, just tell the girls that hit on you you're not interested," laughed Trinity pulling Harry through the crowd towards the far wall where the DJ stand and a small stage was set up with the band equipment. It was about 20 feet away before Harry noticed that on Mark's drums the bands name was printed in bold letters. Damnation Insinuated Existence, was in bold black letters, except for the first letters were blood red showing DIE as an anagram.

"Dude, bout time you showed up!" Laughed Chad greeting Harry.

"Yeah, the guys in my dorm took forever to fall asleep," said Harry shrugging. "Do we have a set list for tonight?" Harry watched as Trinity moved off towards the door talking into her cell.

"Yeah, we're playing a standard 8 song set, Breaking the Habit; Trapt; Still Waiting; Somewhere I belong; Runaway; Motivation; From the Inside; and Empty Walls. Trinity says she wants to be in front of the curve, and we're the next big thing- especially when the wizarding world finds out you're our lead singer," said Brittney.

"Well that's never going to Happen," laughed Harry, "I'm Harry Jameson to everyone that knows the band, and besides you still have to replace me, this is a onetime thing."

"Uh huh," said Paris smiling, "It's not like we can magically be transported here for practices and shows... oh wait," she said sarcastically.

"Not funny, and besides this is a favor for Trinity we're not getting paid," Said Harry pulling out his guitar. "And Mark isn't likely to like being around that much magic."

"That pork thing that got us here made me sick," said Mark frowning before cracking a smile, "But I wasn't the one that lost his dinner," he tossed a look over his shoulder towards Dylan who was talking up a girl with purple hair.

"Portkey," laughed Harry shaking his head, "not pork thing."

"And we're not getting paid per say," said Brittney, "But Trinity made merchandise to sell, hats; tee-shirts; bumper stickers; and she helped me mass produce our CDs."

"Yeah, did you see what she did to my drums!" Said Mark smiling, "It's freaking awesome."

"Yeah, it's pretty wicked," said Harry shrugging.

Trinity tapped her foot impatiently as she observed the guy in front of her, "Well?"

"Er..." Came the blonde's clever response.

"If you don't have an invite, you can't come in," Trinity said in an irritated voice tossing a look at Rick the bodyguard that was manning the door and assuring no one entered without an invite, "Toss him on his ass."

"I....I'm with Potter," The blonde hesitantly said. Trinity paused before looking the blonde over with a critical eye.

"Like with him, with him?" Voiced Rick uncertainly, "I thought Harry was straight."

"You're with Harry?" She asked skeptically ignoring Rick's comment.

"We go to school together," he said indicating in the direction of Hogwarts, scowling at Rick.

She frowned in thought, "If you're here with Harry, why didn't he mention it when I talked to him a few minutes ago?"

"I... wasn't sure I could come, so he—" the blonde started but was interrupted as a loud crash was heard from inside.

"Rick, go see what that was!" She said looking over her shoulder towards the swirling lights of the rave.

"Sure thing boss!" Rick said disappearing into the purple light.

"What did you say your name was?" Trinity asked debating on whether or not she should get Harry to confirm the guy's story.

"Draco Malfoy," The blonde said bowing slightly, taking Trinity's hand into his and kissing it gently.

Trinity giggled slightly before catching herself pulling her hand away, "Ah. No, you're doing what Harry did, charming me with that wonderful accent! I won't let it happen again, especially from a pureblood with such heavy ties to the dark arts. Why, my parents would approve, and where would the fun be in that!"

"There is no substantial proof that I am tied to the Dark Arts," The pureblood Draco replied crossing his arms turning to look off in the distance.

"Your father's tattoo is more than enough proof where your family's loyalty lies," Trinity said crossing her own arms.

"If I'm not mistaken," Draco said turning an icy glare towards her,

"both your parents have the same tattoo. How is it that Potter can befriend you?"

"I don't follow my parents philosophy on Muggleborn witches and wizards, and I certainly don't think muggles should be rounded up and disposed of," She returned taking a more standoffish stance. "But most of all Harry knows my future doesn't involve bowing at the feet of some damn half-blood that believes I'm below him and should fight his war for him. I'd rather party."

"I didn't think Potter wanted people to bow at his feet," Draco said smirking.

"No, He-who-must-not-be-named is a half blood, or so Harry tells me," Trinity replied, "Surely if Harry invited you, you two would be friends, and you would know that."

Draco frowned, "Fine! So we're not friends, Maybe I should just go back up to the school and perhaps I'll run into a teacher..."

"I don't take threats lightly, Mr. Pureblood, perhaps I should Memory charm you to ensure that doesn't happen," Trinity said raising an eyebrow.

"Oh come on, just let me in," Draco said giving up all pretenses of threats.

Trinity smirked, "Why should I?"

"Hello everyone, for those of you who don't know, I am Trinity Mason," catcalls and loud applause were heard from the crowd. Trinity awaited them to subside, "Yes, thank you—"

"I love you Trinity!" A random guy shouted from the crowd.

"Oh well I love you too hun! Well whoever you are," she laughed.

"Alright, I am up here for a reason now, I would like to introduce you to my latest discovery and obsession, the band behind me, with the scrumptious singer to my left," at that Harry rolled his eyes.

"They won the battle of the bands last month in Los Angeles, they are a muggle band—," cat calls interrupted her and she laughed, "Never say the wizarding world isn't accepting, unless those were from the other muggles in the audience, then shame on you pureblooded bigots," She smiled really big at that as a loud cheer rang. "But for you pureblooded bigots, the scrumptious singer is a wizard," she winked at Harry. "Please give a loud cheer, for DAMNATION INSINUATED EXISTANCE!"

"Oh come on, one little drink won't kill you," Lance said wiggling the cup of unidentifiable alcohol in front on her face.

"I have work in the morning," said Karen frowning, "I really shouldn't."

"How about I get you a cola then," he said smiling sweetly.

"That would be great!" Karen said nodding happily.

"I'll be right back," he said before he stole away towards the queue for the drinks.

"Hey Karen," called a familiar voice, Harry's friend Jason appeared on her left, "you haven't seen Trinity or Mya around here have you?"

"Can't say I have, I've been too busy dancing with Lance," she said nodding to Lance who was ordering.

"Oh, I thought you were Harry's date," Jason said frowning at the guy.

"Fake date, besides he's on stage!" She said Happily, "And it's not everyday I get a guy honestly interested in me, they're always out to prove something considering who I am and what my job is."

"Ah, well good luck with all that," Jason said turning to look towards the stage, "He's really good tonight, isn't he."

"He's fantastic, but isn't he always," Karen said proudly. "I think he's really playing to the crowd, and he's back in the settings that inspired most of those songs."

"It must be hard for Harry," Jason said frowning.

"What must be hard?" Karen asked uncertainly.

"He went from having no responsibilities back into having the weight of the world on his shoulders, I mean I don't think I could ever do what he does," Jason frowned, "I was there when those deatheaters crashed the battle of the bands, they crossed the ocean to track him down, and so did Albus Dumbledore and his merry band of followers. Harry's the same age as I am, and I don't have that kind of pressure on me. He's not normal, but when you watch him up there..."

"It's as close to normal as he can get," nodded Karen. "But he was never destined to be normal, no matter how much he wants to be."

"But, he's okay with it, Jason," Karen said placing a hand on his shoulder, "Don't worry yourself over it. Harry has a unique way of dealing with it and it works for him."

"What, ignore it then run away to another country when it gets too much?" Jason scoffed.

Karen laughed at that, "No, we got to meet Harry in a very hard time in his life, but I've come to know Harry and he's... more remarkable than anyone I've ever met."

"Hey babe, they only had diet... who's this?" Lance said as he sidled up next to her, throwing his arm over her shoulder one hand holding

her plastic cup, and the other holding his brown beer bottle.

"Just a friend of a friend," Karen said taking the cup from him and taking a sip before pulling a face, "tastes kind of funny, almost flat."

"Isn't that how diet always tastes," laughed Jason.

"Goodbye Jason," said Karen rolling her eyes at him, before moving off with Lance towards a more secluded corner.

"What are you doing to my hair?" Asked Draco as he drank down another of the small cups of alcohol the girl with pink hair, whose name he had already forgotten, kept putting in front of him.

"Relax darling, you've never looked better!" Laughed Paul, a bottle blonde male of 17, a friend of Trinity's.

"Paul, I know your gay, but do you have to lay it on that thick?" Katie, a blonde this week, and known as Paul's 'fag hag' said laughing as she wove her wand expertly through his hair. "You like red right?"

"Not particularly, reminds me of poor people and Gryffindors, and some of those coincide with each other," laughed Draco, "Why?"

"Oh no reason, just making small talk," said Katie cheerfully as she downed another shot. She turned to Paul and whispered, "That looks red right?"

"Is the Pope Gay?" Asked Paul in a stage whisper laced with sarcasm.

Katie pondered the question, "Openly gay? You know they have those alter boys, and why they wear skirts."

"Really Katie," scoffed Trinity walking up to the table, "Where your mind goes sometimes."

"It went on vacation a few weeks ago, about the time she went bleach blonde, hasn't come back yet, I think it lost it's passport. Held up in customs, she tried to bring back vegetables."

Trinity laughed at that, joined in by everyone but Katie and Draco, "Hey!" Katie said in an offended tone, "That was mean!"

"I don't get it, why is that funny?" Asked Draco looking at everyone.

"Oh hunny, vegetables, when you're brain dead you're a vegetable. Get it?" Paul said smiling widely at his own cleverness.

"He doesn't know that, he's a pureblood and doesn't know anything about the muggle world," Trinity said picking at the small plate of food sitting on the table. "What's with the pink?"

"It's red!" Katie said uncertainly.

"You're drunk hun, it's pink," Mya said pointing to her own hair, "Like mine."

"What's pink?" Asked Draco taking another small cup of alcohol.

"Um, how many of those have you had?" Asked Trinity uncertainly as she watched him place it next to a rather large pile.

"I don't know, 6 maybe 7. Why do muggles make their drinks so small!?" Draco asked laughing as he picked up two of the small glasses and brought them up to his eyes, "Ooohh, look I'm Potter before the makeover!"

"Potter? As in Harry Potter?" Squealed Katie, "Oh dear, don't tell anyone I just did that."

"What squealed like a girl?" Asked Paul laughing, "It was completely

out of character for you."

"Yeah it's more your style," Laughed Katie.

"Squealer!" Said Paul.

"Queer!" Laughed Katie.

"Fag Hag!" Laughed Paul.

"I am aren't I," she said batting her eyelashes.

"What's a fag hag?" Asked Draco looking at Mya, "Oh what's that! And look at the little umbrella in it! Is that in case of a small shower." As he snatched the umbrella out of her drink and held it above his head. "I'll have one of those! And don't hold back on the umbrella!"

"Great set guys!" Said Brittney handing Harry a bottle of water.

"Thanks," said Harry, "you haven't seen Karen around have you?"

Brittney frowned, "No, can't say that I have."

"Harry!" Called a new voice.

"Hey Jason!" Said Harry smiling, "What's up?"

"Not much, you haven't seen Trinity have you?" Jason asked as Mya and Jessica came into view.

"Not since she left the stage," Harry said shaking his head as he greeted the girls.

"This party is out of control," Said Mya springing out of the way of a fist fight that was breaking out.

Harry whipped out his wand and put a body bind on the two offending

guys just in time to stop them from tumbling into the crowd behind them. "I know what you mean, I was just looking for Karen in hopes she could police it."

"I think Trinity invited too many people, this is nuts!" Said Jason as his eyes traveled over to Jessica who was talking animatedly to Brittney.

"Yeah we have to break this up, besides it's nearly 4 am anyway," Said Harry pushing his way towards the DJ.

"Parties over, cut the music!" Harry had to practically scream in order for the woman manning the DJ to hear, She nodded and the music cut off.

A loud ruckus began as the partygoers realized the music was off. Harry picked up the microphone, "It's 4am Parties over! Time to pack up and head home!"

Jason laughed as he took the microphone out of Harry's hands "As the saying goes; You don't have to go home, but you can't stay here!"

"There are portkeys outside!" A new voice chimed in, "Different locations they leave in 20 minutes," Trinity continued as she climbed up on stage. "Harry," she said indicating for him to join her.

"Hey," He said sheepishly joining her, "the party was just too out of—"

"I agree, no worries, I'm actually in need of returning something to you," She said smiling a forced smile.

"What?" Asked Harry following her through the throngs of people and making his way outside of the area and followed Trinity past the port-a-potties that Harry hadn't know were there. "Trinity where are we going?"

"I found her in the toilet when I was searching for a free one," said Trinity lighting her wand expertly to show Karen sitting on the ground with her head in her hands.

"Karen?" Harry asked hesitantly.

"Harry!?" She asked looking up groggily her eyes unfocused.

"Merlin, what's wrong with her!?" He asked bending down to get a better look at her.

"I think that guy slipped her something," Trinity said crossing her arms, "Rick, the bodyguard, said he had to send a guy to your hospital, St. Mungos, he was bashed in the head by a beer bottle, he should be fine, until she wakes up in the morn and kills him."

"Should we take her to St. Mungo's too?" Asked Harry in a slight panic.

"I tried, she wouldn't let me!" said Trinity. "I was thinking you could convince her."

"No!" Said Karen suddenly trying to pick herself, "Too many questions, too many lies, too many inquires... god paperwork! Your friend can help!" She said falling back down into a sitting position.

"What friend?" Asked Harry.

"Oh!" Trinity said suddenly as she dashed off disappearing into the thinning crowds.

Just as Harry was afraid Trinity wasn't off doing something productive for him she returned with his bag thrown over her shoulder and Jason trailing behind her, "He won't be any help," she said exasperated, "He's drunk off his ass!"

"Who?" Asked Harry questioningly. But he should have saved his breath for not a second later Mya and Paris arrived sporting a drunk and stumbling blonde haired git with streaks of pink running through it.

"Malfoy!?" Harry exclaimed disbelievingly before he shot a dark look at Karen, she knew he had been followed because of her reaction before. But Harry immediately forgave her because of her condition.

"I don't have time for this!" growled Harry.

"Her...minnie," said Karen suddenly.

"Right!" Said Harry hoisting Karen up, "Jason, can you help with ferret boy?"

"Sure thing Harry!" Said Jason relieving Mya and Paris from the burden they were carrying.

"Trinity make sure there isn't any evidence of this rave, in case we're caught on the way back into Hogwarts!" Harry said, "I'll call you tomorrow. Jason, I'll shimmer you back to the states as soon as we get help, alright?"

"Yeah, I've always wanted to see Hogwarts, might as well help out while I can," said Jason. Harry took his bag from Trinity before lighting his wand, Jason following suit.

"You know Potter," hiccupped Malfoy suddenly, "Father's wrong, Muggles aren't that bad! They make wicked drinks!"

Harry groaned in irritation, before Jason laughed, "I think it best we put a silencing charm on him, if we're trying to be sneaky."

"I'm going to shimmer us into Hogwarts," said Harry unable to even consider trekking the entire way with a drunk Malfoy and a drugged

Karen.

"Fine with me!" Said Jason smiling as he grabbed Harry's arm, right before he shimmered away.

Harry and his three travelers landed at the top of the steps right before the long corridor that led to the Gryffindor tower.

"Bleeding hell," gasped Harry, "I've never shimmered three people at once." Harry was exhausted as he practically dragged Karen to the portrait of the Fat Lady.

"My what's all this?" Asked the fat lady.

"Chocolate frogs," said Harry ignoring the portrait in favor of getting Karen to the couch.

"Where should I put the blonde?" Asked Jason.

"Up the stairs, 6th landing, on the empty bed," said Harry, "And don't take the silencing charm off of him."

"Can do!" Said Jason mock saluting him.

Harry lit a fire before turning towards Karen, "I'll go get Hermione." He said before crossing the commonroom and removing his wand to freeze the stairs.

"Harry—" Karen's voice called but was interrupted by the portrait door swinging open.

McGonagall came storming into the commonroom, "Alright, who pushed Umbridge down the stairs!?"

Harry froze, his wand pointed incriminatingly at the stairs. His eyes locked with McGonagall's before her eyes flickered towards the stairs

and his wand.

"Crush the Grapes of Wrath with Thor's Hammer, and you get a hell of a wine!" Giggled Karen before placing her finger across her mouth, "Shhh... the walls have ears, and pretty, pretty shoes."

Harry groaned slightly in frustration and worry.

"Is she drunk?" Asked McGonagall pulling a stern look.

"No," said Harry frowning, "Some arsehole slipped her something at a party she was at."

"What do you mean slipped her something?" Asked McGonagall her brow creasing as she crossed the commonroom and bent to examine Karen.

"Some times guys in the muggle world slip drugs to girls in order to—"

"Yes, I am quite aware of that, Potter," McGonagall said flashing a light in Karen's eyes, "Come on help me get her to the Hospital Wing."

"No!" Karen said deliriously, "To many questions... I'm fine."

"She's not suppose to be here," said Harry frowning, "she refuses to see a healer. I've already tried."

"I'll stun her then—" said McGonagall only to be cut off.

"Threatening an auror Minerva, that's a new one for you," Snape's voice echoed in the room.

Unbeknownst to them the portrait door swung open and Snape and Dumbledore had been admitted.

"Albus," she said ignoring Snape, "Miss Parker's been drugged and refuses to see a healer."

"Drugged?" Snape and Dumbledore said at the same time. But while Dumbledore seemed pensive about it as he frowned, Snape seemed livid as he crossed the room with three large steps before bending down to examine Karen.

"Who did this?" Snape growled angrily.

"Lance, trance, prance, TAP DANCE!" Karen said giggling to herself.

"How did she get here?" Asked Dumbledore frowning, "She isn't very lucid."

"The party was near here, she's lucid enough to know that," said Harry frowning with worry as Karen giggled some more before flicking Snape in the nose playfully.

"Boop!" She said in a falsetto voice.

Snape pulled a face that Harry couldn't read, it was possibly him trying hard not to laugh, but Harry wasn't quite sure that was possible, "Headmaster, I have a spell to make her more lucid, but it won't last long."

"Alright, maybe she'll be more cooperative," Dumbledore said nodding. Snape weaved his wand in a complicated motion enveloping Karen in a yellow haze, her eyes focusing almost immediately before turning angry.

"Oh! That Bastard!" She practically screamed, "I thought my drink tasted funny! I'm glad I bashed the asshole's head in with that beer bottle."

"Karen, you know several forms of martial arts and you're an auror, how did this happen!" Asked Harry in a disbelieving tone.

"Harry knowing all the defense in the world can't help you if you forget you know it! Let alone don't have enough control over your body to use it," scowled Karen. "Bastard! I should flay him alive! I created a spell that does that you know... or at least I think I did." Karen zoned out for a few seconds.

"I think the spells wearing off," Snape said frowning.

"No, she's always like this," said Harry sighing, "Karen, come back to us... you, drugged, guy in St. Mungo's."

Snape shot Harry a look at that but turned his attention back to Karen, "Huh, oh yeah right, got lost there. We were dancing and he got me a diet cola, but it tasted funny so I only took a couple sips. The next thing I know I'm backed up against a wall and his hand is disappearing up my dress, so I grabbed his beer bottle and slammed it into his head."

"Miss Parker, the spell your under is temporary, we need to have a healer look you over," Dumbledore said seriously.

"No, I'm not suppose to be here. And the Party I went to wasn't exactly legal," Karen said her eyes becoming glassy. "I'll be ripped apart in the papers and it will be bad press for Minister Charles, especially seeing as it's an election year. No, I'll be fine, just need to sleep it off."

"Your treatment would be in the strictest confidence," Said Dumbledore frowning.

"You have a legal obligation to report any and all patients that are not Hogwarts's students to the British Ministry," Karen said shaking her head. "If I can't sleep it off here, then I shall go someplace else."

Karen tried to walk towards the portrait door but stumbled and fell straight into Snape.

"Considering you're incapable of walking at the moment, nor do you have access to a muggle beer bottle, I would have to say you don't have any choice in the matter," Snape said silkily as he lifted Karen into the air, "Off we go then."

"Put me down! You have no right to... I am not some damsel in distress. I can kick your ass—" Karen's voice died as the portrait door swung close.

"Well," said Harry clearing his throat. "I really should be getting back to bed..."

"Not so fast Harry," Dumbledore said turning his blue eyes onto him, "I have to ask you Did you push or know of anyone who pushed Professor Umbridge down the stairs?"

Harry snorted slightly, "Someone actually pushed the toad down the stairs?"

"Harry..." Dumbledore began in a stern tone.

"No, Professors' I did not push her down the stairs," Harry said honestly which Dumbledore clearly saw after a few seconds of searching Harry's eyes.

"Good, I truly believe she tripped myself," Dumbledore said unsticking two lemon drops and popping one in his mouth before extending one towards Harry which he declined. "Her scream woke me up, and I didn't see anyone fleeing the scene."

Harry frowned at that, "Headmaster, your room is near your office," he knew that because of the Marauder's Map, "that's no where near the steps... so how did—"

McGonagall's cheeks had turned a very cherry red and she seemed to be looking anywhere but at her student and Harry remembered her room was near the—

"Alright, I'm just going to accept that her scream was so loud it traveled all the way to the other side of the castle," said Harry nodding to himself shaking terrible thoughts out of his mind, "Good night professors."

Harry climbed the stairs to the 6th years dorm two-by-two and entered the room, "NOT ON MY BED!" Harry snapped as loudly as he could without waking the occupants in the room, which included a slumbering Malfoy with pink streaks in his hair, which was lying flat on his stomach above Harry's covers.

"Dude, it's the one he went to," shrugged Jason as he watched Harry flick his wand at the ferret which lifted him off of Harry's bed and tossed him ungently onto the other empty bed which belonged to Malfoy.

"Great, now I've got to burn it," scowled Harry ignoring Jason's laughter.

Black and Blue Mail

Harry awoke to an unusual sound, that of both Slytherin and Gryffindors alike trying to awake their housemates from deep slumber. Harry who was exhausted from the night's events was drained even farther with his cross-continental trip to the United States where he dropped off Jason and also informed the Auror Department that Karen was taking a personal day due to illness. By the time he returned to his dormroom it was 5 am and he was beyond exhausted and he passed out as soon as he climbed beneath the sheets of his four-poster bed. Which was a major reason he was so angry when he heard Dean's voice quite clearly over his head, "Maybe we should douse him with a bucket of ice water."

"You would pay dearly for it," mumbled Harry burying his head deeper beneath his pillow.

"Oh look he's up," Neville said happily. "Harry, mate, it's 10 o'clock, you've missed breakfast and the drama that unfolded during it."

"That's nice," Harry muttered wishing they would leave him alone.

"Umbridge was sent to St. Mungo's she'll be out for the whole week, she fell down the stairs last night," Dean said feigning sympathy to hide the glee in his voice.

"Yeah, I know, McGonagall told me this morning," Harry said cracking open one eye to peer blearily at the small gathering of Gryffindors.

"Did you also know your friend Karen Parker was here this morning?" Ron asked suspiciously.

"Yeah, she stopped by earlier too," Harry said opening his other eye, the room was darker than it should be, "Why is it so dark in here?"

"Sunlight bad!" Harry heard a moan from the next bed over, it took

him a second to realize it was Malfoy.

Harry snorted with laughter, "IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY!" he said in an overtly loud tone, before removing his wand from under his pillow and flicking it at the window that had been charmed shut. "Listen to those birds chirp!" He said slightly softer,

"Anyone up for some music?" Harry flicked his wand at the shelf holding his CD player and loud rock music began to blare into the confines of the room as Harry disentangled himself from his sheets and began to dress for the day.

A loud whimpering sound could be heard from Malfoy's bed that was likewise surrounded by his fellow Slytherins, apparently Malfoy had missed breakfast as well- which wasn't surprising with his reactions to Harry's music, hangovers were very unpleasant as Harry himself could attest to.

Suddenly Harry's music shut off as he was tugging on a fresh shirt, "Hey, who-"

"Harry my head hurts, no rock music before noon," said Karen as she stumbled over to his bed and climbed into the disheveled sheets.

"Karen, you're still here?" Asked Harry pulling out his contact case.

She pulled his pillow taut beneath her neck, hugging it tightly observing Harry's motions, "Mr. Dumbledore was kind enough to extend the invitation of staying here until I am fully recovered from last night's experience, your nurse informs me the headache should dissipate within the hour and my appetite should return before the day is through."

"You'll have no ill effects or side effects?" Asked Harry concerned.

"Severus was kind enough to provide me with several potions to rid

me of the offending substance in my system, Mr. Lance however was not so lucky, according to the staff of St. Mungos his head injury is proving a lot more troublesome then they first thought it would be, he's exhibiting strange symptoms, almost as if someone inflicted them upon him after he was admitted," Karen said frowning, "That shirt doesn't match those pants Harry."

Harry frowned looking down at himself, "My shirt is black and so are the pants."

"No, your shirt is charcoal and your pants are onyx they don't match, put on a white shirt it's a better combination," Karen said randomly opening his bedside drawers.

"Are you looking for something or just snooping?" Asked Harry scowling slightly as he changed his shirt, although why he was changing even he didn't know.

"A little of both, are you putting sunscreen on those tattoos when you go outside, the back ones looking a little pink," Karen said pulling out a chocolate frog from Harry's secret stash.

"It's been cloudy and I haven't gone without a shirt in the sun," Harry said throwing his cross necklace on.

"You're still exposed to UV rays when its cloudy, put some sunscreen on," Karen said looking at the card she had received.

Harry was reaching randomly into his drawer for the small bottle of sunscreen he had bought during the summer when he paused and thought about what he was doing, if he hadn't known any better he would swear he had no free will. In fact he was blindly doing things he didn't want to do just to please someone else... dear Merlin he was treating Karen as if she was his mother., which wasn't surprising since he was so use to her watching out for him and being constantly over protective of him in America.

"I'm good thanks," said Harry pulling out a comb to cover up his reaching for the sunscreen, "Stop telling me what to do."

Karen frowned slightly, "I was just looking out for you, like you did for me." She said looking downcast, "My assistant told me you informed Minister Charles and the department that I was taking the day off due to illness and that I was staying here because I needed someone to look after me."

"Will that guy be charged?" Scowled Harry pushing past Zabani who was watching Karen with utter fascination as she played idly with the chocolate frog allowing it to hop away slightly before catching it, and as punishment for being caught she removed a leg then proceeded to allow it to escape again.

"Unfortunately, it would be my word against his, and considering it's an election year I won't bring a he said/she said case on the books, besides he wasn't able to actually do anything, I brought more harm onto him than he did to me," Karen said relieving the chocolate frog of its third leg.

"Karen, do you mind that's kind of deranged," Harry said frowning at the crippled chocolate frog.

"Huh? Oh sorry, my brother and I use to do this when we were younger, come to think of it, that might be the reason we were always sent to see the school counselor," Karen smiled before biting the head off of the frog.

"Curious that," Harry said sarcastically. "Be careful with that chocolate, I just conjured that bed."

"What happened to your other one?" She asked curiously.

"It met with an unfortunate accident involving a flame charm," Harry

said ambivalently.

Harry sat in the Gryffindor Common Room twirling the small vial of potion Karen had given him. He supposed he could somehow bribe Malfoy into not spilling the beans about his late night extracurricular activities with the small peace offering of the closest thing to a hangover potion the wizarding world had.

It was nearing noon, and Malfoy had still not removed himself from the confines of the dorm room, however, lunch time was here and as far as he knew Malfoy didn't know where the kitchen's were, so he would have to be disentangling himself from beneath his covers soon if he wished to eat before dinner. Almost as if on cue the sound of a door clicking open could be heard from above where Harry sat and a slow thumping of heavy footfalls descending the boy's dormitory steps was discernible to his ears.

A Malfoy Harry had never encountered before landed on the final step, a less than primp one.

Malfoy leaned heavily against the banister wearing a pair of wrinkled jeans, a perceptibly muggle pair... a pair he seriously hoped did not in all reality belong to Harry himself, he WAS still missing some clothes. A large black tee-shirt proclaimed in a deep red,

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And he wore a black baseball cap with Letters that seemed to resemble blood rivulets spelled out D.I.E to further make his appearance completely unrecognizable as classic Malfoy attire.

"What the hell are you wearing Malfoy!" Harry snapped in an irritated manner, watching any hope of bribing silence out of his rival fly figuratively out of the Gryffindor Tower's window. And utterly startling

some nearby 3rd years lounging in the chairs by the fire that were normally occupied by the upper years.

"Ah... too loud, Potter, shhhhh....," Malfoy said taking careful steps towards the table Harry was sitting at, making hushing movements with his hands as he collapsed into the chair opposite him letting his head rest against the cool wood of the table.

Harry scowled, "Take that ridiculous hat off!" He snatched the hat away chucking it into the hearth, unfortunately it was unlit. Malfoy's hands clutched unsuccessfully for the hat as it was ripped off his head, the reasoning quite clear as soon as the light hit his hair... long streaks of pink ran through his hair in no seeming pattern, a fact Harry found tremendously amusing.

"Did we forget to remove something from our hair this morning!?" Laughed Harry.

Malfoy scowled angrily at him as he re-summoned the hat to him, quickly re-depositing it on his head, "Finite didn't work! Nothing I did worked, it won't come out! And my head hurts!" He whined throwing both hands over the hat securing it from any further pilfering and allowing his head to thump ungracefully back onto the table.

"Why the bloody hell did you buy that crap?" Harry asked in an undertone glancing at the third years whom were giggling to themselves most likely because of Malfoy's newest hairdo.

"Because I needed proof," Malfoy said.

"Well I can't help you with the hair," Harry said scowling slightly twirling the small vial, "but I do have a proposition for you."

Malfoy looked up warily watching the vial spin haphazardly on the table, he frowned, "I'm listening."

"Well I thought it was funny, besides if he was intent on busting you for curfew he wouldn't have followed you into the Forbidden Forest," Karen said walking with Harry through the halls of Hogwarts for a proper tour that she was unable to get the last time she was here. "You would have noticed him if you had bothered to keep your perimeter charms up."

"Malfoy is always intent on busting me, he thrives on it," scowled Harry as he held the door open that lead to the astronomy tower. "Besides, part of our bet was for me not to use them."

"Well, he obviously has some skill in stealth you were unaware of his presence," Karen said smiling. "And sometimes it's best to cheat Harry."

"No doubt a few tricks he learned from his father," Harry said frowning as he ascended the stairs. "And I'll keep that in mind."

"No doubt," She said smiling, "But no worries, I know you like your privacy, so Mr. Malfoy will find out soon that he is unable to discuss the events of last night."

"What did you do?" Asked Harry suspiciously.

"Well there may have been more in that headache potion that I gave him then powdered toadstool," she said winking at Harry.

Harry sat at the Gryffindor table eating his lunch ignoring the stares he was receiving from the students, far more than normal.

"Why are they staring like that?" Asked Karen as she sidled up next to him and began to fill a plate.

"I don't know," grumbled Harry idly stabbing his food, "Maybe there's a rumor that you were in my bed, and that the sheets were rumpled."

Karen laughed slightly, "Oh, the dramas of High School! How I've not missed them," she said then a wicked grin appeared on her face.

"What?" Harry asked after a moment noticing that she was looking at him weirdly.

"Have I told you that you need a hair cut recently?" She asked with a sickening puppy dog face plastered on her face as she ran her fingers through his hair, before scooting so close to him that she was practically in his lap. Harry didn't know why she was suddenly worrying about his hair, she had said before that it was an alright length, not to mention he could change it at will, not that his eyes or any other part of him was cooperating. Stupid books.

A slight clearing of a throat garnered both of their attentions to the small frame of Hermione in front of them, her eyes were downcast, and had a slight frown on her face. "Did you two want to be alone?"

Harry frowned, "No... why would we—Oh that's just great Karen," Harry said scooting away from her and pushing her hand out of his hair realizing just how twisted her humor really was, "that'll spur on those rumors for weeks. And here I was wondering why you were so suddenly interested in my hair length."

She laughed as Hermione sat down, "Oh come on Harry it was just too easy!" A huge grin crossed her face, "You wouldn't know a girl hitting on you unless she came out and said she was!"

"No, Hermione tells me when a girl is hitting on me," Said Harry sticking out his tongue at Karen, "Besides it's a rare occurrence in and of itself."

"I think I would be robbing the cradle if those rumors were true," Karen said happily, "But it's nice to know that despite numerous witnesses to my time in your bed that it somehow still turned tawdry."

"Only in Hogwarts," griped Harry.

"So Miss Parker," started Hermione looking uncertainly between Karen and Him, "it's an unusual surprise to find you here, all day."

"Ah, yes, Hogwarts is allowing me the privilege of recuperating from an attack on my person before returning to my country," Karen said frowning before taking small bites out of her food, "But I can take a positive out of a negative, I'm lucky enough to be able to spend sometime with Harry."

"And have fun making me miserable," Harry said frowning as he noticed Professor McGonagall heading his way in a purposeful manner.

"Oh Harry, it's only a tiny rumor, I'm sure it'll die by dinnertime, after all the gossip train always needs to be refueled," Karen said picking the blueberries idly out of a muffin, "Did you know the piggie-sniggle fairies are in full bloom today? Such a shame, I really like blueberries."

"I really wish you wouldn't talk to Luna while you're recuperating," Harry said shaking his head sending a small smile towards the blonde Ravenclaw whom by the look of it was cultivating as many blueberries as she could from her fellow classmates.

"Mr. Potter," McGonagall appeared in front of him, "the headmaster would like some of your time, if you could follow me."

Harry racked his brain for a reason why the headmaster would want to see him, and the only one he could think of was that he had been found out, that he snuck out and went into the forbidden forest, in the middle of the night... expulsion maybe, detention definitely. Harry groaned internally with his schedule he barely had time for sleep, let alone adding detention into the mix. With a foreboding smile at Hermione and an accusatory glance at Karen, he walked away to

uncertainty.

"I'm sorry you want me to do what?" Harry asked staring incredulously at Dumbledore certain the man had lost what little of his mind he had left. Yep, that damn twinkle was going into double time, the man's brain had skipped town, he was frolicking through the daisies on his way to the cuckoo train. Whacked right out of his head and he ain't ever coming back. The man should be wearing an 'I LOVE MYSELF' tee-shirt.

"I want you to teach Defense Against the Dark Arts for the week," Dumbledore said popping a lemon drop.

Yep, the man was nuttier than squirrel shit.

"Sir, no offense but have you been allowing Snape to test his potions on you?" Harry asked shaking his head, "Besides the fact that you're talking about me... teaching, you're actually suggesting that I could reign in the attentions of not only 7th years, but also Slytherins."

"I believe you underestimate your abilities to lead Harry," Dumbledore said pouring himself some tea, the fact that he didn't correct him on adding Professor in front of Snape did not go unnoticed by Harry.

"Sir, I barely have time to sleep, how would I possibly teach classes on top of my schedule as it is?" Harry asked frowning.

"Miss Parker assures me that you have already covered the materials you are learning currently in your classes, therefore, you would be able to complete the necessary assignments for the week. Also, Miss Parker thought it prudent to suspend your training for the week, apparently she has fallen behind on some paperwork that she could use the time it would allow her," Dumbledore said.

"You've already discussed this with Karen?" Asked Harry frowning

unsure how he felt about them discussing him.

"At quite some length, actually, she agrees that you are more than qualified to read off Professor Umbridge's lesson plans and to adapt to the questions of the students at hand. I would have offered the substitution to Miss Granger instead, however, you are the top student in the class out of the entire student body, and that was before your apprenticeship, I have the utmost confidence in your abilities to oversee a week of classes," Dumbledore said steeping his fingers together peering at Harry with that damn twinkle in his eyes. "Otherwise, I do believe Minister Fudge will be assigning another one of his people to the position for the week, for I do not have anyone free from other responsibilities to take over the class."

Harry frowned, "Alright, sir, but I highly doubt this will end well."

"Where have you been?" Asked Hermione as she set her things down next to him the following day at their usual table in the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom.

Harry, whom was currently sitting in his normal chair with his head down despairingly perched on the cool wood was contemplating what exactly he had gotten himself into. Harry, had never returned to the Great Hall after his meeting with Dumbledore, but instead chose to visit the classroom and go over what exactly he would be teaching.

Umbridge surprisingly had very thorough, systematic lesson plans that even had notes on students to watch, in case they were too interested or posed a problem to her teaching. Harry's name was on every page. Each years lessons were practically the same, she had about 10 minutes of lecture notes, that covered exactly what the book said, and then she devoted the rest of the hour and 20 minutes to reading time for the following class period. All in all Harry had to agree that he was over qualified to be teaching from her notes. However, the answer to Hermione's question was quite easy. He had stayed up quite late the previous night worrying about how he was

going to teach this very class. His first class, which of course contained Malfoy of all people.

Thus he returned to the dorm quite late, while the occupants were all asleep, and had a fitful night of indistinct dreams he hoped were only due to nerves and not any underlining plans Snake face would soon be enacting. And he chose to run a few more laps instead of going to breakfast because with the turning of his stomach he doubted he could keep it down.

Harry sighed, "Did I miss anything at breakfast?"

Hermione frowned, or at least he guessed she had since he had yet to raise his head, the sound of his fellow classmates- now students- filing into the classroom heightening his sense of dread.

"Not really," came Ron's voice as he settled himself behind Harry next to Neville whom was juggling a new plant along with some herbology books deciding where he could stow them during class, Umbridge refused to allow him to keep them in visible sight. "Dumbledore just announced we would be having defense this week, he acquired a 'suitable substitute for the subject' was what he said. I hope it's Lupin, maybe we'll actually learn something."

"A substitute teacher must follow the lesson plans of the regular teacher, Ron," Hermione's voice wafted over Harry's head, a sound of irritation could be heard, which told Harry the it was not the first time she had told him this.

"Yeah, yeah, but if it's Lupin he won't really care what UmBitch wants, right?" Ron said smugly.

"Lupin's busy with other stuff," Harry said garnering the attention of other students around him.

"Maybe Madeye than?" Neville said a slight shiver, no doubt

remembering the man's famous eye.

"Busy." Harry said glaring at the table or at least the small portion he could see from his stance.

"Wonder if it's Tonks than, she's got the week off, she was here last night too," Hermione said in a knowing tone.

"She's on loan to the American Ministry," Harry said remembering the letter Karen had written him, "she and some auror named Tumalton are going there on a 'good will' mission to try and convince Minister Charles to agree to attend a world summit to discuss an alliance."

"Why would they send Tonks for that," Scoffed Ron. Harry frowned at the implied insult to Tonks but he had wondered the same thing, not because of her skills but for the mere fact of her age and she wasn't that high up in the auror ranks.

"Well isn't it obvious?" Hermione said after a few moments of silence, she must have received blank stares from those around her because she continued, "Tonks is a friend and relative of Harry's so his name is applied to her as well as the fact that she and Karen Parker have been corresponding since they met. Tonks is rather fascinated with muggle fighting techniques and the application of it into the wizarding world. It would make sense that they would send her, especially since the Minister wants Harry's name attached to most of these deals he's been making because everyone in the wizarding world loves Harry again."

Harry groaned at that, "Sorry, Harry, but it's true. And since it came out about the ministries effort to discredit you it would help the ministers standing with the public to be seen as allied with you and Dumbledore."

"Is this Substitute going to show up?" Drawled the annoying one that Harry dreaded having to teach. "I do have better things to be doing."

Harry steeled himself and raised himself out of his chair, "Harry, the substitute is only 5 minutes late, you can't just leave."

Harry openly sighed as he walked to the front of the class, and with his back to the class he picked up a piece of chalk and wrote his name on the board. "Hello class, my name is Harry Potter and I'll be your substitute for the week."

Dead silence filled the room before Ron laughed, "Good one mate."

Harry shook his head, "I wish I was joking." He turned towards his classmates keeping his head turned downward looking at the mess of lecture notes before sighing and looking up, his eyes quickly finding Hermione he focused mainly on her as he began to talk. "Dumbledore has apparently gone senile and elected to postpone my classes for the week in order for me to take over the classes. Yes, senile or testing Snape's experimental potions, haven't decided which yet."

"You can't be serious," Malfoy deadpanned.

"Unfortunately, I am. Now has everyone read the chapters the UmBit—Umbridge assigned?" Harry saw a few people nodding their heads, but for the most part the class seemed rather unconcerned with the reading.

"According to her plans she plans to give a test over this weeks material next Monday," Harry said checking to make sure that was accurate on the calendar, Harry sighed, "I'm not a teacher, I don't believe in the material, but I'll be happy to go over it. Or if you so chose you can go over it yourself and have the period free..." Several Slytherins and two Ravenclaws began to pack up and when they saw Harry wasn't about to stop them left the classroom. "Er, right," said Harry slightly concerned that Malfoy was one of the remaining Slytherin's. "Well, there is that option, I won't stop anyone

that wants to leave, personally if you tell Dumbledore you can't respect me as a professor you'd really be helping me out." A few people laughed at that.

"So does anyone want me to go over the reading? I have her notes—"A large chorus of no's could be heard from the class. Harry nodded quite content on not having to cover the boring non-confrontational means that were sure to get them killed in a real life situation. "Well what would you like me to teach?"

Harry frowned at the board, a large list had developed from the suggestions on what he should teach them, the students had taken it upon themselves to rush the board to write down what they wanted to learn after Harry had lost track of the 20th voiced suggestion.

"Er, I think a lot of you have forgotten I'm only teaching this week, that includes only three classes," Harry said looking at the list, "The Patronus charm can't be learned in 3 class periods, dueling skills, we could do some practice but it wouldn't be enough to really improve your skills much. These dark creatures need more than just lecture, I'd have to try and gather them from the forest... but procuring them isn't really something I can see doing in such a short amount of time." Harry scanned the list, "The Euriscam charm is doable. I'm not familiar with this hex, unless you misspelled it and meant the Teranis Hex," said Harry glancing at the class, Hannah Abbott blushed slightly and nodded discretely. Harry quickly rewrote it, she was close, plus he wasn't the best speller either.

"Er, the Yeraniki Curse is close to dark arts, I'm not comfortable teaching that—" Harry was cut off.

"If it's so close to the dark arts, why do you know it?" Pansy Parkinson asked snootily, which gave Harry a pretty good idea of whose suggestion it was.

"The Yeraniki Curse is distorted from the Pleratartin Curse, which is

classified as a dark art," Harry said unfazed. "While it isn't technically a dark art, it isn't necessary to learn, especially since I would not have you test it on your fellow classmates."

"Why not?" Asked Padma curiously.

"The Yeraniki curse is an awful curse that strangles it's victims, it is an unpleasant experience," Harry had never been subjected to the curse but he had been on the receiving end of being strangled on a few occasions, at least with human hands you have a chance of escaping by overpowering your attacker. "Let's see, I see a few hexes, counter curses and charms from previous years, I'll be happy to go over those."

"Who wrote these?" Harry looked at the 'sword fighting' and 'muggle fighting'.

Dean Thomas raised his hand along with Terry Boot. "What makes you think I know how to do this?"

Terry laughed, "We all saw you beat the crap out of Malfoy."

"First off, that was 2 on 1," Harry said frowning, "And second I merely punched him, step 1. ball fist, step 2. thrust into annoying git. Step 3. repeat."

Ron laughed the loudest at that, before Dean spoke up, "Yeah okay, but you killed a Basilisk with that sword in Dumbledore's office, right? So you must know how to use it."

Harry laughed, "Er, not really, that was dumb luck. Besides even if I did know how to fight like that," Harry smiled- he did actually thanks to Karen but he wasn't about to admit that, "3 days isn't enough time to learn it."

"Hermione," Harry said scratching off the word 'shimmering' from the

board, "I can't teach this to anyone without Karen's permission, and she's not about to give me permission to teach an unlicensed spell to a class full of underage wizard and witches. Feel free to ask her the next time you see her if I can teach you if you really want to learn."

"What's shimmering?" Asked Ron.

Harry ignored him, "I think that's more than enough to cover our time over the next 3 classes. If you don't want to come to the classes, just read the posted material for next weeks test and feel free to skip my classes."

"What are we suppose to call you, Potter?" Malfoy drawled while picking an imaginary piece of lint from his clothes.

"Er... Potter's fine, so is Harry. Hell call me Scarhead if you want, anything that doesn't associate me with authority or respect is quite fine by me, no need to give Dumbledore any ideas of trying to make this permanent, Merlin knows he doesn't want me to become an auror," said Harry shaking his head knowing that the headmaster didn't want Harry to be an auror in America, after all that was a very far distance away from Hogwarts and the headmaster, and who would have afternoon tea with him on Sundays, as Dumbledore planned to institute after Harry Graduated, not that he knew that plan, but Harry did sense the disappointment from Dumbledore at hearing the news of his future plans.

Harry sat in the Great Hall munching on his lunch avoiding the stares and whispers of his fellow students that had yet to have his class, but had heard he was teaching it. He had actually seen several 5th years scouring Defense Against the Dark Arts books making lists of spells they wanted him to teach them, and he very much doubted he knew all of them. It was as he was munching on a bite of stew that he noticed the hauntingly beautiful sound of phoenix song which caused him to look up. A bright orange phoenix burst into view right above the professor's table, a bundle of letters and a small box clutched in

its feet. And trailing behind the phoenix was a large black hawk, seemingly appearing out of no where as well.

The two magnificent birds found their way to Harry the phoenix releasing it's parcels without ever stopping it disappeared in a wisp of fire. The hawk however settled itself in front of Harry, obviously content on eating the remainder of his soup.

The parcels from the phoenix contained a package and letters from Liz and what looked like an invitation from Trinity, he dreaded what she could be inviting him to, turning towards the Hawk Harry found his stomach dropping several inches, the insignia upon the black envelope was of three triangles interlocking, the symbol of the vampire council. With trepidation Harry took the envelope and slit it open. On a single piece of blood-red parchment read the one sentence that made Harry's mouth turn dry and a lump form in his throat.

The South Tower Roof, tonight 10pm, be alone!

This was going to be a long week.

A BRIEF LESSON IN SEMANTICS

It had taken Harry longer than he had expected to evade Hermione and Ron after dinner. Ron had taken it upon himself to act as if he were the teacher, handing out punishments to any Slytherin he passed, a fact Harry had continually reminded Ron of was that he really didn't have authority to take points or hand out detentions, even if he was subbing for the week.

The only good thing was that Hermione was against it as well and soon she and Ron delved into a screaming contest at the base of the stairwell. Which was good for Harry since he slipped away without either of them noticing until he was well out of sight.

Currently Harry was sitting on the edge of the roof nearest to the astronomy tower, not really sure if this was the point of the vague 'roof' that was written in the note.

"Good Evening, Mr. Potter," the calculating voice of Shaylee announced as she appeared to his right, not even a small pop had announced her arrival.

Harry turned towards her trying to mask his small jump; from her smirk he wasn't successful. "Hey."

"Hay is for horses, or so the saying goes, Mr. Potter," Shaylee said shaking her hair out. "However, you humans or non-humans as the case may be have lost any and all real manners centuries ago."

"Yes, because demanding the appearance of someone with no explanation or advance notice, or semblance of a please, is the epitome of good manners," Harry said sarcastically. "What is so important that I am summoned like some lowly peasant?"

"Would that make me a queen in that simile?" Shaylee asked humorously.

"Only in your own mind," Harry said crossing his arms.

"We shall discuss what we have come to discuss when the others arrive, they are dreadfully slow, almost at a death crawl really," Shaylee said leaning casually against the ledge dusting off the small piece of lint she found on her black leggings.

"I've found death to be quick and sudden, so I don't think that quite works describing their pace," Harry said observing the eldest vampire of the Vampire Council as he wondered to himself how he got into situations like this.

"In human terms, yes, in immortal terms, no, however that would be a debate of semantics and not the reason we have come tonight, perhaps another time," she said looking over her other garments, "Have you ever noticed that lint seems to be especially attracted to black? A lint repelling spell would be appreciated, but your human companions in this world never develop anything truly useful, especially wizards, only 15 new spells and potions are created a year." She said frowning.

"Really?" Harry said frowning himself, "That's not very high at all."

"No, it's really not, wizards are content, not really seeing a need to expand and create," Dartanian said as he appeared a few feet away. "However, Shaylee, I don't believe we are here to discuss your displeasure in Wizards' creativity."

"Perhaps not, on the other hand, it would be a far more interesting conversation than the one we are here to have," Shaylee said in a bored manner.

"That is in the eye of the beholder, I find it interesting," LaLaine chimed in appearing near Shaylee.

"Yet another segue into a debate on semantics," Harry said rolling his eyes, "Conversing with you is likely to bring on a headache."

"To true," Shaylee said lifting herself effortlessly onto the ledge behind her and crossing her legs, "I find myself consuming quite a bit of headache remedies after extended conversations with my counterparts."

A sudden pop and a startled scream attracted Harry's attention, however, no one appeared where he had thought the origin of the scream had started.

"What was—"

Shaylee sighed in an annoyed fashion, "Looks like Germ-y missed the roof..."

"Give him some latitude Shay," Dar said in a placating tone, "He's young, he'll learn."

"Oh yes, I shouldn't be too hard on the boy, after all, it's such a small roof, it's practically impossible to accurately land on," Shaylee said sarcastically. "One would be hard-pressed to find him responsible for his incompetence, completely unaccountable for it."

Dar rolled his eyes before looking towards Harry, "Jeremiah, is only 500, the Guardians of the Covens decided some fresh blood was necessary, they petitioned Shay—The Council," he frowned slightly after his slight slip, "to try Jeremiah as a replacement for Patrick, before deciding whether or not to resurrect Patrick."

"Resurrect him?" Harry asked uncertainly.

"Indeed, Shaylee has the knowledge of how to bring him back, it unfortunately happens every couple hundred years," LaLaine said looking over the ledge, "I don't think he's going to work out though,

he didn't re-transform when he missed... there's a Jeremy sized indentation in the ground down there and he looks to be in quite some pain."

"How do you bring him back? Isn't he dead?" Harry asked pushing down the thought of any hope of perhaps being able to bring someone else back.

"Old magick, using Crystals, making copies of our souls in which our true souls seek out when they are released from their bodily restraints," Shaylee said boredly, "A magick your kind has long lost. One just needs to find a body for the soul to occupy."

Harry nodded to himself knowing he couldn't replicate the process for his own use, "And where do you get this body?"

"Magical reconstruction," West said appearing to the right of Dar, "Using the ashes of his old body, Shaylee uses different plants, oils, and magical salves—that she refuses to share the name of, and basically re-grows his body over the course of two weeks, all I know is Mercurial Waters are some how involved."

"Welcome West, did you get lost? Or are you really as slow as molasses on a winter day?" Shaylee said scowling slightly at West, either for how slow he was or for his explanation Harry couldn't tell. "Well," she continued on not allowing West to respond, "Perhaps we can get on with why we've come?"

"Shouldn't we wait for Jeremiah?" LaLaine asked pensively.

"If he was inept enough to miss such a large target he deserves to miss the conversation," Shaylee said hotly, "Now Mr. Potter, we are here to discuss this horrible position you and my counterparts have gotten us into."

"Er... what position?" Harry frowned to himself.

"The world summit, of course," Shaylee said crossing her arms, "We are in a position of how we are to react to one another at the summit. It could very well decide the course of the future and the role we play."

"You plan on attending?" Harry frowned thinking of the bloodshed of that encounter.

"Of course, it is written in the 'Pact of Merlin' that all official World summits are to be open to all members of the Magical Community. And as allies of yours we are magically bound to attend in support of our alliance." Dar said frowning, "Are you not schooled in the ways of the old? Have the magical laws of the wizarding society changed that drastically?"

"I really wouldn't know, I'm not interested in politics," Harry said uncaring, however, the wary looks he received made him slightly worried.

"Mr. Potter, you are aware of some politics, correct?" LaLaine asked cautiously.

"Only that most, if not all, politicians are liars and cheaters, and are only out for themselves," Harry said shrugging.

"We meant of the process, not the people," Shay said looking interested for the first time since she landed on the roof.

"Well I know the basic concept, well at least the muggle British legal system, I learned about it in Primary school, and the news, how different can the magical one be?" Harry said frowning slightly at the abashed looks he received in response.

"Mr. Potter perhaps you should sit," West said looking just like Hermione right before she would break into a large lecture on how

mistaken Harry was on a subject. Fortuitously, Shay, had as little want of a lecture on the legal system as Harry did.

"West, I neither have the desire or need to sit here wasting time on the intricacies of the magical legal system, a brief overview of what he should expect will suffice," Shay said jumping from the ledge and magically propelling herself within meters of where Harry was standing.

"Harry, and I call you that because this formality everyone is using is starting to bore me," Shay said sighing to herself, "As you know your government... well with your allegiance to the Americans perhaps I should clarify, the British Government of the Magical Community, is to hold a World Summit in two days time—"

"Two days? I thought they were still in talks about it, it wasn't in the Prophet," Harry asked in a confused tone.

"Yes, two days, the Wizards wish to limit those they've labeled as 'Magical Creatures' in attending, contrary to their wishes Merlin, Hectate, Morgan le Fay, and Freyja foresaw the trickery of future generations and set precautions for such events, we are alerted as soon as the Summit is set, and we 'creatures' have quicker ways of travel than the mere humans," Shay looked rather smug which made Harry believe her.

"Merlin had help?" Harry asked unable to picture the greatest wizard needing help, no history book ever mentioned him requiring help that he's come across, and his wizard card didn't attribute anything to teamwork.

"Palla!" Shay said in disgust, "Wizarding culture, cutting out people in history merely because it doesn't fit their ideals." She glared at West for a minute daring him almost to disagree, he knew better. "Excuse my language, but yes, He had help. His panel of adjudicators, Hecate; Morgan Le Fay, and Freyja were instrumental with many of

his accomplishments. Merlin had the talent but he wasn't all powerful as your society portrays him. Morgan le Fay was just and good until she was tricked and fell into dark magic that caused her to become insane, I'm sure you've heard of some of her deeds. Hecate was the logical one, always off to the side, and was able to see things clearly, until she was drawn by power and convinced the muggles she was a goddess. And finally, Freyja was Merlin's love, she had the brains, she wrote all of the treaties. She wrote the pact of Merlin. Freyja was pulled into Germany in the 14th century and was taken by some wizard or another, Merlin searched for her until the day he died."

"However, this is not what we were discussing," Shay said composing herself, "In two days time the Summit will be held at the British Ministry in the Wizenmagot."

"You as a holder of a seat are required to attend, possibly, some of your classmates will as well if they are the heirs of a seat, though they are not required too, and for them it shall be quite boring since heirs are not really permitted to speak unless their House seat holder allows them to, and it's a rarity for that to occur." Dar said frowning, "And, you will see that most if not all those who attend are males of a family, there is an obscure rule that woman must hand over their seat to a male heir if one is available."

"That doesn't seem right," Harry said pensively already seeing Hermione forming a new club to protest such bigotry in the political system.

"It is the way it has been since the start of the wizarding world, and until the wizarding world changes, it will stay that way," LaLaine said in a passing tone, "We were lucky, we found someone to lead us that doesn't conform to male standards." She smiled at Shaylee, as did Dar although his was more of a smirk than the respectful smile LaLaine held.

"She doesn't conform to any standard, not even her own," Dar said

laughing, "So will we be acknowledging your presence at the summit?"

They all looked expectantly at Harry, "Er..."

"Look, we have three choices, we act as though we've never met before, and keep our alliance a secret; We act friendly and announce our alliance and deal with those who would oppose it; We act as enemies and draw out your aggressors." Shay said pulling out a nail file and drawing it slowly against her long painted fingernails.

Harry frowned, "Listen, I'm not really a 'planner' I usually fly by the seat of my pants, so whatever you want to do is fine by me."

The Council members seemed unsteady with this announcement looking uncertainly around at each other, seemingly unsure how to respond before starting a rousing debate over the pros and cons of each option. Shay never looking up from her nails showed no reaction, and continued to allow her counterparts to argue.

After what felt like an hour, and the Council had come to an unsteady stance, Dar was for the subterfuge angle, West was for the ignoring him angle, while LaLaine held strong to announce their alliance. Harry could see why the council was so large, without Ren, Markus, and Patrick (or Jeremy whom was filling in) they couldn't seem to make a unanimous decision, and Shay didn't seem likely to care one way or the other. Or at least that was the impression she gave, however, she too had seemed to have enough of their arguing.

"How about none of the above," Shay said holding her left hand out in front of her inspecting her nails.

"Shay we are not backing out of our alliance!" Dar said seeming to grow with frustration; he seemed to be building up steam to argue with her.

"I wasn't suggesting we do," She said giving him a cold look, "Harry," she looked towards him as she set down her file and crossed her legs, "I think it will be in your best interest if we do not announce to the wizarding world or anyone that believes they control your actions, that we have an alliance. However, I feel it would be prudent to allow everyone to know that we have met before and are cordial with one another in order to make those in charge of the wizarding world uneasy in their actions against the 'magical creatures'. As you will see the first thing those who 'rule' will do is to try and enforce new laws against those they fear. Usually those are Vampires, werewolves, centaurs, goblins, and so on..."

Shay frowned, "Those who follow the Council have nothing to fear, we make our laws and take care of our own, however, werewolves don't have a government, they tend to roam in packs and depending on their pack leader either fade into the background or try and take what they believe to be theirs. They'll be the first targets, in the last war they were rounded up and put into prison camps... I believe your Mr. Dumbledore eventually overturned the law but it was several months later. And there are already talks amongst the goblins of rebellion, they have no say in the government, and they'll be restricted even more so if the government gets a say so, and I will tell you this Harry, the goblins will not tolerate interference in their society, or invasion of Gringotts."

"They think highly of you," Dar said frowning, "we checked into your standings with the magical community. No one really had anything bad to say about you. If those in attendance see you on a friendly term with Shay... and the rest of the council, it will go a long way into alliances with them."

"Shay's a bit of a legend in the magical community," LaLaine laughed, "She helped establish the truce among wizards and goblins. And was the one to institute the talks of peace with Merlin, and the division of Muggle, Magical, and Magical Creatures. Not to mention she's scary..."

"I believe she's referenced as Shaylee the Castrator, in several history tomes." West smirked slightly before catching Shay's eye and quickly dropped it.

"You castrate a few lowly, vile human males attempting to ravage children and you're forever known as 'The Castrator'," Shay said crossing her arms.

"Well, you could be known for what you did to Jack the Ripper, when he mistakenly attacked you," Dar said smiling.

"Well how dare he, I was not dressed like a street walker! Stupid mangy human, and the man called himself a doctor," Shay said pouting.

"I believe we've gotten off topic," Harry said frowning slightly at the conversation.

"Hrm, so we have," Shay said frowning, "So, I can make sure that the councils' box is situated next to the Potter Box... that is unless you planed on occupying the Black family box, if so I will be unable to arrange it, the Malfoy's and the Bolstrode family's have had those spaces for decades, they will not wish to move."

"No, the Potter box will suffice," Harry said unsure of what she was talking about, he would have to ask Hermione, or Ron, one of them would know.

"Fantastic, that way we can be seen conversing, you will need an heir, I would suggest sending a missive to the Goblins as soon as possible with whom you wish to instigate as your heir, it is not needed but recommended in case of your absence your heir can attend in your place for future Wizengamot meetings."

"I thought the Wizengamot was only for wizarding trials," Harry said

uncertainly.

"The Wizengamot Judicial Court are elected members of the Wizengamot," Dar said nodding slightly, "Most wizards don't distinguish a difference between the two, the WJC is often referred to as just the Wizengamot, but there is a difference. The WJC are elected to a seat and can be either an heir or a seat holder, which is how Mr. Dumbledore received the Chief Warlock position, seeing as he is only an heir, his brother holds the seat. The WJC enforces the law as a Court, the Full Wizengamot is comprised of mainly the Oldest wizarding families, as the seats are passed down generation to generation, and they're the ones whom make the laws. It's a fine line, but there is a line. Only those whom care to learn the difference refer to the WJC as such."

"Your family has been dormant for quite sometime, your parents never cared to get involved in Wizard Politics, or so the transcripts say," Shay said looking out towards the Forbidden Forest, "According to documents your box hasn't been active since the early 50's, your Great Grandfather I believe. I took it upon myself to read up on the past hundred years, it's nice to find out where the families of the Wizengamot lie on important matters, it's easily established once you find out how they vote on certain bills presented."

"And since you've yet to take over the reign of your family's seat the box is inactive, and once a box is inactive it loses it's position, with your permission I would like to move it next to the Councils, it will be a bold statement to the Magical Community if you choose to sit near us and not the Families of Old." Shay said expectantly.

Harry frowned slightly, "I suppose I will need guidance, since it will be my first Wizengamot session. And I will like to distance myself from Malfoy and those WJC members, I've been tried by them."

Shay smiled, an action Harry believed was a rarity for the Leader of the Council, "Wonderful, send off a letter immediately to the Goblins

with the name of your heir, it is important to name one, it will show the members of the Wizengamot that they will need to take you seriously."

Harry nodded, "Of course... wait, before you go, can you tell me where Dumbledore sits?"

"It is noted in the documents that he sits in the spectator stands if his brother is present, it is my understanding that they do not get along well, if his brother declines to attend, he sits in their box, which is located nearest the mermaid box, which is several rows below us." Shay said frowning, "You believe he will see it as an insult that you are not adjoined to his box... Harry, if you wish to be taken seriously in the political world it is important to understand that you must be a driving force and not a hanger on to those in power, Dumbledore will understand this, he may even advise you to separate from him as well, although he may try and use you to sway the votes."

Harry smiled, "Of that I have no doubt." He turned to leave but paused, "Shay," he said without turning around, "do not misunderstand my willingness to follow your lead, I am my own person and I will do as I please, whether it goes along with your wants is of no consequence to me."

"Harry, I had no delusions that you were a follower," Shay said. Harry heard her more so than saw her leave as he exited the roof top.

Harry frowned as he looked at his watch, it was a few minutes before his curfew, the only perk Harry had for taking over the Defense position was an hour increase of his curfew, and he was at least five minutes from the Gryffindor tower, he had been to the Owlery to send off a letter to Gringotts. After a quick shortcut through the passageway blocked by the painting of Ordriel the Shrew, Harry found himself face to face with Professor McGonagall.

"Professor, really I'm on my way to the Gryffindor tower, just running

behind—"

"Mr. Potter we've been looking for you, the Headmaster wishes to speak with you," McGonagall said.

Harry frowned to himself, "Am I in trouble, Professor?" Wondering what he could have done to warrant Dumbledore seeking him out.

"For once, Potter, no."

"You make it sound like I'm always in trouble," Harry said sardonically.

"Potter, if you can name a time you weren't in trouble and visited the Headmaster's office, I'll apologize," McGonagall said leading the way.

Harry smiled to himself as he realized he couldn't think of one.

After a few minutes Harry found himself in Dumbledore's office surrounded by several people. Dumbledore sat serenely behind his desk, his fingers clasped together as he observed Harry. Snape sat in the corner looking both bored and annoyed at Harry's presence. McGonagall was sitting off to the side pouring herself and Tonks tea. While Madam Bones passed on the tea was munching on a biscuit observing Harry curiously.

"Not to sound rude," Harry started after a few minutes of silence. Snape snorted slightly, which Harry ignored as he continued, "but, I have little time to sleep these days so if we could move along to why I'm here..."

"Why don't you have time to sleep, Potter?" Snape inquired snarkily, a dark glare accompanying it.

"I'm composing lovely sonnets about you, professor," Harry returned

sarcastically, "they tend to take all night, I find it hard to come up with at least one nice thing to say about you."

"Potter—,"

"Enough," came Dumbledore's serene yet firm tone intervening before a full out argument could erupt in front of Madam Bones whom looked shocked at the moment.

"Potter, we need to talk to you about your House seat," McGonagall said in a business-like tone.

"Seats," Harry corrected.

"Sorry?" Madam Bones asked confused.

"I own the Potter and Black seats," Harry said shrugging, "What about them?"

"You own two house seats?" Madam Bones looked completely taken back, "Why were we not informed of this," the last part was directed towards Dumbledore.

"We?" Harry asked before Dumbledore could answer, "Whose business is it of what I may or may not hold?"

"Harry we're here to discuss with you the world summit and your attendance," Dumbledore said.

"I've already rearranged my schedule to attend, I cancelled Quidditch practice, and my other responsibilities, I'll be ready to go in two days," Harry said nonchalantly.

"How do you know the summit's date?" Growled Snape irritated, "Or for that matter, that you'll be able to attend."

"How I know is my business, not yours, and as a seat holder, there are obligations that I attend, and furthermore, provisions in the charter of Hogwarts stating you can not prevent me from attending," Harry said glaring at Snape. He didn't know for certain that there were any such provisions; however, Shaylee did say that others from school would most likely be attending, so he merely bluffed.

"I was informed you were unaware of the obligations and procedures expected of a seat holder, due to your... growing up in muggle society," Madam Bones said unsurely.

"I know enough to get by," said Harry frowning, "I've chosen where the Potter box will be, chosen an heir, and will be deciding between two of my choices to sit as a stand-in for me in the Black box."

"Are you aware of what is expected of you Potter," Snape said snarkily. "From your wardrobe I am positive you aren't aware of the proper attire at all."

Harry didn't respond immediately, unsure of what type of clothing he was supposed to wear, "I thought to wear this," Harry said sarcastically to avoid letting Snape see him at a disadvantage, "Is this not the proper attire then?"

"You look like a begger on the street corner, are you so inept at charms Potter that a simple reparo is above your magical abilities?" Snape said mockingly obviously directing the comment at the holes in the knees of his jeans.

Dumbledore cleared his throat, "Harry, I actually have been meaning to talk to you, have you burned through your trust fund? I'm sure I can help you out with some clothes that are intact."

Harry turned his glare from Snape to Dumbledore, "I have more money than I know what to do with," Harry snapped, "and these happen to be designer jeans. I paid for them to have holes in them."

This pronouncement left the office in silence, "Well I'm sure they were cheap then, you were able to buy a bunch of pairs." Madam Bones said after a few moments.

"Er, no, they were actually more expensive," shrugged Harry.

"You paid more money, for less pants?" Dumbledore asked confused.

"Congratulations, Potter, you've reached a new height of stupidity," Snape said snorting.

"Oh yes, because I should be taking fashion advice from a man who hasn't had a shower since the 80's, or a man that not only wears but no doubtably has pink robes with kittens on them custom made. I assure you that I will be 'properly attired' for the summit," Harry rose to his feet, "you will excuse me, I have to get to bed, busy day tomorrow." And with that Harry stormed out of the office.

Harry didn't stop until he reached the portrait door of the Gryffindor Common room, and only for the mere fact that two familiar faces were standing in the corridor.

"Neville, Malfoy," Harry acknowledged the two boys. "What's going on?"

"They switched the password," Neville said frowning, "I'm guessing they thought everyone was already inside."

Harry growled in frustration, "Great! Just what I bloody well need. As if my night was just fantastic already!" Harry stomped up to the portrait of the fat lady, "Can't you just let us in!?"

"Password," She said huffily.

"You already know we don't know the bloody password! I've been a Gryffindor for 5 years now! You know who the hell I am, just open the bleeding door!" Harry said angrily.

Out of the corner of his eye he could see Neville flinch at Harry's use of words, "You could be imposters, why I've never heard Potter speak to anyone like that."

"I'm not in the mood! I've been accosted by too many people tonight, as a Professor I am ordering you to open or I will rip you off your wall!" Harry said angrily.

"Really! No need to be so vulgar," she said swinging open.

"Sorry," Harry said regretting his tone, yet he was on edge, not only was he insulted by The Vampire Council, and on edge from their very presence, but then insulted by the teachers as well, all he wanted to do was crawl into bed and be done with this day.

Harry climbed the stairs closely followed by the two other boys, neither talking, which was a surprise for Malfoy, and entered his room only to find a large tawny owl perched on his bed, the other boys of the dorm staring at it.

"Harry there you are mate, we were wondering where you were," Ron said trying to take the large manila envelope with the American Ministry symbol on it from the large owl.

"Were you, then I don't know, maybe checking to see if I was outside the portrait, locked out due to the password changing would have been the appropriate thing to do," Harry scowled grabbing the envelope and ripping it open, "Don't touch my mail."

"Wow, what's got your knickers in a twist," Ron said frowning. Harry ignored him as he found a large stack of papers each titled Proposition and then a corresponding number, the cover sheet was a

letter from Karen.

Harry,

Thought these might interest you. Try to make an impression! Your birthday present might come in handy. See you at the summit in 2 days!

-Karen

"What is it?" Ron asked reaching for them.

"Stuff for the world summit," Harry said letting Ron take the propositions from him without care, and looked to his side table to rip open the invitation from Trinity to find an invite to her Christmas Party.

"Why are you getting these?" Ron asked frowning, "Is Dumbledore taking you?"

Harry looked at him strangely, "I hold a seat, Ron, I'm obligated to go."

"Since when do you hold a seat?" Ron huffed.

"Since my parents died," Harry snapped not wanting to deal with Ron's melodrama. "What the hell is the password," this was snapped at Dean who seemed to try to shrink into his red comforter to avoid Harry's gaze.

"Abyssinian shrivelfig," he said flinching slightly.

"Harry, where are you going?" Ron asked following Harry's movements of shoving things into his sidebag, including the new documents that Ron had been holding.

"Out," was all Harry said storming yet again from another room.

Harry found himself back on the roof taking deep breaths. He didn't understand why he was so angry, nothing particularly bad or upsetting had happened. He exhaled before pulling out the propositions and began looking them over.

Yes, its way over due. Yes it's shorter than I wanted. Yes it ended before I wanted it to. But finals are killing me. There will be another chapter before the year ends.

CHP27